THE LIFE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE

By

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David Livingstone

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

DAVID LIVINGSTONE was born in Blantyre, Scotland, March 19th, 1813. His father and mother were people of lowly station, and he was reared in poverty. The story of his origin is briefly told in the simple inscription which he caused to be placed upon the monument to his parents, at a time when the highest in the land were showering compliments upon him

"To show the resting place of
NEIL LIVINGSTONE,
and AGNES HUNTER, his wife,
and to express the thankfulness to God
of their children,
John, David, Janet, Charles and Agnes,
for poor and pious parents"

An inscription whose last deliberately chosen "and" he distinctly refused to exchange for a "but"

Both of Livingstone's parents were earnestly devout, the mother an active, sunny, loving woman, and the father, as David himself bore witness, of the high type of character portrayed in the Cotter's *Saturday Night* Neil Livingstone was a strict teetotaler, a Sunday-school teacher, an ardent member of a missionary society, and a promoter of prayer-meetings, at a time when none of these things had ceased to be regarded as badges of fanaticism While

travelling through the adjoining parishes in his vocation of tea-merchant he often acted as colporteur, distributing tracts, and showing in various ways that his was the true missionary spirit

The home in which David Livingstone grew up, although enriched by little beyond the bare necessaries of life, was brightened and made happy by industry, cheerfulness, love for one another, and faith in God

Of David's early boyhood we know little except that he was a favorite at home, always contributing to the happiness of the family, and that he seems to have been from his earliest childhood of a calm, self-reliant nature It was his father's habit to lock the outer door at dusk, at which time all the children were expected to be in the house One evening David found the door barred when he reached home He made no outcry or disturbance, but sat down contentedly to pass the night on the doorstep There, on looking out, his mother found him It was an early application of the rule which did him such service later in life, to make the best of the least pleasant situations As a proof of his perseverance, we read that at the age of nine he received a New Testament from his Sabbath-school teacher for repeating the 119th Psalm on two successive evenings, with only five errors

His parents were so poor that at the age of ten he was set to work in a factory With a part of his first week's wages he purchased a Latin grammar Though working from six in the morning until eight at night, with intervals only for breakfast and dinner,

he attended an evening class from eight to ten, and pursued his studies with much enthusiasm Often, indeed, he continued his labors after reaching home, until midnight or later, unless his mother interfered At the age of sixteen he was thus familiar with Virgil and Horace, and many of the classical authors. In his reading he devoured everything but novels, placing his book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed at his work The utmost interval that Livingstone could have had for reading at one time was less than a minute, but, as he afterward writes·

"I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of the machinery. To this part of my education I owe my power of completely abstracting my mind from surrounding noise, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amidst the play of children or the dancing and songs of savages"

Like other boys he was fond of play and fun, but with a growing thirst for knowledge Books of travel and of science were his especial delight, and when a rare half-holiday came round he was usually to be found at the quarries collecting geological specimens, or by the hedge-rows gathering herbs and flowers He early formed the opinion that a good herbalist has in his hands the panacea for all bodily diseases.

David was not very fond of religious reading, and he tells us, with that quiet humor which never deserted him, that his last flogging was received for refusing to read Wilberforce's *Practical Christianity*

This dislike continued for years, until he lighted upon Dick's *Philosophy of Religion* and *Philosophy of a Future State*, which he found to his delight, enforced his own conviction that religion and science were friendly to each other

It was while reading the last-named book that he became convinced that it was his duty and highest privilege to accept of Christ's salvation for himself This was in his twentieth year He had had many earnest thoughts about religion for years, but only now did the great spiritual change occur.

"This change," he says, "was like what may be supposed would take place were it possible to cure a case of 'color-blindness' The fullness with which the pardon of all our guilt is offered in God's book drew forth feelings of affectionate love to Him who bought us with His blood, which in some small measure has influenced my conduct ever since"

There can be no doubt that Livingstone's heart was very thoroughly penetrated by the new life that now flowed into it He did not merely apprehend the truth The truth took hold of him

Although at first he had no thought of becoming a missionary himself, he made a resolution that, as the salvation of men ought to be the chief aim of every Christian, he would give to the cause of missions all that he could earn beyond what was required for his subsistence It was about a year later that, after reading Dr Gutzlaff's "Appeal" on behalf of China, he resolved to give himself to the work in that country "The claims of so many millions of

his fellow-creatures, and the complaint of the want of qualified men to undertake the task" were, as he informs us, the motives which led him to this high resolve, henceforth his "efforts were constantly directed towards that object without any fluctuation " In addition to the necessary theological training, he determined also to acquire that needed by a physician Though it was never his lot to exercise the healing art in China, his medical knowledge was of the highest use in Africa, and it developed wonderfully his strong scientific turn

While pursuing his medical studies in Glasgow it involved much self-denial on Livingstone's part to make the wages earned during the summer suffice for all his needs, and many less determined would have ended the struggle there and then But Livingstone was made of different stuff, as these words of his, written years later, show

"Were I to begin life over again, I should like to pass through the same hardy training I never received a farthing from any one, and I should have accomplished my project of going to China as a medical missionary by my own efforts, had not some friends advised my joining the London Missionary Society, on account of its unsectarian character It 'sends neither Episcopacy, nor Presbyterianism, nor Independency, but the gospel of Christ, to the heathen ' This exactly agreed with my ideas of what a missionary society ought to do; but it was not without a pang that I offered myself, for it was not agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way to become in a measure dependent on others "

Livingstone had already connected himself with the Independent, or Congregational Church. He had very strong views of the need of a deep, spiritual change as the only true basis of Christian life and character, and his preference for this branch of the church universal arose mainly from the feeling that the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, and the Established Church in particular, were at this time too lax in their communion But never was a man more free from sectarianism than he

It was in 1838 that Livingstone applied to the London Missionary Society, offering his services as a missionary, and his application was provisionally accepted In September of that year he was summoned to London to meet the directors, and after passing two examinations he was sent to study with Rev Richard Cecil, to whom most missionary students were sent for a three months' probation One part of his duties was to prepare sermons, which, when corrected, were committed to memory and repeated to village congregations

Once Livingstone was sent for to preach in a neighboring pulpit, the pastor having been taken suddenly ill He took his text, read it slowly, and then all was a blank Not a word could he remember of his carefully prepared sermon Saying abruptly, "Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say," he hurried out of the pulpit and left the chapel Owing to this failure and to general lack of fluency in prayer, an unfavorable report was sent in when the three months had elapsed, but some one urged that

he should have a still further probation, and a few months later he was accepted

It was a disappointment to him that he could not carry out his original intention of preaching the gospel in China, but the opium war had closed that country to the English, and while it continued no new appointments could be made It was in these circumstances that he met Robert Moffat, who, after twenty-three years of labor in South Africa, was thrilling England with the story of his work and adventures there. He fired the soul of his young countryman with a desire to explore and evangelize that "dark continent" with which both their names are now identified

Under Moffat's influence, then, Livingstone determined to go at once to Africa, and in this decision the directors concurred Henceforth Africa was to be his sphere

It was felt that a medical diploma would be of service, and Livingstone received this in November, 1840 A single night was all he could spend with his family, and they had so much to talk about that David proposed they should sit up all night, though to this his mother would not listen "I remember my father and him," writes his sister, "talking over the prospects of Christian missions They agreed that the time would come when rich men and great men would think it an honor to support whole stations of missionaries, instead of spending their money on hounds and horses On the morning of November 17th we got up at five o'clock. My mother made coffee David read the 121st and

135th Psalms, and prayed My father and he walked to Glasgow to catch the Liverpool steamer" On the Broomielaw father and son looked on each other's faces for the last time on earth The one walked slowly back to Blantyre, his heart full of mingling emotions of sorrow and joy The face of the other was now set in earnest towards the "dark continent."

CHAPTER II

KURUMAN TO KOLOBENG

ON the 20th of November, 1840, Livingstone was ordained a missionary, and on December 8th he embarked for Algoa Bay. During the voyage his chief friend was the captain of the ship, who was very obliging, giving him all the information respecting the use of the quadrant in his power, and frequently sitting up till midnight for the purpose of taking lunar observations with him. Thus another qualification was acquired for Livingstone's peculiar life-work. His first letter to the directors of the London Missionary Society displayed his characteristic honesty, saying that he had spent most of his time at sea in the study of theology, and that he was deeply grieved to say that he knew of no spiritual good having been done in the case of any one on board the ship.

After reaching Algoa Bay, Livingstone proceeded at once to Kuruman, in the Bechuana country, where he arrived in July, 1841. This was the most northerly station of the society in South Africa, being 700 miles north of Cape Town, and was the usual residence of Mr. Moffat, who was still absent in England. Livingstone's instructions were to remain there until Mr. Moffat's return, and turn his attention to the formation of a new station farther north. While

awaiting more specific instructions he began to entertain the idea of going to Abyssinia. A Christian missionary was evidently needed there, for the country had none, but if he should go he felt that probably he should never return. We hear no more of the project, but writing of this to a friend, he uses these almost prophetic words: "Whatever way my life may be spent as best to promote the glory of our gracious God, I feel anxious to do it. . . . *My life may be spent as profitably as a pioneer as in any other way.*"

After a short time spent in Kuruman, he went to a spot where he secluded himself from all European society for about six months, in order to obtain a knowledge of the native tongue. Livingstone gained by this ordeal an insight into the habits, ways of thinking, laws and language of the Bakwains, which proved of incalculable advantage in his intercourse with them ever after.

Livingstone's life in Africa resolves itself into four distinct periods. First, that of ordinary mission work, upon which he was now entering; second, that of the first great journey under the auspices of the London Missionary Society; third, that of the exploration of the Zambesi at the head of a government expedition; fourth, the journeys under the general direction of the Royal Geographical Society.

Soon after his arrival at Kuruman, Livingstone became convinced that there was not enough population at that point to justify a concentration of missionary labor there, and that efforts should be made speedily to reach the teeming multitudes in

the interior He also believed in making the utmost possible use of native agency in order to cultivate so wide a field A journey of 700 miles, taken with a brother missionary, tended strongly to confirm these views, and led to the selection of a station 250 miles north of Kuruman, which was not, however, entered upon until 1843

Before Livingstone had been a year in the country his power over the Africans was manifest His fearless manner, his genial address, and his genuine kindness of heart, united to form a spell which rarely failed His medical knowledge helped him greatly, but for permanent influence all would have been in vain, had he not uniformly observed the rules of good manners, justice, and good feeling

Just a year after his arrival he writes to his father "The work of God goes on here notwithstanding all our infirmities Souls are gathered in continually, and sometimes from among those you would never have expected to see turning to the Lord Twenty-four were added to the church last month, and there are several inquirers"

Already Livingstone could preach in one dialect, and was learning another His heart was full of the missionary spirit, but the activity of his mind enabled him at the same time to give attention to other matters He had the rare faculty of directing his mind at the full stretch of its power to one great object, and yet, apparently without effort, giving minute attention to minor matters, all bearing, however, on the same great end In his missionary journeys he made the acquaintance of the two great

foes of the explorer in Africa, fever and the venomous tsetse fly. Fever he considered the greatest barrier to the evangelization of the country, while the tsetse fly was the greatest enemy of beasts of burden, frequently destroying every ox in a team. Its sting, however, was comparatively harmless to men, or exploration would have been entirely out of the question.

In 1843 Livingstone visited Sechele, chief of the Bakwains, afterward one of his greatest friends. Sechele had been enraged at him for not visiting him when he had been in the vicinity the year before, and had threatened him with mischief. But when the missionary arrived his only child was ill, and also the child of one of his principal men. Under Livingstone's treatment both were restored to health, and Sechele was thoroughly conciliated.

It was not until his return to Kuruman from this journey, in June, 1843, that Livingstone at last found, to his great satisfaction, a letter from the directors authorizing the formation of a settlement in the regions beyond. He lost no time in opening a station at Mabotsa, a beautiful valley surrounded by mountains.

There was one drawback to the new locality, it was infested with lions. Here it was that the encounter with the lion occurred which came so near ending Livingstone's career. With characteristic modesty, writing to his father of this serious encounter, he says, after expressing his gratitude for God's mercy in sparing his life, "Do not mention this to any one. I do not like to be talked about."

Yielding, however, to the solicitations of friends, Livingstone goes somewhat into details in his *Missionary Travels*

He says that the people were much troubled by lions, which attacked their cattle even in open day Knowing that if one in a troop of lions is killed the rest leave that part of the country, he encouraged the natives to endeavor to destroy one of the marauders He succeeded in shooting a lion himself, but before he could load again the beast had sprung upon him "The lion caught me by the shoulder and we both came to the ground together Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first gripe of the cat It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, they see the operation, but do not feel the knife This placidity is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and if so, is a merciful provision of the Creator for lessening the pain of death " Mebalwe, one of the natives, endeavored to shoot the lion, which immediately left Livingstone to attack him, biting him in the thigh Another man now attempted to spear the savage beast, which turned from Mebalwe to the new foe, when the bullets he had received took effect and he fell dead Besides crunching the bones into splinters, eleven of his teeth had penetrated the upper part of Livstone's left arm, which being imperfectly set, was maimed for life.

It is generally known that it was by the false joint in the broken arm that Livingstone's body was identified when brought back to England by his faithful followers, but it is not as well known that Mebalwe, who saved his life, was one of the native teachers that he himself had trained, and that it was a Christian lady in Scotland who contributed the money for this catechist's support. Little did she think that her gift of twelve pounds would indirectly be the means of preserving the life of Africa's greatest benefactor for the wonderful work of the next thirty years! Mebalwe was still alive in 1881, a useful man, an able preacher, and one who had done much to bring his people to Christ.

The next year saw Livingstone established in the new stone house of which he was both architect and builder, and happy in the companionship of his young bride, Mary Moffat the eldest daughter of the missionary through whose influence he had come to Africa From 1840 to 1845 he was employed in preparatory labors, and associated with other missionaries both at Kuruman and Mabotsa, but it is melancholy to read that from this first home and station of his own he was driven by the jealousy of a colleague, who was vexed at the attention attracted in England by Livingstone's missionary letters But Dr Livingstone's noble spirit rose to the occasion Although feeling keenly the injustice done him, rather than have any scandal before the heathen he would begin anew the toil of house and school building, and gathering the people about him

On leaving Mabotsa Livingstone transferred his services to the Bakwains, whose chief, Sechele, and his people, had expressed a strong desire to have a missionary reside among them The new station of Chonuane, forty miles from Mabotsa, was chosen, but their residence here was of short duration The want of rain was fatal to agriculture, and almost equally so to the mission Dr Livingstone had showed the chief that the only feasible way of watering the gardens was to select a site near some never-failing river, make a canal, and irrigate the adjacent lands. His wonderful influence over the tribe is apparent in the fact that the very morning after he had told them of his intention to move to Kolobeng, they were all preparing to go with him There, besides making a canal, building huts, and making gardens, they soon set about the erection of a school-house This work, employing about 200 of his people, was undertaken by Sechele "I desire," he said, "to build a house for God, the defender of my town, and that you be at no expense for it whatever" At Kolobeng Livingstone built his third house, where for the next five years he had his last home on earth

In his first book what he calls "a sketch of African house-keeping," is given as follows

"The entire absence of shops obliged us to make everything we needed from the raw materials If you want bricks to build a house you must proceed to the field, cut down a tree, and saw it into planks to make the brick-moulds The people cannot assist you much, for, though willing to labor for wages, the Bakwains have a curious inability to make things

square As with all Bechuanas, their own dwellings are round I erected three large houses at different times, and every brick and stick had to be put square by my own hand. A house of decent dimensions, costing an immense amount of manual labor, is necessary to secure the respect of the natives.

"Bread is often baked in an extempore oven, constructed by scooping out a large hole in an ant-hill, and using a slab of stone for a door Another plan is to make a good fire on the ground, and when it is thoroughly heated to place the dough in a short-handled frying-pan, or simply on the hot ashes. A metal pot is then put over it, and a small fire is kindled on the top

"We made our own candles, and soap was procured from the ashes of the plant salsola, or else from wood ashes, which in Africa contain so little alkaline matter that the boiling of successive lyes has to be continued for a month or six weeks before the fat is saponified

"We rose early, because, however hot the day, the evening, night and morning at Kolobeng were deliciously refreshing After family worship and breakfast between six and seven, we kept school, men, women, and children being all invited This lasted till eleven o'clock The missionary's wife then betook herself to her domestic affairs, and the missionary engaged in some manual labor, as that of a smith, carpenter or gardener Dinner and an hour's rest succeeded, when the wife attended her infant school, which the young liked amazingly and generally mustered a hundred strong, or she varied it

with sewing-classes for the girls, which was equally well relished After sunset the husband went into the town to converse, either on general subjects or on religion We had a public service on three nights of the week, and on another instruction on secular subjects aided by pictures and specimens In addition to these duties we prescribed for the sick, and furnished food to the poor The smallest acts of friendship, even an obliging word and civil look, are, as St Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary's armor Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be neglected when politeness may secure it Their good word in the aggregate forms a reputation which procures favor for the gospel Show kindness to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness, and they can never become your personal enemies Here, if anywhere, love begets love "

Again he writes "A native smith taught me to weld iron, and having acquired some further information in this art as well as in carpentering and gardening from Mr Moffat, I was becoming handy at most mechanical employments in addition to medicine and preaching My wife could make candles, soap, and clothes, and thus we had nearly attained to the indispensable accomplishments of a missionary family in Central Africa—the husband to be a jack-of-all trades without doors, and the wife a maid-of-all-work within "

We can well realize that with the utmost frugality it was sometimes difficult to "make both ends meet," when we learn that until 1853 all the extra

expenses of travelling, though for the wider diffusion of the gospel, were defrayed from his own meagre salary of £100 per annum. This salary would have enabled a missionary to live with tolerable comfort in the interior of South Africa provided he had a garden producing corn and vegetables, but otherwise the allowance was barely sufficient for the poorest fare and plainest apparel. Now the cost of missionary travels, the liberal gifts which *had* to be made to chiefs, the wants of an increasing family, (he had now four children, three boys and a girl,) added to the ordinary expenses of living, rendered the closest economy necessary, and of course they had many privations and trials. Yet theirs was truly a happy life notwithstanding. In reviewing this part of his career in Africa, Livingstone only regrets that he did not devote more time to playing with his children, but our only wonder is that he could have found time to accomplish all that he did. It is not strange that, as he says, he was generally so exhausted by the mental and manual labor of the day, that in the evening there was no run left in him.

CHAPTER III

CONVERSION OF SECHELE

THE first fruit of Livingstone's missionary labor in this region was the conversion of Sechele, that chief of whom we have already heard The little sketch of his life which follows is taken verbatim from Livingstone's *Missionary Travels*, though with some omissions

"I was from the first struck by his intelligence, and by the especial manner in which we felt drawn to each other This remarkable man has not only embraced Christianity, but expounds its doctrines to his people . . On the first occasion in which I ever attempted to hold a public religious service, Sechele remarked that it was the custom of his nation to put questions when any new subject was brought before them He then inquired if my forefathers knew of a future judgment I replied in the affirmative, and began to describe the scene of the great white throne, and Him who shall sit on it, from whose face the heaven and earth shall flee away 'You startle me,' he replied, 'these words make all my bones to shake, I have no more strength in me, but my forefathers were living at the same time yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner? They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going' . . .

"As soon as he had an opportunity of learning, he set himself to read with such close application that, from being comparatively thin, the effect of being addicted to the chase, he became corpulent from want of exercise. He acquired the alphabet on the first day of my residence at Chonuane, and I never went into the town but I was pressed to hear him read some chapters of the Bible. Isaiah was a great favorite with him, and he was wont to exclaim, 'He was a fine man, that Isaiah, he knew how to speak.'

"He seconded my anxiety that his subjects should become converts to Christianity, and said, 'Do you imagine these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by threatening them, and if you like, I shall call my head men, and with our whips of rhinoceros-hide we will soon make them all believe together.' The idea of using persuasion to subjects, whose opinion he would not have condescended to ask on any other matter, was especially surprising to him. He considered that they ought to be happy to embrace Christianity at his command.

"He felt the difficulties of his situation, and often said, 'Oh, I wish you had come to this country before I was entangled in the meshes of our customs!' In fact, he could not get rid of his superfluous wives without appearing to be ungrateful to their parents, who had done so much for him in his adversity.

"In the hope of inducing others to accept his new faith, he asked me to have family worship in his own house. This I did, and by and by I was sur-

prised to hear how well he conducted the prayer in his own simple and beautiful style, for he was a thorough master of his language. At this time we were suffering from the effects of a drought, which was ascribed by the natives to Christianity, and none except his family, whom he ordered to attend, came near his meeting. 'In former times,' said he, 'when a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting too. If he was fond of dancing or music, all showed a liking to these amusements too. If the chief loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But in this case it is different. I love the Word of God, and not one of my brethren will join me.'

"When he at last—in 1848—applied for baptism, I asked him how, being acquainted with the Bible, he thought he ought to act. He went home and gave each of his supernumerary wives new clothing, together with all the goods they had been accustomed to keep in their huts for him. He then sent them to their parents with an intimation that he had no fault to find with them, but that he wished to follow the will of God. When he and his children were baptized, great numbers came to see the ceremony. Some thought from a stupid story which had been circulated by the enemies to Christianity in the South, that the converts would be made to drink an infusion of 'dead men's brains,' and were astonished to find that only water was used. Seeing several old men in tears during the service, I afterwards asked them the cause of their weeping. They were crying to see their father, as the Scotch remark

of a case of suicide, '*so far left to himself*' They seemed to think that I had thrown the glamour over him, and that he had become mine. All the friends of the divorced wives now became the opponents of our religion The attendance at school and church dwindled down to very few besides the family of the chief They all continued to treat us with respectful kindness, but to Sechele himself they uttered things which, had they ventured on in former times, would, as he often remarked, have cost them their lives"

Later we learn that Sechele himself had become a missionary to his own people, and had considerable influence over them, though more in material than in religious matters He was always a warm friend of missions, had a remarkable knowledge of the Bible, and could preach well His regard for the memory of Livingstone was very great, and he read with earnestness everything that he could find about him Notwithstanding that Sechele's efforts were not as successful as had been hoped, the results show that Livingstone had laid a good foundation "That mission," writes Dr Moffat in 1874, "is the most prosperous, extensive, and influential of all our missions in the Bechuana country"

In 1881 Sechele was still living, with the one wife whom he had retained, and though not without some inconsistencies of life — which Livingstone ascribed to the bad example set him by some—he still maintained his Christian profession His people, being at some miles' distance from Kolobeng, had now a missionary station of their own supported by a Hanoverian Society

CHAPTER IV

DIFFICULTIES AND DISCOVERIES

NOT only in these scenes of active missionary labor, but wherever he was, Livingstone was in the habit of preaching to the natives, and talking with them on religious topics, especially the love of Christ, the Fatherhood of God, the resurrection, and the last judgment Dr Moffat tells us that his preaching was simple, scriptural, interesting, very direct, and well suited to the capacity of the people.

Livingstone never expected that the work of real Christianity would advance rapidly among the Bakwains, for they were a slow people and took long to move, but it was not his desire to have a large church of nominal adherents "Nothing" he writes, "will induce me to form an impure church Fifty added to the church sounds fine at home, but if only five of these are genuine what will it profit in the Great Day? I have felt more than ever lately that the great object of our exertions ought to be conversion " For two years he allowed no celebration of the Lord's Supper, because he did not deem the professing Christians to be living consistent lives Here was a crowning proof of his hatred of all sham and his love for thorough, finished work To his father he writes (July 5, 1848) "For a long time I felt much depressed after preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ to apparently insensible hearts, but now I

like to dwell on the love of the great Mediator, for it always warms my own heart. and I know that the gospel is the power of God—the great means which He employs for the regeneration of our ruined world"

Again he writes "We have a difficult, difficult field to cultivate here All I can say is that I think knowledge is increasing But for the belief that the Holy Spirit works and will work for us, I should give up in despair Remember us in your prayers, that we grow not weary in well-doing It is hard to work for years with pure motives, and all the time be looked on by most of those to whom our lives are devoted, as having some sinister object in view Disinterested labor—benevolence—is so out of their line of thought that many look upon us as having some ulterior object in view But He who died for us, and whom we ought to copy, did more for us than we can do for any one else He endured the contradiction of sinners May we have grace to follow in His steps!"

One serious obstacle to the rapid spread of the gospel was the continued drought that followed the Bakwains even to Kolobeng During two years the total amount of rain-fall was not more than ten inches, while there was an abundance of rain all around them As the tribe had not suffered from successive droughts before the gospel was made known to them, it was natural that they should draw unfavorable inferences

In his *Missionary Travels*, Livingstone writes· "The belief in the power of *rain making* is one of

the most deeply rooted articles of faith in this country The chief Sechele was himself a noted rain-doctor, and he often assured me that he found it more difficult to give up this superstition than anything else that Christianity required him to abjure The Bakwains believed that I had bound Sechele with some magic spell, and I received deputations of the old counselors, entreating me to allow him to make only a few showers "The corn will die if you refuse, and we shall become scattered. Only let him make rain this once, and we shall all, men, women, and children, come to the school, and sing and pray as long as you please.' . . The Bakwains still went on treating us with kindness, and I am not aware of ever having had an enemy in the tribe, but as they believed that there must be some connection between the presence of 'God's Word' in their town, and these successive droughts, they looked with no good-will at the church-bell 'We like you' said the uncle of Sechele, a very influential and sensible person, 'as well as if you had been born among us, you are the only white man we can become familiar with, but we wish you to give up that everlasting preaching and praying, we cannot become familiar with that at all You see we never get rain, while these tribes who never pray as we do obtain abundance'"

Sometimes the attendance at the church services was exce[illegible] all At one such time, we are told, a bellm[illegible] omewhat peculiar order employ[illegible] the people together jum[illegible] e narrative, "on a so[illegible]

form, and shouted at the top of his voice, 'Knock that woman down over there Strike her, she is putting on her pot! Do you see that one hiding herself? Give her a good blow There she is—see! see! Knock her down!' All the women ran to the place of meeting in no time, for each thought herself meant But, though a most efficient bellman, we did not like to employ him."

During this period of life in Kolobeng, Livingstone's ordinary missionary avocations of preaching, teaching, practicing medicine, and working at all manner of trades, were interrupted by several long journeys of 400 or 500 miles to the north, to visit the country of the Makololo, a large tribe, who, as he was told, were very desirous of having a missionary It was becoming evident that Kolobeng must ere long be abandoned Already the river was dried up, and the absence of water, and consequently of food in the gardens, made it necessary for the men to be often at a distance hunting, and for the women to be away collecting locusts, so that frequently there was hardly any one to come to church or school If this station, too, had to be abandoned, where should Livingstone go next? It had not been his intention to remain always with the Bakwains, and it was certainly worth while to see if a suitable locality could not be found among the Makololo If the new region were not suitable for himself, he might at least find openings for native teachers

Driven back by fever and other obstacles, it was only in the third attempt that he succeeded in reaching the village of the chief of the Makololo,

Sebituane. This man was very friendly to Livingstone, who thought him the best specimen of a native chief that he had ever met, and he had promised to select a suitable locality for a mission station, and would probably have used his great influence among his people on the right side But almost immediately after Livingstone's arrival, when the way of salvation had been proclaimed to him but once, Sebituane was seized with severe inflammation of the lungs, and died after a fortnight's illness Not being permitted by the attendants to turn the dying man's thoughts to his Father in Heaven, all Livingstone could do was to commend his soul to God

After several attempts, Dr Livingstone saw no prospect of obtaining a suitable station, and with great reluctance made up his mind to retrace his weary way to Kolobeng But these journeys were not wholly useless While making his first journey, he discovered Lake N'gami, for which discovery he received the prize for that year from the Royal Geographical Society The journey which he made so successfully had hitherto baffled the best furnished travellers The president of the society frankly ascribed Livingstone's success to the influence which he had acquired, as a missionary, among the natives This the explorer himself also thoroughly believed, saying that the lake belonged to missionary enterprise The river Zambesi was another of his discoveries at this time On two of these journeys his wife and family accompanied him, and were merci-

fully preserved, though nearly dying on the way from the African fever.

Meantime, amid all his countless labors, Dr Livingstone's mind was constantly busy with the scientific aspects of the country, and the great problem of its evangelization Three things appeared to his mind essential to the successful solution of this problem, and he urged them constantly upon the directors They were the vigorous pushing forward of the work into the interior, the employment of native agency, and the establishment of a training-school where such agency might be qualified

At length it became certain that the tribe of the Bakwains, among whom Livingstone had labored, must seek a new home Added to the lack of rain was the threatening attitude of the Boers of the Transvaal, who hated Livingstone because of his attempts to christianize the natives, whom they regarded as without souls and made only to serve the white men, and who were seeking an occasion of quarrel as a pretext for breaking up the mission It was plain that there was no hope of the Boers allowing the peaceable instruction of the natives at Kolobeng When Sechele understood this, he sent his five children for instruction in all the knowledge of the white men to Dr Moffat, at Kuruman, who kindly received them and their attendants into his own family.

Should Livingstone then seek some better location with this tribe among whom he had been laboring? His feeling in the matter is thus set forth "If I were to follow my own inclinations, they would

lead me to settle down quietly with the Bakwains, or some other small tribe, and devote some of my time to my children, but Providence seems to call me to the regions beyond" Friends urge him to remain, and doubtless had he been a man of only ordinary ability he would have done so, and in so acting would have done wisely But his is a mind of larger scope The great unevangelized interior of Africa beckons him on with irresistible power, and he dares not disobey what is beyond all doubt the call of God

But this involves separation from his family He dares not take them with him into that perilous fever country, while he again seeks a new and healthful site for the location of a mission station Neither can he leave them alone among the natives, for fear of the disastrous influence upon his children There is nothing for them to do but o return to England for the present, hoping to rejoin him at the end of two years

And so they turn their backs upon Kolobeng Sorrowfully must they have looked for the last time upon that African home, more sorrowfully still had they but known that they were never to be together in a home of their own again!

CHAPTER V

AMONG THE MAKOLOLO

AFTER accompanying his wife and children to the Cape, and there with a heavy heart bidding them farewell as they sailed for England, Dr Livingstone turned his attention to preparations for a journey of 1,000 miles to the northward In this he had three ends in view First, the finding of a healthful location for a mission in the Barotse country, to which he could bring his family Then as he realized that the distance from the Cape was too great to permit communication between the coast and the Barotse country by this route, he wished to find some passage to the coast, either east or west Besides this, the shadow of the slave-trade was, as a new thing, beginning to darken that portion of the land to which he was going In addition to the inhumanity of the slave-traffic, Livingstone saw that it would prove an insurmountable barrier in the way of missionary operations, but that while it was the only profitable traffic known to the natives they would not abandon it It was of vital importance, therefore, to take steps for the introduction of some legitimate commerce by which the slave-trade might be supplanted

Livingstone left the Cape in June, 1852, but owing to many annoying delays, it was September before he reached Kuruman Here the sad news of

the attack of the Boers on the Bakwains was brought to him by the wife of Sechele, who had herself been hidden in a cleft of the rock over which a number of the assailants were firing The tribe of the Bakwains had already left Kolobeng and found a new home somewhat to the south. The Boers had come first to the deserted station, where they showed their hatred of Livingstone by gutting his house, destroying his furniture and whatever they could lay their hands on, and tearing in pieces his precious books and journals Then they had followed the Bakwains to Limaue, where they had arrived on a Saturday evening, "spoiling for the fray" They told Sechele that they had come to fight because he was getting "too saucy," allowing Englishmen to proceed to the north, though they had repeatedly ordered him not to do so To this the chief replied that he could not molest Englishmen, when they had never done him any harm, but had always treated him well Yielding to his earnest entreaties that they should not fight upon the Sabbath day, the Boers waited until Monday morning before beginning their assault Then they began firing upon the town and upon the Bakwains, who made a brave resistance all day but were finally forced to retire on account of having no water. Thirty-five Boers and sixty Bakwains were killed during the fight This village and others in the vicinity were set on fire by the Boers, the crops of the people burned, and their cattle carried off, all without the slightest provocation, but out of sheer hatred to the mission, and with the avowed determination

to kill Livingstone had they found him, as they expected to do Had he been able to carry out his original intention of arriving at Kolobeng in August, he would probably have lost his life, or, had he escaped with that, at the least all the property that he carried with him for the journey would have been seized, and his projected enterprise brought to an end.

Dr Livingstone did not hesitate to express his righteous indignation over the injustice and cruelty of the Boers For one ordinarily so patient, he had a very large vial of indignation which he poured out right heartily when he thought the occasion demanded it The subsequent history of the Transvaal Republic did much to convince others that he was not far wrong as regards the low estimation in which he held these "free and independent" Boers.

As for Livingstone the effect of this outrage was to free him from the last local tie, and to give fresh vigor to his determination to open the country which the Boers were trying so hard to shut up. To his brother-in-law he wrote that he would open a path through the country, or *perish*

In June, 1853, Livingstone had reached the Makololo country His journal shows how unwearied were his efforts to teach the people, though, as was to be expected, they received ideas on divine subjects but slowly All the Africans he met were firmly persuaded that they should have a future existence, and had also a vague kind of belief in some Supreme Being, but this was all, and as in our case at home,

than the instructions and exam of

many years could be *depended* upon to secure their moral elevation "We introduce," he writes, "entirely new motives, and were these not perfectly adapted for the human mind and heart by their divine Author, we should have no success . . . We can afford to work in faith, for Omnipotence is pledged to fulfil the promise Our work and its fruits are cumulative, we work towards another state of things Future missionaries will be rewarded by conversions for every sermon We are their pioneers and helpers Let them not forget the watchmen of the night—us who worked when all was gloom, and no evidence of success in the way of conversion cheered our paths They will doubtless have more light than we, but we served our Master earnestly, and proclaimed the same gospel as they will do."

In his endeavors to find a healthful locality Livingstone penetrated to the farthest limit of the Barotse country, but no such place as he sought could be found Everywhere he finds the terrible African fever that had so nearly proved fatal to his own family on their previous journeys Here, too, the horrors of the slave-trade haunt and harrow him, while he sees heathenism in its most unadulterated forms

"During a nine weeks' tour," he says, "I had been in closer contact with heathens than I had ever been before, and though all were as kind and attentive to me as possible, yet to endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, grumbling, quarreling and murderings of these children of nature, was

the severest penance I had yet undergone in the course of my missionary duties I thence derived a more intense disgust of paganism than I had hitherto felt, and formed a greatly elevated opinion of the effects of missions in the south, among tribes which are reported to have been as savage as the Makololo The benefits which to a casual observer may be inappreciable are worth all the money and labor that have been expended to produce them "

With respect to the results already obtained by the labors of missionaries he writes elsewhere "Having visited Sierra Leone and some other parts of the West Coast, as well as a great part of South Africa, we were very much gratified by the evidences of success which came under our own personal observation The crowds of well-dressed, devout and intelligent-looking worshipers, in both the west and south, formed a wonderful contrast to the same people still in their heathen state At Sierra Leone, Kuruman, and other places, the Sunday, for instance, seemed as well observed as it is anywhere in Scotland " This is certainly more than can be said of our own land, though it must make us blush to acknowledge it Indeed it is now said that in Sierra Leone there is a larger proportion of Christians than in the United States

Of course Livingstone, travelling about from place to place as he did, was not cheered by such results as these which could only follow many years of seed-sowing, but amid all his difficulties, he patiently pursued his work as missionary, preaching twice every Sunday, generally to good audiences, some-

times to as many as a thousand Sometimes he was greatly in hopes that a real impression had been made, but he was continually met by the notion that the Christian religion was a religion of medicines, and that all the good it could do was by charms

"The great difficulty"—to quote again from his journals—"in dealing with these people is to make the subject plain. The minds of the auditors can not be understood by one who has not mingled much with them They readily pray for the forgiveness of sin, and then sin again, confess the evil of it, and there the matter ends"

Sometimes, too, Livingstone experienced the disadvantage of having to speak through an interpreter It was easy enough to carry on communication on all ordinary matters through the medium of a third person, but when it came to the exposition of religious truth, in which the interpreter took little or no interest, it was "uncommonly slow work" Some, indeed, began to pray to Jesus in secret as soon as they heard of the white man's God, but with little comprehension of what they were doing Many, however, kept to the determination not to believe, like certain villagers in the south, who put all their cocks to death because they seemed to crow the words "Tlang lo rapeleng"—"Come along to prayers."

CHAPTER VI

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

SOME of Dr Livingstone's friends thought that he should have settled somewhere, "preaching the simple gospel, and seeing conversions as the result of each sermon." To his father and other friends he writes in September, 1853: "The conversion of a few, however valuable their souls may be, can not be put into the scale against the knowledge of the truth spread over the whole country. In this I do and will exult. As in India, we are doomed to perpetual disappointment; but the knowledge of Christ spreads over the masses. We are like voices crying in the wilderness, we prepare the way for the glorious future in which missionaries telling the same tale of love will convert by every sermon. I am trying now to establish the Lord's kingdom in a region wider by far than Scotland. Fever seems to forbid, but I shall work for the glory of Christ's kingdom—fever or no fever."

Having been completely baffled in his search for a healthful location for mission work, Livingstone now turns his thoughts to the second object he has had in view, and endeavors to find a highway to the sea, pushing forward to the west coast. The probability of his falling by the way is ever before him, but, as he often says, "Cannot the love of Christ carry the missionary where the slave trade carries

the trader?" So with a band of Makololo, the best natives with whom he ever travelled, he plunges boldly into the unknown country.

Yet even the best natives Livingstone finds ready to succumb to every trouble, and weak and helpless except as he infuses his own strength and courage into them. Of physical strength he himself had but little. During this terrible journey of seven months, from November 1853 to June 1854, he had thirty-one attacks of intermittent fever. The story of incredible hardships, sickness, hunger, constant wading through swollen streams, tedious delays, and harassing exactions of hostile tribes has been thrillingly told in Livingstone's first published *Travels* which made his name a household word in England and America

When at last he reached the Portuguese settlement of St Paul de Loanda on the coast, it was as a skeleton clothed in tatters, and he was soon prostrated by a long and distressing illness But even this trial had its alleviations He speaks of the delightful sensation of resting on a comfortable bed after so many months of lying upon the ground The kind attentions of the Portuguese traders and others were also refreshing to the soul of the weary and lonely explorer

When he had once more regained his strength he might have set sail immediately for England and his wife and children The two years of absence had gone by, and great must have been the temptation to go to them at once But he had promised the natives who had accompanied him that he would

bring them back to their homes, and he knew that they were quite unable to perform that formidable journey without him. Besides, he had not yet accomplished his object. He had found no safe locality for a mission, nor any practicable highway to the sea. So once more he plunged into the wilderness, and with a repetition of his former hardships, and far more loss of time, brought his followers back to their homes.

It was his earnest desire to bring them *all* safely home, and in point of fact the whole twenty-seven returned in good health, notwithstanding all the perils of the way, owing largely, doubtless, to his careful oversight. No wonder that his followers had an extraordinary regard for him. Once when crossing a river the ox he was riding threw him off into the water, and at once about twenty of his men made a simultaneous rush for his rescue, and their joy at his safety was very great.

On his way back to the Barotse country Livingstone had a severe attack of rheumatic fever. "I got it by sleeping in the wet," he says. "There was no help for it. Every part of a plain was flooded ankle deep. We got soaked by going on, and sodden if we stood still." The rain was often so drenching that he had to put his watch under his arm-pit to keep it dry. His bed was on the wet grass with only a horse-cloth between to keep off a little of the dampness. "It is true that I suffered severely from fever," he writes again, "but my experience cannot be taken as a fair criterion in the matter. Compelled to sleep on the damp ground month after month, exposed

to drenching showers, and getting the lower extremities wetted two or three times every day, living on manioc roots and meal, and exposed during many hours each day to the direct rays of the sun with the thermometer standing above 96° in the shade—these constitute a more pitiful hygiene than any succeeding missionaries will have to endure"

As they near the home of most of his followers matters brighten, and he writes. 'Our progress down the Barotse valley was quite an ovation: the people were wonderfully kind, and every village gave us an ox and sometimes two I felt most deeply grateful, and tried to benefit them in the only way I could, by imparting the knowledge of that Savior who alone can comfort them in the time of need, and of that good Spirit who alone can instruct them and lead them into his kingdom' On arriving at their journey's end, a day of thanksgiving was observed (July 23d, 1855)

After a few months of rest, months in which, however, he did not fail to work and pray for the salvation of those about him, Livingstone set out once more on his weary way,—this time to the east coast, which seemed to promise better than the west He followed the course of the Zambesi river, discovering the wonderful Victoria Falls, like a second Niagara, but grander and more astonishing Two subjects that occupied much of his thoughts on these long journeys were the configuration of the country, and the best way of conducting missions and bringing the Africans to Christ

On this journey he was often in extreme danger from the natives, but his trust in the Lord never faltered. "Travelling from day to day among barbarians," he himself says—and it is the universal testimony of those who have tried it—"exerts a most benumbing effect on the religious feelings of the soul," but his private journals show that through all the obstacles and trials that beset him he stood firmly upon the Rock, Christ Jesus.

When in imminent peril at the confluence of the Zambesi and Loangwa, he writes in his journal January 14, 1856. "Thank God for His great mercies thus far. How soon I may be called to stand before Him, my righteous Judge, I know not. All hearts are in His hands, and merciful and gracious is the Lord our God. O Jesus, grant me resignation to Thy will, and entire reliance on Thy powerful hand. On Thy word alone I lean. But wilt Thou permit me to plead for Africa? The cause is Thine. What an impulse will be given to the idea that Africa is not open if I perish now! See, O Lord, how the heathen rise up against me as they did to Thy Son. I commit my way unto Thee, I trust also in Thee that Thou wilt direct my steps. Thou givest wisdom liberally to all who ask Thee—give it to me, my Father. My family is Thine. They are in the best hands. Oh! be gracious, and all our sins do Thou blot out.

> 'A guilty, weak and helpless worm
> On Thy kind arms I fall.'

Leave me not, forsake me not. I cast myself and

all my care down at Thy feet Thou knowest all I need, for time and for eternity "

At this time he had just made the discovery of two healthy ridges at the mouth of the Loangwa, which had given him new hope for missions and commerce, hence the special earnestness with which he pleads that if the Lord will he may be spared still longer to do his work He was anxious that others should know of his success in at last finding a healthful locality, and cherished the earnest hope that the directors would establish a mission there

When he finally reached Quilimane, another Portuguese settlement on the east coast, in May, 1856, a few days less than four years from the time of his leaving the Cape had elapsed In this time he had crossed the entire continent—a feat never before accomplished by a European—and that amid hardships and dangers to which all but the bravest and most persevering would have inevitably succumbed That his wonderful success as an explorer had not been unrecognized is shown in the fact that in May, 1855, the Geographical Society had awarded him their gold medal—the highest honor they had to bestow

The Astronomer-royal at the Cape, Mr Maclear, had said of him "He has done that which few other travellers in Africa can boast of he has fixed his geographical points with very great accuracy, and yet he is only a poor missionary " But now as Dr Livingstone once more emerges into civilized regions, he finds himself no longer the obscure missionary, but the world-renowned discoverer

Let us not imagine, however, that he had lost anything of his missionary spirit in the zeal of the explorer All through these journeys he had constantly preached the gospel to the various tribes through whose countries he passed Even when too ill to hold his usual Sabbath services he would make use of a magic lantern, with pictures of Scripture scenes. He could thus convey important truths in a way particularly attractive to his rude audiences Before he set out on this journey he wrote to his father "I am a missionary, heart and soul. God had an only Son, and He was a missionary and a physician A poor, poor imitation of Him I am, or wish to be In this service I hope to live, in it I wish to die" And a sentence penned toward the close of his journey shows with what spirit it had been carried through "Viewed in relation to my calling," he writes, "the end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the enterprise."

CHAPTER VII

FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND

WHILE still at Quilimane a communication received from the London Missionary Society disturbed Livingstone not a little. It informed him that the financial circumstances of the society were such that it could not venture to undertake untried any remote and difficult fields of labor The Doctor naturally understood this to mean that his proposals were declined He replied to the society's agent at Cape Town that he had thought that his preaching, conversation and travel were as nearly connected with the spread of the gospel as the Boers would allow them to be His plan of opening up a path from either the east or the west coast had received the formal approbation of the directors, and in carrying it out he felt that he was doing good service to the cause of Christ Seven times had he been in peril of his life from savage men, while laboriously pursuing that plan and never doubting that he was in the path of duty He closes thus "I shall not boast of what I have done, but the wonderful mercy I have received will constrain me to follow out the work in spite of the veto of the Board If it is according to the will of God, means will be provided from other quarters"

Now at last Livingstone felt that he might revisit "dear old England," and after a long and perilous

voyage he once more joyfully greeted his wife and children But his joy was mingled with sadness, for the loved father whom he also longed to see was no more upon earth. While his son was on his way home he had departed "full of faith and peace" "You wished so much to see David," said his daughter to him as the end drew near "Ay, very much, very much, but the will of the Lord be done" Then after a pause, "But I think I'll know whatever is worth knowing about him. When you see him, tell him I think so." When Livingstone returned to his childhood's home the sight of his father's empty chair deeply affected him One of his sisters writes "The first evening he asked all about his illness and death One of us remarking that after he knew he was dying his spirits seemed to rise, David burst into tears At family worship that evening he said with deep feeling 'We bless Thee, O Lord. for our parents, we give Thee thanks for the dead who has died in the Lord.'"

Besides the joy of being welcomed by those who were nearest and dearest to him, Dr Livingstone now found himself welcomed to the society of the best and most eminent in the land, and the recipient of honors and distinctions innumerable "Traveller, geographer, zoologist, astronomer, missionary, physician and mercantile director, did ever man sustain so many characters at once? Or did ever man perform the duties of each with such painstaking accuracy, and so great success?"

Having been urged to gather up the results of his journey and give them in the form of a book to the

public, a large part of the year 1857 was mainly occupied with the labor of writing Although he had ample material in his journals, the task of arrangement and transcription was necessarily very tedious In fact Livingstone used to say that he would rather cross Africa than write another book! Complaint has sometimes been made that so much of this book is occupied with matters of science, descriptions of plants and animals, and geographical inquiries, and so little with what directly concerns the work of the missionary If the information given and the views expressed on missionary topics were all put together they would constitute no insignificant contribution to missionary literature But Livingstone recognized himself as only a pioneer in missionary enterprise Probably no missionary in Africa had preached to so many blacks, but in most cases he had been a sower of seed, and not a reaper of harvests He had indeed been the instrument of turning some from darkness to light, but he felt that the missionary work of the interior of Africa was yet to be done By showing the vast field ripe for the harvest he sought to arouse the enthusiasm of Christian people, and lead them to take possession of Africa for Christ He wished to interest men of science, men of commerce, men of all sorts in the welfare of Africa He would faithfully record what he himself knew, and let others build with his materials With himself always "the end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the enterprise"

Busy and tired with the labors of authorship as he was, this must have been one of the happiest periods of his life. Often he worked with his children about him, undisturbed by all their noise and play After the years of loneliness which he had passed, their mere presence must have been a satisfaction Often he would walk and romp with them. A favorite pastime with him when walking near the woods was suddenly to plunge into the underbrush, and set them looking for him, as people searched for him afterwards when he disappeared in Africa, and then as suddenly to reappear from some entirely unexpected quarter

Through the handsome conduct of his publishers and the great success of the *Missionary Travels*, his book brought him a small fortune, of which all that he thought it his duty to reserve for his children was enough to educate them and prepare them for their part in life A large portion of the profits went to forward directly the great object to which his heart and life had been already given.

Finding himself in the autumn of 1857 free from his labors as an author, Livingstone moved more freely through the country, attending meetings and giving addresses It was, however, more from an appreciation of the kindness shown him, and a desire to be obliging, than from any wish to push himself forward, that he accepted these public invitations He was anxious to return to his chosen life-work, and he was too modest a man to enjoy the lionizing which he so frequently received But as long as the opportunity was given him he was glad

to strive to arouse an interest in the evangelization of Africa, and to speak a word, as opportunity offered, for his Master.

It was in this year that he took a step which has often been severely criticised, viz, the severing of his connection with the London Missionary Society. Yet this was a thoroughly conscientious step, taken because he felt that God had called him to be a pioneer in the work of opening the continent of Africa, which might seem to many to be too remote from the immediate office of a missionary to warrant his receiving a salary from funds contributed solely for that work He therefore thought it best to accept a position tendered him as consul, with government salary, at Quilimane, for the eastern coast and a portion of the interior of Africa, and also as commander of an expedition for exploring the eastern and central portions of the country Yet while making these arrangements, he closed an impressive address at Cambridge with these words, following an earnest appeal that many of his hearers should enter upon missionary work themselves

"If you knew the satisfaction of performing a duty as well as the gratitude to God which the missionary must always feel in being chosen for so noble and sacred a calling, you would have no hesitation in embracing it For my own part I have never ceased to rejoice that God has appointed me to such an office People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to our God,

which we can never repay? . Anxiety, sickness, suffering or danger now and then, with a foregoing of the common conveniences and charities of this life may make us pause and cause the spirit to waver, and the soul to sink, but let this only be for a moment All these are nothing when compared with the glory which shall hereafter be revealed in and for us I never made a sacrifice Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which *He* made who left His Father's throne on high to give Himself for us, 'who being the brightness of that Father's glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high ' I beg to direct your attention to Africa, I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country which is now open, do not let it be shut again! I go back to Africa to make an open path for commerce and Christianity, do you carry out the work which I have begun I LEAVE IT WITH YOU!"

In another address he says "For my own part I go out as a missionary My object in Africa is not only the elevation of man, but that the country might be so opened that man might see the need of his soul's salvation " These words need no commentary.

Livingstone's visit to England, though comparatively short, taken in connection with his previous labors, had effected quite a revolution of ideas in regard to Africa Men were surprised to find that

instead of a great sandy desert it was so rich and productive a land The impression had been quite general that the blacks were brutish and ferocious in a marked degree, but Livingstone showed, as Moffat had shown before him, that, rightly dealt with, they were teachable, affectionate, and the possessors of many good qualities On the slave-trade of the interior he had already thrown a ghastly light, though in his later journeys he was still more impressed by its enormities He had thrown light also on the structure of Africa, marking down his discoveries upon its map with the greatest accuracy He had made appeals, too, in the cause of missions, with the effect of arousing considerable interest in them.

As for himself his heart yearned after his friends, the Makololo, and he would gladly have been their missionary, but as duty called him elsewhere he made an arrangement with his brother-in-law, Mr John Moffat, to become their missionary instead, giving him an outfit and salary for five years out of his own private means An amount was thus pledged and paid nearly equal to all the salary which he received as consul during three years.

CHAPTER VIII

EXPEDITION TO THE ZAMBESI

DR. LIVINGSTONE had told his faithful followers in Africa that nothing but death should prevent his returning to them, and he kept his word. In March, 1858, with his beloved wife, his youngest son, and the members of the expedition, he set sail from Liverpool The steamer also carried the sections of a steam-launch, called *Ma Robert*, from Mrs. Livingstone's African name, meaning the mother of Robert, the eldest son This boat it was hoped would be of the greatest use in the exploration of the Zambesi and its tributaries Now at last the future seemed to open brightly before him Ample funds were at his disposal, as well as a force adequate to all the demands of such an expedition Instead of wearily tramping over the country he now had a little steamer to carry him where he liked, and last, but not least, his wife hoped not to leave him again.

But these bright hopes were not to be all realized His first great disappointment occurred when on arriving at Cape Town the poor health of Mrs Livingstone prevented her accompanying him further She accordingly went to her parents at Kuruman, hoping at some future time to rejoin her husband on the Zambesi

At first the expedition prospered in spite of some drawbacks The remainder of 1858 and almost all of 1859 were occupied in exploring the Zambesi and its tributary, the Shiré The discovery of the beautiful Lake Nyassa took place in September, 1859 From the very first, Livingstone saw the importance of this lake and the Shire valley as the key to Central Africa Since then it has been more and more evident that his opinion was correct He thought much of the desirability of a British colony, and if twenty or thirty families from among the Scotch or English poor would come out as an experiment, he was ready to give £2,000 towards the enterprise, without saying from whom the assistance came He felt that the surest way to discourage the trade in slaves was to develop the trade in cotton, and that Christian families would do more to promote the cause of Christ among the natives than solitary missionaries could do The configuration of the Shire valley is particularly favorable for colonization, three broad plateaus rising from the river, one above another, to the height of 5,000 feet As to the fertility of the land, the statement was made in 1887 that while of three coffee plants taken out to the Shire hills eight years before from the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens only one had survived, the fruits of that one had already amounted to seventy bags of many hundred weight, and of the finest growth "The culture is a commercial success," says the organ of the present Universities' Mission, "and should result in time in covering all the hills and plateaus around the lake with this best foe of the

slave-trade, and best substitute for the fast disappearing ivory "

But to go back to our expedition, the *Ma Robert*, which had promised so well at first, soon disappointed them greatly Her consumption of coal was enormous, the furnace had to be started hours before the steam was serviceable, she snorted so horribly that she was called "The Asthmatic," and, after all, canoes could easily pass her when she was making her utmost speed Dr Livingstone was greatly mortified to find that he had been deceived. He had thought that he was getting a great bargain, because the ship-builder had professed to do so much through "love of the cause "

We can have little idea of the trials of such an expedition even at its best Now the heat and the mosquitoes, the delays, the stoppages on sandbanks, the almost incredible struggle for fuel—Livingstone writes that it took all hands a day and a half to cut one day's fuel—the monotony of existence, the malarious climate, the frequent attacks of illness, all had a most trying effect, "Very curious," writes Livingstone, "are the effects of African fever on certain minds Cheerfulness vanishes, and the whole mental horizon is overcast with black clouds of gloom The liveliest joke cannot provoke even the semblance of a smile Nothing is right, nothing pleases the fever-stricken victim "

The commander had difficulties also in managing his own countrymen which he did not have with the natives He was so conscientious, so thoroughly

in earnest himself, that he could endure nothing that seemed like trifling with duty.

Travelling, even in a civilized country and surrounded by all the conveniences and even luxuries at the service of the modern tourist, is said to be peculiarly apt to bring out the disagreeable traits in one's character. But those who continued to enjoy his friendship never wearied of speaking of Livingstone's delightful qualities as a companion in travel, and of the warm sunshine which he had the faculty of spreading about him

It is not often that Dr Livingstone speaks of the delicacies of his table, but once on this trip so novel a dish is served up that he has to tell us about it

"June, 1859. We had been very abundantly supplied with first-rate stores, but we were unfortunate enough to lose a considerable portion of them, and had now to bear the privation as best we could On the way down we purchased a few gigantic cabbages and pumpkins at a native village below Mazaro Our dinners had usually consisted of but a single course, but we were surprised the next day by our black cook from Sierra Leone bearing in a second course 'What have you got there?' was asked in wonder 'A tart, sir' 'A tart! Of what is it made?' 'Of cabbages, sir' As we had no sugar, and could not 'make believe' as in the days of boyhood, we did not enjoy the feast that Tom's genius had prepared"

Wherever he goes Dr Livingstone studies the trees, plants and fruits of the region with a view to commerce He is no less interested to watch the treatment of fever when cases occur, and is gratified

to observe the efficacy of medicines of his own preparation.

Once he has an escape from a rhinoceros as remarkable as that from the lion The animal came dashing at him, and suddenly stopped from some unknown reason when close to him, giving him time to escape Apparently the unwonted sight of a white man had filled the beast with astonishment, and quite destroyed his presence of mind

Coming among his old friends, the Makololo, in 1860, their expressions of kindness and confidence greatly touched him But this confidence was wholly the result of his way of treating them "It ought never to be forgotten," says he, "that influence among the heathen can be acquired only by patient continuance in well-doing, and that good manners are as necessary among barbarians as among the civilized" Such was his theory, and such no less his practice. He, too, could have confidence in them, as appears from the fact that he found on his return to Linyanti that the wagons and other articles which he had left there seven years before had been untouched, save by the weather and the white ants

While among these people Livingstone labored unweariedly for their spiritual good The last subject on which he preached to them at this time was the great resurrection They told him that they could not believe it possible that the particles of the body should ever be reunited Dr Livingstone gave them in reply a chemical illustration, and then referred to the authority of the Book from which the doctrine was derived, and the poor people were

more willing to give in to the authority of the Bible than to the chemical illustration Here, as always, the reference to the truth of the Bible and its Author seemed to have far more influence over the native mind than any cleverness of illustration, though that doubtless, too, had a certain weight of its own.

CHAPTER IX

DEATH OF MRS. LIVINGSTONE

AT THE beginning of 1861 a new steamer, the *Pioneer*, arrived, which, though not altogether satisfactory, was yet a great improvement on the *Ma Robert*, which was now totally useless This boat was given by the English government for the navigation of the Zambesi and Shire, and it carried the sections of the *Lady Nyassa*, designed to float on the waters of Lake Nyassa, and bought by Livingstone at the cost of £6,000, the greater part of the profits of his book

During this year he explored the River Rovuma, and assisted Bishop Mackenzie and his co-laborers to establish the Universities' Mission on the Shire, organized in response to a personal appeal from Livingstone to the English universities The bishop was a man after Livingstone's own heart, and the mission was opened with the brightest hopes of success, doomed, alas, to speedy disappointment This mission was ere long virtually, though not absolutely, broken up by the death of Bishop Mackenzie and several of his most efficient co-workers This was a terrible blow to Dr Livingstone, but it was followed by one still heavier, the death of his wife

Early in January, 1862, Livingstone's wife was once more at his side, after an absence of four years After returning to her children in Scotland, where

she spent a year of great loneliness and depression, and intense longing for her husband, she had come back to Africa and rejoined him on the little steamer on the Zambesi, with bright plans for a happy home on the Nyassa.

Only three short months, however, were they together before his wife was taken from him. After an illness of a few days only, her spirit passed away, and the man who had faced calmly so many deaths, and braved so many dangers, knelt by her death-bed utterly broken down, and weeping like a child.

Livingstone says little in his next book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*, of the death of his wife. He cannot publish to the world the deepest feelings of his heart, but his journals give us some inkling of what he suffered in her loss. "It is the first heavy stroke I have suffered, and quite takes away my strength. I wept over her who well deserved many tears. I loved her when I married her, and the longer I lived with her I loved her the more. God pity the poor children, who were all tenderly attached to her, and I am left alone in the world by one whom I felt to be a part of myself. I hope it may, by divine grace, lead me to realize heaven as my home, and that she has but preceded me in the journey. Oh, my Mary, my Mary, how often we have longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng. Surely the removal by a kind Father who knoweth our frame means that He rewarded you by taking you to the best home, the eternal one in the heavens. ... For the first time in my life I feel willing to die."

In a letter written two days after Mrs Livingstone's death he says "This heavy stroke quite takes the heart out of me . . I try to bend to the blow as from our heavenly Father I shall do my duty, but it is with a darkened horizon that I set about it"

A pleasant little glimpse of home life is given in a later entry in his journal "The loss of my ever dear Mary lies like a heavy weight on my heart In our intercourse in private there was often more than what would be thought by some a decorous amount of merriment and play. I said to her a few days before her fatal illness. 'Our old bodies ought now to be more sober, and not play so much' 'Oh no,' said she, 'you must always be as playful as you have always been. I would not like you to be as grave as some folks I have seen' This when I know her prayer was that she might be spared to be a help and comfort to me in my great work, led me to feel what I have always believed to be the true way, to let the head grow wise, but keep the heart always young and playful She was ready and anxious to work, but has been called away to serve God in a higher sphere"

The days after his wife's death were spent by Dr Livingstone in writing fully to his children and family friends in regard to his great loss His letter to his wife's mother, Mrs Moffat, reached her at Kuruman by way of England The sad tidings first came to her through traders, but before the news came she had written a long letter to her daughter, full of joy and gratitude that she and her husband

had been permitted to meet again, and full of bright hopes for their future For a whole month before this letter was written poor Mary had been sleeping under the baobab tree at Shupanga!

It is sad to read that, in addition to all their other trials, Livingstone and his wife had not been able to escape the tongue of slander In his letter to his mother-in-law is this allusion "I regret, as there are always regrets after one's loved ones are gone, that the slander, which unfortunately reached her ears from missionary gossips and others, had an influence on me in allowing her to come before we were fairly on Lake Nyassa A doctor of divinity said, when her devotion to her family was praised 'Oh, she is no good, she is here because her husband cannot live with her' The last day will tell another tale"

Mrs Moffat in her reply says "As for the cruel scandal that seems to have hurt you both so much, those who said it did not know you as a *couple* In all our intercourse with you, we never had a doubt as to your being comfortable together I know there are some maudlin ladies who insinuate when a man leaves his family frequently, no matter how noble is his object, that he is not *comfortable* at home But we can afford to smile at this and say 'The day will declare it'"

To his daughter Agnes, after the account of her mother's death Livingstone writes "Dear Nannie, she often thought of you, and when once from the violence of the disease she was delirious, she called out, 'See, Agnes is falling down a precipice' May our Heavenly Savior, who must be your father and

guide, preserve you from falling into the gulf of sin over the precipice of temptation . . . Dear Agnes, I feel alone in the world now, and what will the poor dear baby do without her mamma? She often spoke of her and sometimes burst into a flood of tears, just as I now do in taking up and arranging the things left by my beloved partner of eighteen years . . . I bow to the divine hand that chastens me. God grant that I may learn the lesson He means to teach! All she told you to do she now enforces, as if beckoning from heaven. Nannie dear, meet her there. Don't lose the crown of joy she now wears, and the Lord be gracious to you in all things . . . I pity you on receiving this; but it is the Lord. Your sorrowing and lonely father."

Letters of like tenor were written to every intimate friend. Livingstone's heart seemed to find relief in pouring itself out in praise of her whom he loved so dearly, and whom he should see no more on earth. How he must have yearned in this time of desolation for the comfort of the human sympathy, the clasp of the loving hands, of those dear to him, thousands of miles away. But He who alone can give true comfort, and who is just as near to His followers in the jungles of Africa as in the peaceful homes of England and America, gave him His peace, and courage to keep on his way, lonely yet undaunted, "faint yet pursuing."

CHAPTER X

THE SLAVE-TRADE

IT could not have been easy for Dr. Livingstone to take up his work again, but how he was able to do it at all may be inferred from these words, written at the time to his friend, Rev Mr Waller, of the Universities' Mission "Thanks for your kind sympathy In return, I say, cherish exalted thoughts of the great work you have undertaken It is a work which, if faithful, you will look back on with satisfaction while the eternal ages roll on their everlasting course. The devil will do all he can to hinder you by efforts from without and from within, but remember Him who is with you, and will be with you always"

As soon as he was able to brace himself for his work, he undertook the task of helping to put the *Lady Nyassa* together, and to launch her This was achieved about the last of June, 1862, to the great astonishment of the natives, who could not comprehend how iron should float This was an excellent steamboat, and could she have been got to the lake would have done well But unhappily the rainy season had passed, and this could not now be accomplished until December. Here was another great disappointment In the meantime Livingstone again took up the explorations in which he had been engaged when he went with Bishop Mackenzie to

had breathed their last. . Many had ended their misery under shady trees, others under projecting crags in the hills, while others lay in their huts with closed doors, which when opened disclosed the mouldering corpse with the poor rags around the loins, the skull fallen off the pillow, the little skeleton of the child, that had perished first, rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons The sight of this desert, but eighteen months ago a well-peopled valley, now literally strewn with human bones, forced the conviction upon us that the destruction of human life in the middle passage, however great, constitutes but a small portion of the waste, and made us feel that unless the slave-trade—that monster iniquity which has so long brooded over Africa —is put down, lawful commerce cannot be established"

At first Dr Livingstone had been somewhat inclined to think that the enormities of the slave-trade were sometimes exaggerated Now he was convinced that they were "beyond exaggeration"

Sometimes he was able to set the captives free, as on the journey to Loanda, which was begun by a blessed act of humanity, as he boldly summoned a trader to release a band of captives, so that eighteen souls were restored to freedom who else would have been miserable slaves On another occasion, also previous to this time, he and his companions had rescued a slave-party of manacled men, women and children Each man had his neck in the fork of a stout stick six or seven feet long, and kept in by an iron rod riveted at both ends across the throat

With a saw one by one the men were sawed out into freedom. Many of the party were children about five years old or even less. Two women had been shot the day before for attempting to untie the thongs, in order that the rest might be intimidated, one woman had had her infant's brains knocked out because she could not carry both it and her load, and a man was despatched with an axe because he had broken down with fatigue. Eighty-four, chiefly women and children, were set free; and on being told that they might go where they pleased, or remain with their liberators, they all chose to stay, and the bishop wisely attached them to the mission, then just opened, to be educated as members of a Christian family. In this way a great difficulty in the establishment of a mission was overcome, for years are usually required to instil such confidence into the natives' minds as to induce them—in any large numbers at least—to submit to the guidance of strangers.

But while the release of slaves on their way to the coast was sometimes effected, more frequently either it could not be accomplished, or it was felt to be unwise, as the helpless victims of the slave-agent were likely, if rescued, to fall again into his pitiless hands, when their last state would inevitably be worse than their first.

A few extracts from Livingstone's books, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries* and the *Last Journals*, will give added reason for his intense feeling on this subject.

"The assertion has been risked, because no one was in a condition to deny it, that the slave-trade was like any other branch of commerce, subject to the law of supply and demand, and that therefore it ought to be free. From what we have seen, it involves so much of murder in it as an essential element, that it can scarcely be allowed to remain in the catalogue of commerce, any more than garroting, thuggee, or piracy"

"June 26th, 1866.—We passed a slave woman shot or stabbed through the body, and lying on the path It was said an Arab who passed early that morning had done it in anger at losing the price he had given for her, because she was unable to walk any longer"

"June 27th.—To-day we came upon a man dead from starvation, as he was very thin One of our men wandered and found a number of slaves with slave-sticks on, abandoned by their master for want of food They were too weak to be able to speak or say where they had come from, some were quite young"

"Not more than one in five ever reach the 'kind masters' in Cuba and elsewhere, whom, according to slave-owners' interpretation of Scripture, Providence intended for them"

"We had a long discussion about the slave-trade. The Arabs have told the chief that our object in capturing slaves is to get them into our own possession and make them of our own religion The evils which we have seen, the skulls, the ruined villages, the numbers who perish on the way to the

coast and on the sea, the wholesale murders committed by the Waiyau to build up Arab villages elsewhere—these things Mukate often tried to turn off with a laugh, but our remarks are safely lodged in many hearts Next day, as we went along, our guides spontaneously delivered their substance to the different villages along our route . . It is but little we can do, but we lodge a protest in the heart against a vile system, and time may ripen it Their great argument is 'What could we do without Arab cloth?' My answer is 'Do what you did before the Arabs came into the country' At the present rate of destruction of population, the whole country will soon be a desert"

"The strangest disease I have seen in this country seems really to be broken-heartedness, and it attacks free men who have been captured and made slaves Speaking with many who died from it, they ascribed their only pain to the heart, and placed the hand correctly on the spot, though many think that the organ stands high up under the breast-bone Some slavers expressed surprise to me that they should die, seeing they had plenty to eat and no work It seems to be really broken hearts of which they die"

Dr Livingstone's servants afterwards said in answer to questions, that the sufferings of these captives were terrible Many died because it was impossible for them to carry a burden on the head while marching in the heavy yoke, which weighs usually from thirty to forty pounds Children for a time would keep up with wonderful endurance,

but sometimes the sound of dancing and the merry tinkle of the small drums would fall on their ears in passing near to a village, then the memory of home and happy days proved too much for them, they cried and sobbed, the "broken heart" came on, and they rapidly sank The adults, as a rule, never had been slaves before, and were so now only through treachery The Arabs would often promise a present to villagers if they would act as guides to some distant point. As soon as they were far enough from their friends, they were seized and pinned into the slave-sticks, or yokes, from which there was no escape These poor fellows would die, as stated above, talking to the last of their wives and children, who would never know what became of them

Much more might be quoted in regard to this fearful traffic in humanity, but one more extract will suffice "When endeavoring to give some account of the slave-trade of East Africa, it was necessary to keep far within the truth, in order not to be thought guilty of exaggeration, but, in sober seriousness, the subject does not admit of exaggeration To overdraw its evils is a simple impossibility The sights I have seen, though common incidents of the traffic, are so nauseous that I always strive to drive them from memory In the case of most disagreeable recollections I can succeed, in time, in consigning them to oblivion, but the slavery scenes come back unbidden, and make me start up at night, horrified by their vividness."

CHAPTER XI

RECALL, AND LAST VISIT TO ENGLAND

DR LIVINGSTONE'S heart was saddened also by the further news from the mission that several more of the missionaries had succumbed to the African fever. Of his own party some were so reduced by illness that they had to return to England, and now there were but two Europeans in it besides himself We do not need to dwell on the noble spirit shown by Livingstone in remaining in the country in loneliness and sorrow, amid such appalling scenes as everywhere met him His devotion to duty in spite of every obstacle, speaks for itself

At the Murchison cataracts the *Lady Nyassa* was taken to pieces, while the party began to construct a road around the thirty-five or forty miles of the rapids, in order to convey the steamer to the lake But before this work was completed Livingstone received a dispatch from Earl Russell, recalling the expedition Of course this was a great disappointment, though not altogether a surprise The reasons given for the recall of the expedition were that, though not through any fault of Dr Livingstone's, it had not accomplished the objects for which it had been designed, and that it had proved much more costly than had been originally expected Perhaps, too, the government felt that its remonstrances with

the Portuguese government were of no avail, and that their relations were becoming too uncomfortable

It was unfortunate that this recall should have occurred before Livingstone had been able to place the steamer, on which he had spent half his fortune, on Lake Nyassa He had hoped that the British government would at least partially reimburse him for this outlay, but it was never done

At no previous time had Livingstone been so completely hemmed in by discouragements as now The expedition had been recalled, and his hopes of seeing the *Lady Nyassa* floating on the waters of the lake had been brought to an end, he had been grievously afflicted in the death of Bishop Mackenzie and his associates, and had received a still more crushing blow in the loss of his wife, disease had wasted and depressed him, he had had disappointments and delays without number, and apparently all his efforts to do good had been turned to evil. But, undeterred by all these troubles, he resolved to take the last opportunity of exploring the banks of the Nyassa, even if it could only be by the wearisome process of "trudge-trudging" Why should he not go home, and seek in the companionship of his children and friends the comfort and the rest that he needed? A single sentence in a letter to a friend, written while the recall was only in contemplation, explains why "In my case duty would not lead me home, and home, therefore, I would not go"

So, with a small company of attendants, Livingstone sets out to visit the northern end of the lake,

and if possible, to reach Lake Moero, of which he had heard as lying at some distance to the west But this object he is unable to accomplish, as they are detained by illness, and he has not sufficient time at his disposal, the strict orders of government being that he must get the *Pioneer* down to the sea while the river is in flood A month or six weeks more would have enabled him to finish his researches, but he does not dare to take the risk On reaching the vessel, however, in November, 1863, he finds, to his intense chagrin, that two months have to be spent waiting for flood As usual, though, he endeavors to make the best of an unpleasant situation "The first fortnight after our return to the ship," he writes, "was employed in the delightful process of resting, to appreciate which a man must have gone through great exertions In our case the muscles of the limbs were as hard as boards, and not an ounce of fat existed on any part of the body"

While waiting here he received a letter from Bishop Tozer, the successor of Bishop Mackenzie at the mission, telling him that he had resolved to abandon the station, and transfer operations to Zanzibar Against this Livingstone protested, but without avail, and thus, for his lifetime, ended the Universities' Mission on the Shire, with all the bright hopes which it had inspired This, he writes, he feels much more than the recall of the expedition When he thinks of it, it seems as if he must "sit down and cry" Notwithstanding all that has been said against it, he believes that the climate is a

favorable one for mission enterprise, and he would himself go and plant the gospel there were he only younger He believes that it will be done some day without fail, though he may not live to see it How his hopes were finally realized we shall see a little farther on.

When, as Livingstone tells us, his patience was well-nigh exhausted, the river rose, and he gladly started down the Shire in the *Pioneer*, with the *Lady Nyassa* in tow On the way they had at one time to spend the night in a marsh where the water was as black as ink, and emitted such an odor of sulphuretted hydrogen as to make the air most offensive Happily no ill effects followed, though fever was feared The next morning every particle of white paint on both ships was so blackened that scrubbing with soap and water could not clean it The brass was all turned to a bronze color, and even the iron and ropes had taken on a new tint. They tarried in the foul and blackening emanations from the marsh to receive on board about thirty poor orphans, and a few helpless widows, whom Bishop Mackenzie had attached to the mission The bishop had formed a little free community in connection with the mission, in which all who had been able to support themselves by cultivating the soil had been encouraged to do so, but now that the mission had been given up, these little and helpless ones could not be abandoned without casting odium upon the English name, and bringing reproach upon the cause of Christ, and so they were carried to the Cape and cared for there Mr. R M Ballantyne

tells us that he found some years afterwards among the most efficient teachers in St George's Orphanage, Cape Town, one of these black girls named Dauma, whom Bishop Mackenzie had personally rescued from the slaves and carried on his shoulders, and whom now Doctor Livingstone rescued a second time.

This experience in the marsh certainly does not give one a very favorable impression of the healthfulness of the locality, but we must remember that it was the Shire *heights* that had been supposed to be particularly adapted to a mission station From this more bracing climate the missionaries had unfortunately been driven by famine to the fertile but fever-smitten valley below

The work of the mission as carried on at Zanzibar has been chiefly with the great numbers of slaves rescued on the high seas by British cruisers These on being brought back have been trained and taught before being sent inland to their homes A great work has been done also in translating the Bible into different dialects, and on the site of the old slave-markets of Zanzibar, once one of the vilest spots on earth, there now stands a fine church, a fitting memorial of what has been accomplished But the desire of Livingstone's heart that the blessings of the gospel should be carried to the people scattered about Lake Nyassa, as was the original purpose of the Mission, was at last to be realized, though too late for him to behold it except by the eye of faith, unless, indeed, he has been permitted to look down from the "heavenly battlements"

upon the work which was begun under his inspiration

In 1876 a settlement was made in the Nyassa region by a missionary and sixty freed slaves from the training-school at Zanzibar Others have since joined him, and besides spreading a knowledge of the gospel, the mission has done most efficient service in checking the slave-traffic, having established a chain of stations along the old slave-trade routes from Lake Nyassa to the sea A missionary steamer on the lake proves of constant service. A third branch of the Universities' Mission is maintained in the Rovuma district The present force of European workers numbers sixty-two, about half of whom are artisans pursuing their several crafts, all, however, actuated by the same purpose of consecration to the Lord's work

On reaching Mozambique the *Pioneer* was delivered over to the navy, being the property of the English government Doctor Livingstone's plan was now to sail to India and sell the *Lady Nyassa* before returning home "The Portuguese would have bought her to use as a slaver," he wrote in a letter to his daughter, "but I would rather see her go down to the depths of the Indian Ocean than that"

His engineer left him for a better situation on reaching Zanzibar, so Livingstone had to take charge himself, and to navigate his vessel from Zanzibar to Bombay, a distance of 2500 miles with a crew of three Europeans and seven natives who had never before seen the ocean, and most of them were disabled by illness during the voyage For forty-five

days he was on an ocean he had never crossed, for twenty-five of which his vessel was becalmed The voyage was a memorable one, but has been so far eclipsed by the still greater wonders performed by the great explorer on land that little has been heard of it

Upon reaching Bombay he sold his ship for a third of what it had cost him, and then sailed for England So ended in disappointment and seeming defeat this third period of his African life.

CHAPTER XII

SEARCH FOR THE NILE SOURCES

DR. LIVINGSTONE now feels that his immediate efforts must be directed towards rousing such a public sentiment against the Portuguese slave-trade that it shall be as perilous upon land as English ships have already made it upon the ocean But the hope of obtaining access to the heart of Africa by another route than that of the Portuguese settlements is still in his heart, and as soon as possible he will return to look for a new route to the interior

On arriving in England he spent a year upon his book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries* His intention was at first merely to write a small volume, a blast of the trumpet against the monstrous iniquity of the Portuguese slave-trade, but gradually it swelled to a goodly octavo, and embraced the history of the Zambesi expedition The name of Charles Livingstone also appears on the title-page, his brother of that name having been with him part of the time during this expedition, and his journals having been made use of in the writing of the book

Besides this work Dr Livingstone did not fail to make use of such public opportunities as must come to a now famous explorer, in pleading for Africa.

It was the desire of his friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, by whom he was greatly influenced, that he should now completely lay aside his missionary character, and devote himself altogether to the geographical problem of determining the water-shed of the continent, and the true sources of the Nile We can see how Livingstone regarded this proposition by a significant entry in his journal of January 7th, 1865 "Answered Sir Roderick about going out Said I could only feel in the way of duty by working as a missionary" It did fall in with his intentions, however, to explore the region in which he believed the sources of the Nile would be found, and he therefore entered into an agreement with the Geographical Society to undertake, as a part of his work, the task of determining the water-shed of central Africa For this he received a grant of £500 from the society, another of the same amount from the government, and the honor of a Consul's title *without salary* For most of the expense incidental to so great an undertaking he must rely upon his own means, or trust to Providence

In June of this year he paid "the last tribute to a dear, good mother," helping to lay her in the grave, as she had wished he might

Before leaving Scotland Livingstone made a little speech to some school-children, closing with what had been the watch-word of his own life, "Fear God and work hard" These were the last public words that he ever uttered in his native country

Quitting England in the autumn of 1865, he left Zanzibar to enter Africa for the last time on March

19th, 1866, his fifty-third birthday "I set out on this journey," he observes, "with a strong presentiment that I should never finish it The feeling did not interfere with me in reference to my duty, but it made me think a great deal of the future state, and come to the conclusion that possibly the change is not so great as we have usually believed The appearances of Him who is all in all to us were especially human, and the prophet whom St John wanted to worship had work to do, just as we have, and did it"

Our explorer chooses, this time, to have no white companions, but takes with him such a retinue of black attendants as is necessary for the journey Eight of them are young liberated slaves from the missionary school at Nassick, near Bombay, some of whom displayed such fidelity to their master in life and death as to win the admiration of the world But they were supplemented at Zanzibar by Johanna men and sepoys, the former of whom were thieves, and the latter so intolerable that Livingstone soon dismissed them altogether, and detachments subsequently sent to him proved to be no better

The exploring party dived into the depths of the unknown continent, and for months nothing was heard of them. Finally one of the Johanna men arrived at Zanzibar with circumstantial news that Dr Livingstone had been murdered on the shores of Lake Nyassa. Unwilling to go any farther with the party, and freely permitted to return, he had invented this story to cover his own desertion Al-

though the newspapers were full of obituary notices, the report was only half-credited in England, and to relieve the suspense a search-party was sent out in quest of him Although not finding Dr. Livingstone, they gained abundant evidence that the story was false, and in 1868 letters came from the missionary himself, telling of the desertion of the Johanna men, and of the discovery of Lakes Moero and Bangweolo

We may learn something of the trials he experienced, and of his life in general in the meantime, by the following extracts from the journals which were entrusted to Stanley when he left him.

January 20th, '67, after telling how two of the men had deserted, taking what could least be spared, the medicine-box, which was undoubtedly thrown away as soon as they came to examine their booty, he adds, "I felt as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie" The bishop had had all his drugs destroyed by the upsetting of a canoe in which was his case of medicines, and without these had speedily succumbed to the dreaded African fever In Dr Livingstone's case also the loss of his medicines was probably the beginning of the end, and his system lost the wonderful power of recovery it had hitherto shown

"January 27th In changing my dress this A M. I was frightened at my own emaciation"

"April 1st, '67 I am excessively weak, can not walk without tottering, and have constant singing in the head, but the Highest will lead me farther . . After I had been a few days here I had a fit of

insensibility, which shows the power of fever without medicine I found myself floundering outside my hut, and, unable to get in, I tried to lift myself from my back by laying hold of two posts at the entrance, but when I got nearly upright I let them go, and fell back heavily on my head on a box The boys had seen the wretched state I was in, and hung a blanket at the entrance of the hut, that no strangers might see my helplessness, some hours elapsed before I could recognize where I was"

Besides suffering from the loss of his medicine-chest, Livingstone was really half-starved He had no tea, coffee, or sugar, and hardly anything to eat except a coarse, tasteless kind of African maize, a most unsatisfying food, which left him constantly hungry.

The two geographical feats of the year 1867 were the discovery of Lake Moero. and the first sight of Lake Tanganyika In 1868 he thus quietly records the discovery of Lake Bangweolo "On the 18th of July I walked a little way out, and saw the shores of the lake for the first time, thankful that I had come safely hither"

New Year's day, 1869, found Livingstone laboring under a more severe attack of illness than any he had heretofore experienced

Six weeks of pneumonia left evils behind from which he never fully recovered So ill was he that he completely lost count of the days of the week and month Writing of this experience, he says "I saw myself lying dead in the way to Ujiji .

When I think of my children the lines ring through my head perpetually

"I shall look into your faces,
And listen to what you say,
And be often very near you,
When you think I'm far away"

In addition to his other trials, it happened again and again, that after wearily marching scores, or even hundreds of miles to reach new supplies ordered from the coast, it was only to find his stores broken open by the faithless natives, his goods scattered far and wide, and even his letters lost Truly in such circumstances one had need of an almost infinite patience, but patient, quiet endurance was one of Livingstone's strong points.

Then to all this must be added the trial of hope deferred, as repeatedly the key to the problem he was endeavoring to solve seemed to be almost within reach, only to elude him after all Perhaps if he had foreseen the difficulties of the enterprise, he might not have deemed it worth the price it cost, but he had given his promise to the Geographical Society, and, as we have seen, he was a man not easily daunted Moreover he had a strong impression that if he could only find the real sources of the Nile, he could acquire such influence that new weight would be given to his pleadings for Africa.

Wherever he went, he had some opportunities to make known God's love as manifested in His only Son, although the seed sown seemed seldom to take root He was also constantly gaining fresh information in regard to the country and the slave-trade

Five weary years from 1866 to 1871 were thus spent in traversing back and forth the basins of Lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, Moero and Bangweolo, one year after another being begun with the pathetic prayer that *this* year he might be permitted to finish his task and go home. Many difficulties surrounded him, massacres and atrocities were of frequent occurrence, the Arab slave-dealers thwarted him whenever it was possible, his feet were lacerated by the hard march, and his strength exhausted by frequent attacks of illness. Once he lay for eighty days in his hut, unable to proceed farther, harrowed by the wickedness about him which he could not prevent, thinking about the sources of the Nile, getting information from the natives, striving to do some good among the people, and reading the Bible. He read it through four times in about a year, while in the Manyuema country. Little or no news from England arrived to cheer him. Once he received a solitary letter; forty had been lost on the way!

And now comes the crowning disappointment, which has been well likened to that which Moses must have felt when looking from Mt. Nebo upon the promised land he was not permitted to enter. Dr. Livingstone had now come to the Lualaba, which he hoped might be the Nile, although he feared it might be the Congo, as we now know it to be. A voyage down this river would settle the question. It would finish his task, and then at last he might go home, but here his men mutinied and refused to go farther. All his patience and gentle-

ness failed to have any effect upon them, and there was nothing to do but to retrace his weary way in much suffering and bodily weakness over five hundred miles to Ujiji.

This journey was a most wretched one Amid the wide spread desolation caused by the slave-traders, it was impossible for Livingstone to make the natives understand that he did not belong to the same set Ambushes were set in the forest for him and his company Three times in one day did Livingstone escape impending death Twice spears were thrown, once grazing his neck, the second time falling but a foot away A large tree to which fire had been applied for the purpose of felling it, also came down within a yard of him

The one offset to the disappointment of returning to Ujiji, was Dr Livingstone's confident expectation that he should there find fresh supplies, and the medicine he so much needed Arrived at last at Ujiji, "a mere ruckle of bones," as he himself says, he finds that once more his supplies have all been plundered and sold The wretch, Shereef, an Arab trader to whom they had been consigned, had sold off the whole, not leaving a single yard of calico out of 3000, or one string of beads out of 700 pounds. He excused himself by saying that he had divined on the Koran, and found out that Livingstone was dead, and therefore would need his goods no more The poor traveller had indeed fallen among thieves, and it seemed as if there were none to come to his relief But, nevertheless help was coming to him even now.

CHAPTER XIII

MEETING WITH STANLEY

NOT many days after Livingstone's arrival at Ujiji, while he was still resting and striving to rally his strength and the splendid courage which even now was only staggered, not broken, Henry M Stanley, who had been sent to look for him by Mr J G Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, appeared, "almost as an angel from heaven" This was on the tenth of November, 1871, by Stanley's reckoning, though somewhat earlier by Livingstone's What comfort and refreshment did the lonely and disappointed explorer now find in the ample supplies, the bag of letters, the sight of a white face, and the welcome accents of his mother-tongue!

Neither Mr Stanley nor Mr Bennett had any personal interest in Dr Livingstone Mr Bennett frankly admitted that it was only in the interests of his paper, and as a journalist, that he had sent out the expedition in search of the great missionary traveller But Mr Stanley, at least, soon felt that he had a personal regard toward his new-found friend As for Livingstone, he kept saying "You have brought me new life—you have brought me new life" So indeed it proved Four meals a day of nourishing food, in contrast to his heretofore scanty and almost tasteless fare, brought back

strength to his frame and flesh to his bones But who can estimate the mental stimulus, the sense of companionship, that Stanley's coming brought him after his long and solitary wanderings in the wilderness?

Dr Livingstone writes in his journal: "I felt in my destitution as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, but I could not hope for Priest, Levite, or good Samaritan to come by on either side . . . But when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, the good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed, and gasped out, 'An Englishman! I see him!' and off he darted to meet him The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, etc, made me think, 'This man must be a luxurious trader, and not one at his wits' end like me.' It was Henry Moreland Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, Jr, at an expense of more than £4,000, to obtain accurate information about Dr Livingstone if living, and if dead to bring home my bones The news he had to tell to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill The terrible fate that had befallen France—the telegraphic cables successfully laid in the Atlantic—the election of General Grant—the death of good Lord Clarendon, my constant friend—the proof that her Majesty's Government had not forgotten me in

voting £1,000 for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyuema Appetite returned, and instead of the spare, tasteless two meals a day, I ate four times daily, and in a week began to feel strong I am not of a demonstrative turn—as cold indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be—but this disinterested kindness of Mr Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming."

Again he writes of Stanley "He laid all he had at my service, divided his clothes into two heaps, and pressed one heap upon me, then his medicine chest, then his goods and everything he had, and to coax my appetite often cooked dainty dishes with his own hands"

Mr Stanley remained with him during the winter, but when he returned in March, 1872, he earnestly besought Livingstone to go with him, urging that after sufficient recuperation in England he might return with renewed strength to take up the old problem again. Tempting as this proposal was—and no one could have blamed him for a moment had he accepted it—much as he must have yearned for country, friends and children, he steadfastly refused to leave the land until his work was finished His thorough devotion to duty, his utter abandonment of self, were never more manifest than now. But a higher ambition than the finding out the true sources of the Nile urged him on If his disclosures might but lead to the suppression of the east coast slave-trade, that, as he informed

his friends, would be in his estimation a far greater feat than the discovery of all the sources together.

When at last the time came for the two companions to part, it was with the greatest reluctance that they tenderly bade each other farewell. Livingstone's appreciation of the service done him by Stanley was justly very great. He had proved a true friend to him, bringing him fresh strength and courage when almost at death's door, sharing all his comforts with him, and helping and cheering him in every way possible. It was Stanley on whom he now relied to send him trusty attendants, it was Stanley to whom he intrusted his journal and other documents. Stanley had been the only white man with whom he had talked for six years, more than that, during the four months that they had been together, Stanley had been his confidential friend.

And what did Stanley think of Livingstone? "God grant," he writes, "that if ever you take to travelling in Africa you will get as noble and true a man for your companion as David Livingstone! For four months and four days I lived with him in the same house, or in the same boat, or in the same tent, and I never found a fault in him. I am a man of a quick temper, and often without sufficient cause, I daresay, have broken the ties of friendship; but with Livingstone I never had cause for resentment, but each day's life with him added to my admiration for him."

CHAPTER XIV

THE LAST JOURNEY

DR LIVINGSTONE had accompanied his friend to Unyamyembe, where he was to wait until the latter should send him supplies and attendants from the coast Here his stay was a somewhat dreary one He had to wait much longer for his goods and men than he had anticipated, and there was so little to do that it was particularly trying for one of his intensely active temperament Five days after Stanley's departure, occurred his fifty-ninth birthday, the entry for which day thus appears in his journal

"March 19th, Birthday. My Jesus, my King, my life, my all, I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task In Jesus' name I ask it Amen, so let it be —David Livingstone"

On the first of May he finished a letter to the *New York Herald*, trying to enlist American zeal to put a stop to the east coast slave-trade, and prayed for God's blessing to go with the effort The concluding words of this letter were these "All I can add in my loneliness, is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world" It was felt that nothing could

better represent the man than these words, which have been, consequently, inscribed on the tablet erected to his memory near his grave in Westminster Abbey It was not noticed until some time after this selection had been made, that Livingstone wrote it exactly one year before his death, which occurred May 1st, 1873.

Sometimes amid the universal darkness and ignorance around him it is hard to believe that Africa shall ever be won to Christ, but he strengthens his own faith with such words as these, entered in his journal May 13th

"He will keep His word—The gracious One, full of grace and truth—no doubt of it He said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,' and 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name I will give it' He WILL keep His word, then I can come and humbly present my petition, and it will be all right Doubt is here inadmissible, surely—David Livingstone"

Again, he writes of the way in which to gain the good will of the people, and thus secure a foundation for spiritual work among them "June 21st Nothing brings the Africans to place thorough confidence in Europeans, but a long course of well doing Goodness or unselfishness impresses their minds more than any kind of skill or power They say, 'You have different hearts from ours, all black men's hearts are bad, but yours are good' The prayer to Jesus for a new heart and right spirit at once commends itself as appropriate Music has

great influence on those who have musical ears, and often leads to conversion"

Then follow such pathetic entries as these "July 3d Wearisome waiting, this, and yet the men can not be here before the middle or end of next month I have been sorely let and hindered in this journey, but it may have all been for the best I will trust in Him to whom I commit my way

"July 5th Weary! weary!

"July 7th Waiting wearily here, and hoping that the good and loving Father of all may favor me, and help me to finish my work quickly and well"

We also find from his journals that at this time Dr Livingstone's mind was in a state of perpetual doubt and perplexity in regard to the Lualaba river, fearing that after all it might be the Congo We are almost thankful that he never had his doubts solved, it would have been such a disappointment for him to have found for a certainty that this great river was *not* the Nile, even had he also known that henceforth it was to be known as the Livingstone river, and would perpetuate the memory of his life and labors for Africa

In a letter to a friend he writes in reference to his endeavors to do all in his power towards suppressing the slave-trade "To me it seems to be said, 'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain, if thou sayest, behold we knew it not, doth not He that pondereth the heart consider, and He that

keepeth thy soul, doth He not know, and shall He not give to every one according to his works?' I have been led, unwittingly, into the slaving field of the Banians and Arabs in central Africa—I have seen the woes inflicted, and I must still work and do all I can to expose and mitigate the evils"

And again "No one can estimate the amount of God-pleasing good that will be done, if by divine favor this awful slave-trade, into the midst of which I have come, be abolished This will be something to have lived for, and the conviction has grown in my mind that it was *for this end* I have been detained so long"

His letters to the last show that his desire to discover the sources of the Nile was only as a means of enabling him to open his mouth with power among men, and that the great desire of his heart was to arouse public feeling against the slave-trade, and to get that great hindrance to missionary effort and good of every kind forever swept away Among the last words that he ever wrote were these "I would forget all my cold, hunger, suffering and trials, if I could be the means of putting a stop to this cursed traffic"

At last Dr Livingstone's escort arrived, among them Jacob Wainwright, who had been educated at the Nassick school, and who afterwards accompanied his master's body to England, and was one of the pall-bearers at the funeral in Westminster Abbey To him we also owe the earliest narrative that appeared of the last eight months of Dr Livingstone's life. This time Livingstone is not disap-

pointed in his followers, whom he finds to be both faithful and capable

It was in August that the party left Unyamyembe, proceeding towards Lakes Tanganyika and Bangweolo Little of incident occurred on the first part of the march, but as the season advanced, the cold, rainy weather made their progress a perpetual struggle It rained as if nothing but rain were ever known in the water-shed The path lay across flooded rivers and long stretches of spongy marshland, and the inhabitants of the regions through which they passed often refused them food, and deceived them as to the way. Once a mass of furious ants attacked Livingstone by night, driving him from hut to hut in desperation

Most constitutions would have succumbed after a few weeks of such exposure, and indeed, there is much sickness in the party As for Livingstone, his sufferings are beyond all previous experience, but still he keeps on his way, and keeps his men together, showing an influence over them that is simply wonderful

On his last birthday, March 19th, 1873, he makes the following entry in his journal "Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far on the journey of life! Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen Let not Satan prevail over me, oh! my good Lord Jesus "

And a few days later "Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair I encourage myself in the Lord my God and go forward "

But at last there is a limit to the endurance of even an "iron" constitution, although fortified as it was in Livingstone's case by an almost indomitable will, and his weakness at the beginning of April is pitiful Still in spite of intense pain and bodily weakness he kept on his way, even when so exhausted that he had to be carried in a palanquin. The country was but a poor one at best, and was now flooded by heavy rains, so that even upon so called "dry land" the men often had to wade knee-deep in water as they carried their master onward.

On the 27th of April Dr Livingstone wrote in his journal the last words he ever penned

"Knocked up and remain—recover—sent to buy milch-goats We are on the banks of the Molilamo"

Almost nothing could be found suited to the sick man's needs Though suffering from intolerable thirst, water fit to drink was often unattainable, and the milch-goats were sought in vain, and so they pushed on for a day or two longer

The word "recover" shows that Livingstone had no anticipation of immediate death It has been observed that such cases of malarial poisoning are usually unattended with such expectation, or with such messages to friends and expressions of faith as would be natural to Christian men, did they realize the near approach of death But where one is ready to go, it matters little how suddenly the messenger calls him hence

April 29th was the last day of the great explorer's travels upon earth, and then he had to be lifted

from his hut to the palanquin At last they reached Chitambo's village in Itala, where he had to lie under the eaves of a house in a drizzling rain till a hut could be prepared for him Then he was laid on a rude bed in the hut for the night The next day he lay quietly all day, the attendants knowing that death was not far off During the early part of the night following, nothing occurred to attract attention, but about four in the morning the boy who lay at his door keeping watch called in alarm for Susi, one of his old servants, fearing that their master was dead By the light of the candle still burning, they saw him kneeling by his bedside as if in the act of prayer, his head buried in his hands on the pillow Praying as he went, he had gone on his last journey, and without a single attendant Alone, yet not alone, for He who had sustained him through so many trials and dangers had gone with him through the "swelling of Jordan," and brought him safe to the celestial country.

CHAPTER XV

THE LAST RESTING-PLACE

DURING all the trying experiences of this last exploration, Dr. Livingstone had been cheered by the special devotion of two of the attendants, Susi and Chumah, who had been with him long and loved him well Their tenderness to him had been like that of a mother to a dying child, and now that their master was gone, their fidelity still showed itself in the determination that every effort should be made to convey his body to Zanzibar. Surely, if anything were needed to commend the African race to our sympathy and respect, the loyalty, affection and courage now shown by all Livingstone's followers might well have this effect Although it involved nine months of hard and perilous travel, their resolve was carried out without faltering The ordinary risks of such a journey were by no means small, but the superstitious horror of death everywhere prevalent now made it dangerous in the extreme They endeavored to keep Chitambo, the chief of the village where Livingstone died, in ignorance of his death, fearing lest a ruinous fine should be inflicted upon them The secret, however, oozed out, but fortunately the chief was reasonable in his demands.

Susi and Chumah now became the leaders of the company, and nobly did they fulfill their task They

first made a careful inventory of Dr Livingstone's personal effects, then deposited all his papers and scientific instruments in water-tight boxes, so that they would not be injured in fording rivers Though the later entries in his journal had been made only with the juice of plants upon old London newspapers, they too, were carefully preserved, so that everything reached England in perfect safety

Jacob Wainright was asked to read the English burial service, which he did in the presence of all. Then arrangements were made for drying and embalming the body, the heart and other internal organs first having been removed and buried After having been dried in the sun for fourteen days, during which time the men took turns in keeping watch night and day, the body was wrapped in cloth, the legs bent inward at the knees, and the whole enclosed in a large piece of bark in the shape of a cylinder Over this again a piece of sail cloth was sewed, and the package was lashed to a pole so as to be carried by two men Jacob Wainwright carved the inscription on the tree where the body had rested and under which the heart was buried, and Chitambo was charged to keep the grass cleared away, and to protect the rude monument, consisting of two posts and a cross-piece, which they had erected

They then set out on their homeward journey, which was made more serious still by the frequent ravages of sickness The tribes through which they passed were as a general thing friendly to them, but not always On one occasion there was a reg-

ular fight, and at another village the inhabitants showed so much opposition, that it was resolved to pack the remains so as to look exactly like a bale of merchandise. This having been done, a bundle of mapira stalks, cut into lengths of about six feet, was then enveloped in cloth, so as to imitate a dead body about to be buried. This was sent back along the way they had already traversed, as if they had changed their minds and had concluded to bury the body. As it grew dark the bearers began to throw away the stalks and wrappings, and when all were disposed of they returned to their companions. The villagers' suspicions having been thus allayed, they were suffered to go on unmolested.

The party reached Bagamoio with their precious burden in February, 1874. Soon after Dr. Livingstone's remains were placed on a cruiser bound for Zanzibar, and from thence went on to England, reaching Southampton on the 15th of April.

The latest intelligence that we have had in regard to the devoted Susi, is that found in a paper of March, 1887, and is very cheering to hear. He had then been recently baptized by a member of the Universities' Mission, receiving the new name of David, in memory of the noble man who had first taught him what it was to be a Christian.

To many it seemed so incredible that the real body of Livingstone should have been brought all the distance from the heart of Africa to England, that some positive means of identification was necessary to put their doubts at rest. This was supplied by the false joint in the arm that the lion

had crushed. High medical authorities who had examined the fractured arm years before, certified that there could not be a doubt as to these being the remains of "one of the greatest men of the human race—David Livingstone."

On the 18th of April, 1874, the remains of the great missionary traveler were committed to their last resting-place in Westminster Abbey, where crowds of people listened to the impressive funeral services, and joined in the simple but touching words of the hymn:

> O God of Bethel, by whose hand
> Thy people still are fed;
> Who through this weary pilgrimage
> Hast all our fathers led!
>
> . . . .
>
> "Oh spread thy covering wings around,
> Till all our wanderings cease,
> And at our Father's loved abode,
> Our souls arrive in peace."

Many of Livingstone's friends had come to pay their last tribute of respect and love; some who had helped to lay "Ma Robert" in her lonely grave twelve years before; one who had found the long lost missionary, and brought him back to life and hope; one who had himself first read the triumphant words of the burial service over the mortal remains of his loved and trusted master. All these now helped to bear him to his last resting place. And one more was there, the aged father of his beloved Mary, the one who had been the means under God of bringing him to his life work in Africa. Sorrowfully they laid him to rest, and yet

with rejoicing, for they knew that the good and faithful servant had entered into the joy of his Lord

"Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
  To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,
The missionary come of weaver kin,
  But great by work that brooks no lower wage

"*He needs no epitaph to guard a name*
  Which men shall prize while worthy work is known,
He lived and died for good—be that his fame,
  Let marble crumble, this is Living—stone."

CHAPTER XVI

ESTIMATE OF HIS LIFE-WORK

"GOD has taken away the greatest man of his generation, for Dr Livingstone stood alone" So wrote Florence Nightingale to his sorrowing daughter, and no careful reader of his life can fail to recognize in him one of the grandest heroes not merely of this, but of any age

As a missionary explorer he stood alone, travelling 29,000 miles in Africa, adding to the known portion of the globe about a million square miles, discovering lakes N'gami, Shirwa, Nyassa, Moero and Bangweolo, the upper Zambesi and many other rivers, and the wonderful Victoria Falls He was also the first European to traverse the entire length of Lake Tanganyika, and to travel over the vast water-shed near Lake Bangweolo, and, through no fault of his own, he only just missed the information that would have set at rest his conjectures as to the Nile sources He greatly increased the knowledge of the geography, fauna and flora of the interior, yet never lost sight of the great objects of his life, the putting down of the slave-trade, and the evangelization of Africa.

His attainments as a physician were of no mean order *The London Lancet*, expressing the hearty appreciation of the medical profession, says "Few men have disappeared from our ranks more univer-

sally deplored, as few have served in them with a higher purpose, or shed upon them the lustre of a purer devotion"

During the thirty-three years of Dr Livingstone's service for Africa, his labors as a philanthropist and a missionary were unceasing Largely as a result of these labors, that infamous slave-trade, against which he struck the first blow, has now been obliterated along thousands of miles of African coast where once it held full sway, and all Christian nations have banded together to forbid and punish this traffic throughout a vast area in the interior, planting stations for 1,500 miles inland for the enforcement of the law

As a missionary his immediate success may not have appeared great; he was but a forerunner "preparing the way of the Lord" His was the work of the pioneer, blazing the way, making the rough places smooth for others to follow, opening the country for Christianity to enter in But scarcely had the civilized world learned of his death, before, inspired by his example, there began a mighty movement on behalf of Africa The first fruits of that last dying prayer for the country to which he had given his life were seen in the establishment near Lake Nyassa of a mission founded by the churches of Scotland, henceforth to be known by the name of Livingstonia As soon as Stanley knew that his friend was no more, he resolved to carry on his efforts in opening up Africa to civilization A thousand days' journey brought him from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo, the news of which reach-

ing England, the next vessel that sailed for the "dark continent" carried missionaries to help enlighten its darkness   Wherever he has gone Stanley's explorations have left behind them a line of Christian light   Robert Arthington now pours out his fortune, giving in ten years over two millions of dollars   Missionaries hasten to the interior   All denominations vie with each other in Christian zeal King Leopold, of Belgium, resolves to "live for Africa" The fruit of this resolve is seen in the Congo Free State

The statement has been made, and it scarcely seems exaggerated, that there is probably no mission field in the world that is at present attracting the attention of the church at large as much as that of Africa All eyes turn with interest, especially to that wonderful Congo Free State, with its rich and vast area, and its population of fifty millions of inhabitants, with its express promises of government protection and favor to all religious undertakings, and its guarantee to the natives of freedom of conscience and religious toleration True, with all that is encouraging in its outlook, the new liquor traffic is threatening its peace and prosperity, but already the abhorrence of Christendom regarding this death-dealing traffic is making itself felt, and we can but believe that this monstrous iniquity will be throttled while it is yet in its infancy

All through that region of eastern and central Africa in which Livingstone spent so many years, and for which he uttered so many prayers, new mission stations are being planted, the Universities'

Mission, the London Missionary Society, the Free and Established churches of Scotland, the Methodists, Swiss, and other societies all having representatives there So great an expansion of missionary enterprise could never have taken place in so short a time but for Dr Livingstone's energy in opening Africa and for his enthusiasm in enlisting recruits for his loved field

At a moderate estimate there are now between thirty and forty missionary societies working in Africa, and over 500 missionaries spreading the glad tidings of salvation The converts, though already numbering many tens of thousands, are as yet but a handful among the two hundred millions with which Africa teems but their number is steadily growing, and when we remember that until a few years ago nothing was known of the vast interior, we have reason to thank God and take courage Soon the continent will be crossed by a network of railways, penetrated by explorers, settled by traders, and dotted over with Christian missions Already roads are being built and railways constructed, steamboats sail up and down the great lakes and rivers, and a submarine cable has been laid It will not be long ere all these millions of inhabitants will be practically within the reach of Christian missionaries

Was Dr Livingstone's life then a failure? Was it a wasted service, that ended only in defeat as he breathed his last in that lonely hut in Ilala? These few years that have elapsed since his death have already seen realized the deepest desires of his heart

Africa is open, the slave-trade is condemned, a wonderful impetus has been given to the planting of Christian missions, and—the end is not yet

CHAPTER XVII

LIVINGSTONE AS A MAN

BUT beyond and above Doctor Livingstone's greatness as a missionary, a physician, a philanthropist, and an explorer, it is the character of the man that shines out preeminently great The rare symmetry of this was such that one who knew him bears witness that he was the most Christ-like man he ever knew Another says that she never knew any one who gave to her more the idea of power over other men, such power as Christ showed while on earth, the power of love and purity combined

A friend of his earlier days remarks "There was truly an indescribable charm about him, which, with all his rather ungainly ways and by no means winning face, attracted almost every one, and which helped him so much in his after-wanderings in Africa. He won those who came near him by a kind of spell"

This power lay first of all in his large-heartedness, his genuine kindliness and consideration for others, which prompted him to be just as courteous, just as *Christian* let us rather say, in his treatment of the poor, ignorant black as in that of the most polished and learned European Few men have the ability that he possessed of taking an "all around" view of things; he could look at matters not merely from a narrow standpoint of his own, but from the stand-

point of others also; he needed far less than most of us, the injunction, "put yourself in his place."

"When a chief has made any inquiries of us," he observes, "we have found that we gave most satisfaction in our answers when we tried to fancy ourselves in the position of the interrogator, and him that of a poor uneducated fellow-country man in England The polite, respectful way of speaking, and behavior of what we call 'a thorough gentleman' almost always secures the friendship and good will of the Africans."

And again he writes to the same effect "Whether we approach the downtrodden victims of the slave-trade in sultry Africa, or our poor brethren in the streets who have neither warmth, shelter, nor home, we must employ the same agency to secure their confidence—the magic power of kindness; a charm which may be said to be one of the discoveries of modern days This charm may not act at once, nor may its effects always be permanent, but the feelings which the severity of their lot has withered will in time spring up like the tender grass after rain"

One secret of his success in winning the friendship of the natives lay in the fact that his kindness to them was marred by no spirit of condescension, and that he thoroughly recognized their manhood In the rudest black, as well as in the most cultivated white man, he saw a brother man, made in the image of God, and therefore to be treated with courtesy and respect

Doctor Livingstone's tact and consideration for the feelings of others are strikingly shown in his

treatment of the native doctors The following extract is taken from his first book of travels "Those doctors who have inherited their profession as an heir-loom generally possess some valuable knowledge, the result of long observation The rest are usually quacks With the regular practitioners I always remained on the best terms, and refrained from appearing to doubt their skill in the presence of their patients Any explanation in private was thankfully received, and wrong treatment readily changed for more rational methods English drugs were eagerly accepted, and we always found medical knowledge an important aid in convincing the people that we were anxious for their welfare The surgical skill of the natives is at a low ebb No one ever attempted to remove a tumor except by external application A man had one on the nape of his neck as large as a child's head Some famous doctor attempted to dissolve it by kindling on it a little fire, made of a few small pieces of medicinal roots I removed this tumor, as I did an immense number of others, with perfect safety," but "I refrained from attending the sick unless their own doctors wished it, or had given up the case This prevented all offense to the native practitioners, and limited my services, as I desired, to the severer attacks"

Dr Livingstone showed the same spirit as was in his Master in taking a genuine interest in those about him Nothing was too trivial for him to be interested in if it concerned his brother-man One or two extracts from his journals will suffice here "As we were sleeping one night outside a hut, but

near enough to hear what was going on within, an anxious mother began to grind her corn about two o'clock in the morning 'Ma' inquired a little girl, 'why grind in the dark?' Mamma advised sleep, and administered material for a sweet dream to her darling 'I grind meal to buy a cloth from the strangers which will make you look a little lady.' An observer of these primitive races is struck continually with such little trivial touches of genuine human nature"

Truly "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin"

"It is rather a minute thing to mention, and it will only be understood by those who have children of their own, but the cries of the little ones in their infant sorrows are the same in tone, at different ages, here as all over the world We have been perpetually reminded of home and family by the wailings which were once familiar to parental ears and heart, and felt thankful that to the sorrows of childhood our children would never have superadded the heart-rending woes of the slave-trade"

Dr. Livingstone's wonderful patience has already been spoken of Under the most trying circumstances he still preserved his self-control Occasionally, as in the case of the Boers' unprovoked assault on Kolobeng and Limaue, he could find no excuse for those in fault, but generally he was quick to see extenuating circumstances For instance, after being deserted by some of his men he says "I have taken all the runaways back again, after trying the independent life, they will behave better Much of their ill conduct may be ascribed to seeing that after the

flight of the Johanna men I was entirely dependent on them More enlightened people often take advantage of men in similar circumstances, though I have seen pure Africans come out generously to aid one abandoned to their care I have faults myself"

In another place he speaks of sometimes being ashamed when he finds that he has been vexed at the natives without cause Of course they are often stupid, but perhaps no more so than servants at home often are, and the conduct of white men must frequently appear to them silly or half-insane

Another marked trait in Livingstone was his capacity for solitude, enabling him to endure an amount of loneliness that would have crushed any ordinary man For, notwithstanding his interest in and love for the natives he must often have felt an inexpressible desire for the companionship of those who could understand his motives and who by birth and education were fitted to be his intimate associates His keen love of nature, his close habits of observation, must have helped him to pass cheerfully through his many lonely hours, but, best of all, he had constantly with him the presence of Him who had said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" The weary, tread-mill-like march he says was particularly favorable to meditation, and many must have been the hours of sweet communion held with his Master

Dr Livingstone's courage in exposing himself to danger if in the path of duty is no less to be commented on, though he himself never speaks of it.

Dr Moffat gives several instances as samples of what was habitual to him, only one of which we cite Once, he tells us, when Dr Livingstone was engaged in his special mission-work a messenger came in the greatest haste to solicit his attendance on a native who had been attacked in a wood by a rhinoceros, and frightfully wounded Livingstone's friends urged him not to take the risk of riding through the woods at night, exposed to the rhinoceros and other harmful beasts as he was certain to be, telling him that it was sure death to venture, but he felt that it was only a Christian duty to save the poor fellow's life if possible, and resolved to go in spite of the danger to himself. Starting at once to relieve the sufferer he forced his way for ten miles, in midnight darkness, through tangled brake and thicket, till he reached the spot where the wounded man lay, only to find him dead But was it a wasted sacrifice? Was it not rather as the sweet ointment spilled out of love to the Lord?

Although the recipient of prizes, degrees, gold medals and honors of many kinds, Dr. Livingstone still preserved an unusually childlike, humble spirit. Once when a great man expressed admiration for his wonderful achievements, he replied· "They are not wonderful, it was only what any one else could do that had the will" Ah! but was not such a *will* wonderful? What too shall we say of such modesty as this? "Men may think I covet fame, but I make it a rule never to read aught written in my praise"

One who had known him as a student with Mr. Cecil writes "I might sum up my impression of

him in two words—Simplicity and Resolution Now, after nearly forty years, I remember his step, the characteristic forward tread, firm, simple, resolute, neither fast nor slow, no hurry and no dawdle, but which evidently meant—getting there" Simple and resolute Dr Livingstone was to the last With childlike trustfulness, combined with equal fearlessness, he was able to disarm the fierceness of savage men, where the least appearance of timidity might have been fatal

His tremendous force of will carried him through dangers and obstacles before which a weaker nature would have quickly succumbed Once having made up his mind that a certain course was the path of duty, nothing could cause him to swerve from it This will-power availed not only for himself, but for his followers also, instilling courage and devotion to duty into the minds of those who heretofore had been weak and irresolute

Livingstone's faithfulness to promises has already been dwelt upon Whether made to the Geographical Society, or to the poor, helpless, ignorant African, it mattered not Once made, a promise was faithfully carried out

The description of the ideal missionary leader, as given in one of his own books, is so striking a picture of his own character that we cannot forbear quoting it "The qualities required in a missionary leader are not of the common kind He ought to have physical and moral courage of the highest order, and a considerable amount of cultivation and energy, balanced by patient determination, and above all

these are necessary a calm, Christian zeal, and anxiety for the main spiritual results of the work" Yet this characterization does not necessarily give one the idea of such meekness and love as, in addition, belonged to our hero It was the blending together of all these qualities that made the so nearly perfect man

Do we seem to exaggerate? As Professor Blaikie says in his *Life of Livingstone*, while often eulogiums on the dead conceal one half of the truth, and fill the eye with the other half, here there is really nothing to conceal A plain, honest statement of the truth regarding him is Livingstone's highest praise.

Mr Stanley has written very fully of the impression that Dr Livingstone made upon him Let us listen to him once more as he goes still further into details

"I grant he is not an angel, but approaches to that being as near as the nature of a living man will allow His gentleness never forsakes him, his hopefulness never deserts him. No harassing anxieties, distraction of mind, long separation from home and kindred, can make him complain He thinks 'all will come out right at last,' he has such faith in the goodness of Providence . .

"Another thing that specially attracted my attention was his wonderfully retentive memory If we remember the many years he has spent in Africa, deprived of books, we may well think it an uncommon memory that can recite whole poems from

Burns, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell . . .

"His religion is not of the theoretical kind, but it is a constant, earnest, sincere practice. . In him religion exhibits its loveliest features· it governs his conduct, not only toward his servants, but toward the natives, the bigoted Mohammedans, and all who come in contact with him Without it, Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiasm, his high spirit and courage, must have become uncompanionable, and a hard master Religion has tamed him, and made him a Christian gentleman; the crude and wilful have been refined and subdued, religion has made him the most companionable of men and indulgent of masters,—a man whose society is pleasurable to a degree From being thwarted and hated in every possible way by the Arabs and half-castes, upon his first arrival at Ujiji, he has, through his uniform kindness and mild, pleasant temper, won all hearts I observed that universal respect was paid to him Even the Mohammedans never passed his house without calling to pay their compliments, and to say, 'The blessing of God rest on you!' . . . Each Sunday morning he gathers his little flock around him, and reads prayers, and a chapter from the Bible, in a natural, unaffected, and sincere tone, and afterwards delivers a short address in the Kisawahili language, about the subject read to them, which is listened to with evident interest and attention"

The latest words that we have seen from Stanley, testifying at once to the native nobility of the Afri-

can, and to the personal influence which Livingstone exerted over himself, are to this effect "I have been in Africa for seventeen years and I have never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands What I wanted and what I have been endeavoring to ask for the poor Africans has been the good offices of Christians, ever since Livingstone taught me during those four months that I was with him In 1871 I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London, I was out there away from a worldly world I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, 'Why on earth does he stop here?' For months after we met, I found myself listening to him, and wondering at the old man's carrying out all that was said in the Bible Little by little his sympathy for others became contagious, mine was awakened seeing his piety, his gentleness, zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it How sad that the good old man died so soon! how joyful he would have been if he could have seen what has since happened there!"

A few years ago a missionary travelling in the Rovuma country met a native with the relic of an old coat, evidently of English manufacture, over his right shoulder It seemed from the man's statement, that ten years before he had travelled some little distance with a white man who had given him the coat A man whom to have once seen and talked to was to remember for life, a white man who treated black men as his brothers, and whose memory would always be cherished all through the

Rovuma Valley, a man, short of stature, with bushy mustache and keen, piercing eye, whose words and manner were always kind and gentle, a man whom as a leader all men were glad to follow; a man who knew the way to the hearts of all

Many and brilliant have been the eulogiums in which the learned and the great have vied with each other to do honor to the name of the great explorer, but among them all none touches the heart more deeply than the simple tribute of this untutored savage Like the touching fidelity of the black bodyguard who bore his remains safely to the sea, it is an earnest and a prophecy of the reverent gratitude with which in all coming time the millions of that "dark continent," to whose redemption his life was given, will cherish the memory of the hero and apostle of Africa,—David Livingstone

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to take the ready nourishment which is spread for his repast, with that of his fellow-man bearing through the lonely woods the gnawing pang that goads him to his prey. Hunger is in his heart, hunger bears along his unfatiguing feet, hunger lies in the strength of his arm, hunger watches in his eye, hunger listens in his ear, as he couches down in his covert, silently waiting the approach of his expected spoil, this is the sole thought that fills his aching breast—"I shall satisfy my hunger!" When his deadly aim has brought his victim to the ground, this is the thought that springs up as he rushes to seize it, "I have got food for my hungry soul!" What must be the usurpation of animal nature here over the whole man! It is not merely the simple pain as if it were the forlornness of a human creature bearing about his famishing existence in helplessness and despair—though that, too, is indeed a true picture of some states of our race, but here is not a suffering and sinking wretch—he is a strong hunter, and puts forth his strength fiercely under the urgency of this passion. All his might in the chase, all pride of speed, and strength, and skill—all thoughts of long and hard endurance—all images of perils past—all remembrances and all foresight—are gathered on that one strong and keen desire—are bound down to the sense of that one bitter animal want. These feelings recurring day by day in the sole toil of his life, bring upon his soul a vehemence and power of desire in this object, of which we can have no conception, till he becomes subjected to hunger as to a mighty animal passion—a passion such as it rages in those fierce animal kinds which it drives with such ferocity on their prey. He knows hunger as the wolf knows it—he goes forth with his burning heart, like the tiger to lap blood. But turn to man in another condition to which he has been brought by the very agency of his physical on his intellectual and moral being! How far removed is he now from that daily contention with such evils as these! How much does he feel himself assured against them by belonging to the great confederacy of social life! How much is it veiled from his eyes by the many artificial circumstances in which the satisfaction of the want is involved! The work in which he labours the whole day—on which his eyes are fixed and his hands toil—is something altogether unconnected with his own wants—connected with distant wants and purposes of a thousand other men in which he has no participation. And as far as it is a work of skill, he has to fix his mind on objects and purposes so totally removed from himself, that they all tend still more to sever his thoughts from his own necessities; and thus it is that civilization raises his moral character, when it protects almost every human being in a country from that subjection to this passion, to which even noble tribes are bound down in the wildernesses of nature.

"It's an awful thing hunger, Hamish, sure aneugh; but I wush he was dune, for that vice o' his sing-sanging is makin' me unco sleepy—and ance I fa' owre, I'm no easy waulenin'. But wha's that snorrin'?"

Yet it is the most melancholy part of all such speculation, to observe what a wide gloom is cast over them by this severe necessity, which is nevertheless the great and constant cause of the improvement of their condition. It is not suffering alone—for *that* they may be inured to bear,—but the darkness of the understanding, and the darkness of the heart, which comes on under the oppression of toil, that is miserable to see. Our fellow-men, born with the same spirit as ourselves, seem yet denied the common privileges of that spirit. They seem to bring faculties into the world that cannot be unfolded, and powers of affection and desire which not their fault but the lot of their birth will pervert and degrade. There is a humiliation laid upon our nature in the doom which seems thus to rest upon a great portion of our species, which, while it requires our most considerate compassion for those who are thus depressed, compels us to humble ourselves under the sense of our own participation in the nature from which it flows. Therefore, in estimating the worth, the virtue of our fellow men, whom Providence has placed in a lot that yields to them the means, and little more than the means, of supporting life in themselves and those born of them, let us never forget how intimate is the necessary union between the wants of the body and the thoughts of the soul. Let us remember, that over a great portion of humanity, the soul is in a struggle for its independence and power with the necessities of that nature in which it is enveloped. It has to support itself against sickening, or irritating, or maddening thoughts inspired by weariness, lassitude, want, or the fear of want. It is chained down to the earth by the influence of one great and constant occupation—that of providing the means of its mortal existence. When it shows itself shook and agitated, or overcome in the struggle, what ought to be the thoughts and feelings of the wise for poor humanity! When, on the other hand, we see nature preserving itself pure, bold, and happy amidst the perpetual threatenings or assaults of those evils from which it cannot fly, and though oppressed by its own weary wants, forgetting them all in that love which ministers to the wants of others—when we see the brow wrinkled and drenched by incessant toil, the body in the power of its prime bowed down to the dust, and the whole frame in which the immortal spirit abides marked, but not dishonoured, by its slavery to fate—and when, in the midst of all this ceaseless depression and oppression, from which man must never hope to escape on earth, we see him still seeking and still finding joy, delight, and happiness in the finer affections of his spiritual being, giving to the lips of those he loves the scanty morsel earned by his own hungry and thirsty toil, purchasing by sweat, sickness and fever, Education and Instruction and Religion to the young creatures who delight him who is starving for their sakes, resting with gratitude on that day, whose return is ever like a fresh fountain to his exhausted and weary heart, and preserving a profound and high sense of his own immortality among all the earth-born toils and

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out with your whinger, and carve him a dish fit for the gods—in a style worthy of Sir Tristrem, Gil Morice, Robin Hood, or Lord Ranald No, let him lie till nightfall, when we shall be returning from Inveraw with strength sufficient to bear him to the Tent

But hark, Hamish, to that sullen croak from the cliff? The old raven of the cove already scents death—

"Sagacious of his quarry from afar"

But where art thou, Hamish? Ay, yonder is Hamish, wriggling on his very belly, like an adder, through the heather to windward of the croaker, whose nostrils, and eyes, and bill, are now all hungrily fascinated, and as it were already fastened into the very bowels of the beast His days are numbered That sly serpent, by circuitous windings insinuating his limber length through among all obstructions, has ascended unseen the drooping shoulder of the cliff, and now cautiously erects his crest within a hundred yards or more of the unsuspecting savage, still uttering at intervals his sullen croak, croak, croak! Something crumbles, and old Sooty, unfolding his huge wings, lifts himself up like Satan, about to sail away for a while into another glen, but the rifle rings among the rocks—the lead has broken his spine—and look! how the demon, head over heels, goes tumbling down, down, many hundred fathoms, dashed to pieces and impaled on the sharp-pointed granite! Ere nightfall the bloody fragments will be devoured by his mate Nothing now will disturb the carcass of the deer No corbies dare enter the cove where the raven reigned, the hawk prefers grouse to venison, and so does the eagle, who, however, like a good Catholic as he is—this is Friday—has gone out to sea for a fish dinner, which he devours to the music of the waves on some isle-rock Therefore lie there, dethroned king! till thou art decapitated, and ere the moon wanes, that haunch will tower gloriously on our Tent-table at the Feast of Shells

What is your private opinion, O'Bronte, of the taste of Red-deer blood? Has it not a wild twang on the tongue and palate, far preferable to sheep's-head? You are absolutely undergoing transfiguration into a deer-hound! With your fore-paws on the flank, your tail brandished like a standard, and your crimson flews (thank you, Shepherd, for that word) licked by a long lambent tongue red as crimson, while your eyes express a fierce delight never felt before, and a stifled growl disturbs the star on your breast—just as you stand now, O'Bronte, might Edwin Landseer rejoice to paint thy picture, for which, immortal image of the wilderness, the Duke of Bedford would not scruple to give a draft on his banker for one thousand pounds!

Shooting grouse after red-deer is, for a while at first, felt to be like writing an anagram in a lady's album, after having given the finishing touch to a tragedy or an epic poem. 'Tis like taking to catching shrimps in the sand with one's toes, on one's return from Davis' Straits in a whaler that arrived at Peterhead with sixteen fish, each calculated at ten ton of oil Yet, 'tis strange how the human soul can descend, pleasantly at every note, from the top to the bottom of passion's and imagination's gamut

A Tarn—a Tarn! with but a small circle of unbroken water in the centre, and all the rest of its shallowness bristling, in every bay, with reeds and rushes, and surrounded, all about the mossy flat, with marshes and quagmires! What a breeding-place—"procreant cradle" for water fowl! Now comes thy turn, O'Bronte—for famous is thy name, almost as thy sire's, among the flappers Crawl down to leeward, Hamish, that you may pepper them—should they take to flight overhead to the loch Surefoot, taste that greensward, and you will find it sweet and succulent Dogs, heel—heel!—and now let us steal, on our Crutch, behind that knoll, and open a sudden fire on the swimmers, who seem to think themselves out of shot at the edge of that line of water-lilies, but some of them will soon find themselves mistaken, whirling round on their backs, and vainly endeavouring to dive after their friends that disappear beneath the agitated surface shot-swept into spray. Long Gun! who oft to the forefinger of Colonel Hawker has swept the night-harbour of Poole all alive with widgeons, be true to the trust now reposed in thee by Kit North! And though these be neither geese, nor swans, nor hoopers, yet, send thy leaden shower among them feeding in their play, till all the air be afloat with specks, as if at the shaking of a feather-bed that had burst the ticking, and the tarn covered with sprawling mawsies and mallards, in death-throes among the ducklings! There it lies on its rest—like a telescope No eye has discovered the invention—keen as those wild eyes are of the plowterers on the shallows Lightning and thunder! to which all the echoes roar But we meanwhile are on our back, for of all the recoils that ever shook a shoulder, that one was the severest—but 'twill probably cure our rheumatism and——Well done—nobly, gloriously done, O Bronte! Heaven and earth, how otter-like he swims! Ha, Hamish! you have cut off the retreat of that airy voyager—you have given it him in his stern, Hamish—and are reloading for the flappers. One at a time in your mouth, O'Bronte! Put about with that tail for a rudder—and make for the shore What a stately creature! as he comes issuing from the shallows, and, bearing the old mallard breast high, walks all dripping along the greensward, and then shakes from his curled ebony the flashing spray-mist He gives us one look as we crown the knoll, and then in again with a spang and a plunge far into the tarn, caring no more for the reeds than for so many windlestraes, and, fast as a sea-serpent, is among the heart of the killed and wounded In unerring instinct he always seizes the dead—and now a devil's dozen lie along the shore Come hither, O Bronte, and caress thy old master Ay—that showed a fine feeling—did that long shake that bedrizzled the sunshine Put thy paws over our shoulders, and round our neck, true son of thy sire—oh! that he were but alive to see and share thy achievements, but indeed, two such dogs,

troubles that would in vain chain him down to the dust,—when we see all this, and think of all this, we feel indeed how rich may be the poorest of the poor, and learn to respect the moral being of man in its triumphs over the power of his physical nature But we do not learn to doubt or deny the wisdom of the Creator We do not learn from all the struggles, and all these defeats, and all these victories, and all these triumphs, that God sent us his creatures into this life to starve, because the air, the earth, and the waters have not wherewithal to feed the mouths that gape for food through all the elements! Nor do we learn that want is a crime, and poverty a sin—and that they who *would* toil, but cannot, and they who *can* toil, but have no work set before them, are intruders at Nature's table, and must be driven by those who are able to pay for their seats to famine, starvation, and death—almost denied a burial!—Finis Amen

Often has it been our lot, by our conversational powers, to set the table on a snore The more stirring the theme, the more soporific the sound of our silver voice Look there, we beseech you! In a small spot of "stationary sunshine," lie Hamish, and Surefoot, and O'Bronte, and Ponto, and Piro, and Basta, all sound asleep! Dogs are troubled sleepers—but these four are now like the dreamless dead Horses, too, seem often to be witch-ridden in their sleep But at this moment Surefoot is stretched more like a stone than a shelty in the land of Nod As for Hamish, were he to lie so braxy-like by himself on the hill, he would be awakened by the bill of the raven digging into his sockets We are Morpheus and Orpheus in one incarnation—the very Pink of Poppy—the true spirit of Opium—of Laudanum the concentrated Essence—of the black Drop the Gnome

Indeed, gentlemen, you have reason to be ashamed of yourselves—but where is the awkward squad? Clean gone They have stolen a march on us, and while we have been preaching they have been poaching—sans mandate of the Marquis and Monzie We may catch them ere close of day, and, if they have a smell of slaughter, we shall crack their sconces with our crutch No apologies, Hamish—'tis only making the matter worse, but we expected better things of the dogs O'Bronte! fie! fie! sirrah Your sire would not have fallen asleep during a speech of ours—and such a speech!—he would have sat it out without winking—at each more splendid passage testifying his delight by a yowl Leap over the Crutch, you reprobate, and let us see thee scour Look at him, Hamish, already beckoning to us on his hurdis from the hill-top Let us scale those barriers—and away over the table-land between that summit and the head of Gleno No sooner said than done, and here we are on the level—such a level as the ship finds on the main sea, when in the storm-lull she rides up and down the green swell, before the tradewinds that cool the tropics The surface of this main land-sea is black in the gloom, and green in the glimmer, and purple in the light, and crimson in the sunshine Oh, never looks nature so magnificent

"As in this varying and uncertain weather,
When gloom and glory force themselves together,
When calm seems stormy, and tempestuous night
At day's meridian lowers like noon of night!"

Whose are these fine lines? Hooky Walker, Our own Dogs! Down—down—down—be stonelike, O Shelty!—and Hamish, sink thou into the heather like a lizard, for if these old dim eyes of ours may be in aught believed yonder by the birches stands a Red-Deer snuffing the east wind! Hush! hush! hush! He suspects an enemy in that airt—but death comes upon him with stealthy foot, from the west, and if Apollo and Diana—the divinities we so long have worshipped—be now propitious—his antlers shall be entangled in the heather, and his hoofs beat the heavens Hamish, the rifle! A tinkle as of iron, and a hiss accompanying the explosion—and the King of the Wilderness, bounding up into the air with his antlers higher than ever waved chieftain's plume, falls down stone-dead where he stood, for the blue-pill has gone through his vitals, and lightning itself could hardly have withered him into more instantaneous cessation of life!

He is an enormous animal What antlers! Roll him over, Hamish, on his side! See, up to our breast, nearly, reaches the topmost branch He is what the hunter of old called a "Stag of Ten" His eye has lost the flash of freedom—the tongue that browsed the brushwood is bitten through by the clenched teeth—the fleetness of his feet has felt that fatal frost—the wild heart is hushed, Hamish, —tame, tame, tame, and there the Monarch of the Mountains—the King of the Cliffs—the Grand Lama of the Glens—the Sultan of the Solitudes—the Dey of the Deserts—the Royal Ranger of the Woods and Forests—yea, the very Prince of the Air and Thane of Thunder —"shorn of all his beams," lies motionless as a dead Jackass by the wayside, whose hide was not thought worth the trouble of flaying by his owners the gipsies! "To this complexion has he come at last"—he who at dawn had borrowed the wings of the wind to carry him across the cataracts!

A sudden pang shoots across our heart What right had we to commit this murder? How, henceforth, shall we dare to hold up our head among the lovers of liberty, after having thus stolen basely from behind on him the boldest, brightest, and most beautiful of all her sons! We who for so many years have been just able to hobble, and no more, by the aid of the Crutch—who feared to let the heather-bent touch our toe, so sensitive in its gout—We, the old and impotent, all last winter bed-ridden, and even now seated like a lameter on a shelty, strapped by a patent buckle to a saddle provided with a pummel behind as well as before—such an unwieldy and weary wretch as We—"fat, and scant of breath"—and with our hand almost perpetually pressed against our left side, when a coughing-fit of asthma brings back the stitch, seldom an absentee—to assassinate THAT RED-DEER, whose flight on earth could accompany the eagle's in heaven, and not only to assassinate him, but, in a moral vein, to liken his carcass to that of a Jackass! It will not bear further reflection, so, Hamish,

seized with a sudden desire for solitude—to be plain, we are getting sulky, so ascend, Surefoot, Hamish, and be off with the pointers—O'Bronte goes with us—north-west, making a circumbendibus round the *Tomhans*, where Mhairhe M'Intyre lived seven years with the fairies, and in a couple of hours or so, you will find us under the Merlin Crag.

We offer to walk any man of our age in Great Britain. But what is our age? Confound us if we know within a score or two. Yet we cannot get rid of the impression that we are under ninety. However, as we seek no advantage, and give no odds, we challenge the octogenarians of the United Kingdom—fair toe and heel—a twelve-hour match—for love, fame, and a legitimate exchequer bill for a thousand. Why these calves of ours would look queer, we confess, on the legs of a Leith porter, but even in our prime they were none of your big vulgar calves, but they handled like iron—now more like butter. There is still a spring in our instep, and our knees, sometimes shaky, are to-day knit as Pan's and neat as Apollo's. Poet we may not be, but Pedestrian we are, with Wordsworth we could not walk along imaginative heights, but, if not grievously out of our reckoning, on the turnpike road we could keep pace with Captain Barclay for a short distance—say from Dundee to Aberdeen.

Oh! Gemini! but we are in high spirits. Yes—delights there indeed are, which none but pedestrians know. Much—all depends on the character of the wanderer, he must have known what it is to commune with his own thoughts and feelings, and be satisfied with them even as with the converse of a chosen friend. Not that he must always, in the solitudes that await him, be in a meditative mood, for ideas and emotions will of themselves arise, and he will only have to enjoy the pleasures which his own being spontaneously affords. It would indeed be a hopeless thing, if we were always to be on the stretch for happiness. Intellect, Imagination, and Feeling, all work of their own free-will, and not at the order of any taskmaster. A rill soon becomes a stream—a stream a river—a river a loch—and a loch a sea. So it is with the current within the spirit. It carries us along, without either oar or sail, increasing in depth, breadth, and swiftness, yet all the while the easy work of our own wonderful minds. While we seem only to see or hear, we are thinking and feeling far beyond the mere notices given by the senses, and years afterwards we find that we have been laying up treasures, in our most heedless moments, of imagery, and connecting together trains of thought that arise in startling beauty, almost without cause or any traceable origin. The Pedestrian, too, must not only love his own society, but the society of any other human beings, if blameless and not impure, among whom his lot may for a short season be cast. He must rejoice in all the forms and shows of life, however simple they may be, however humble, however low, and be able to find food for his thoughts beside the ingle of the loneliest hut, where the inmates sit with few words, and will rather be spoken to than speak to the stranger. In such places he will be delighted—perhaps surprised—to find in uncorrupted strength all the primary elements of human character. He will find that his knowledge may be wider than theirs, and better ordered, but that it rests on the same foundation, and comprehends the same matter. There will be no want of sympathies between him and them, and what he knows best, and loves most, will seldom fail to be that also which they listen to with greatest interest, and respecting which there is the closest communion between the minds of stranger and host. He may know the course of the stars according to the revelation of science—they may have studied them only as simple shepherds, "whose hearts were gladdened" walking on the mountain-top. But they know—as he does—who sowed the stars in heaven, and that their silent courses are all adjusted by the hand of the Most High.

Oh! blessed, thrice blessed years of youth! would we choose to live over again all your forgotten and unforgotten nights and days? Blessed, thrice blessed we call you, although, as we then felt, often darkened almost into insanity by self-sown sorrows springing out of our restless soul. No, we would not again face such troubles, not even for the glorious apparitions that familiarly haunted us in glens and forests, on mountains and on the great sea. But all, or nearly all that did once so grievously disturb, we can lay in the depths of the past, so that scarcely a ghastly voice is heard, a ghastly face beheld, while all that so charmed of yore, or nearly all, although no longer the daily companions of our life, still survive to be recalled at solemn hours, and with a "beauty still more beauteous" to reinvest the earth, which neither sin nor sorrow can rob of its enchantments. We can still travel with the solitary mountain-stream from its source to the sea, and see new visions at every vista of its winding waters. The waterfall flows not with its own monotonous voice of a day or an hour, but like a choral anthem pealing with the hymns of many years. In the heart of the blind mist on the mountain-ranges we can now sit alone, surrounded by a world of images, over which time holds no power but to consecrate or solemnize. Solitude we can deepen by a single volition, and by a single volition let in upon it the stir and noise of the world and life. Why, therefore, should we complain, or why lament the inevitable loss or change that time brings with it to all that breathe? Beneath the shadow of the tree we can yet repose, and tranquillize our spirit by its rustle, or by the "green light" unchequered by one stirring leaf. From sunrise to sunset, we can lie below the old mossy tower, till the darkness that shuts out the day, hides not the visions that glide round the ruined battlements. Cheerful as in a city can we traverse the houseless moor, and although not a ship be on the sea, we can set sail on the wings of imagination, and when wearied, sink down on savage or serene isle, and let drop our anchor below the moon and stars.

And 'tis well we are so spiritual, for the senses are of no use here, and we must draw

seeming, and sweeping into, the sea, but a river that man may never bridge, and though still now as the sky, we wish you saw it in its magnificent madness, when brought on the roarings of the stormful tide

"Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began"

Coast-cities alone are Queens All inland are but Tributaries. Earth's empiry belongs to the Power that sees its shadow in the sea. Two separate Cities, not twins—but one of ancient and one of modern birth—how harmoniously, in spite of form and features characteristically different, do they coalesce into one Capital! This miracle, methinks, is wrought by the Spirit of Nature on the World of Art. Her great features subdue almost into similarity a Whole constructed of such various elements, for it is all felt to be kindred with those guardian cliffs Those eternal heights hold the Double City together in an amity that breathes over both the same national look—the impression of the same national soul In the olden time, the city gathered herself almost under the very wing of the Castle, for in her heroic heart she ever heard, unalarmed but watchful, the alarums of war, and that cliff, under heaven, was on earth the rock of her salvation But now the foundation of that rock, whence yet the tranquil burgher hears the morning and the evening bugle, is beautified by gardens that love its pensive shadow, for it tames the light to flowers by rude feet untrodden, and yielding garlands for the brows of perpetual peace Thence elegance and grace arose, and while antiquity breathes over that wilderness of antique structures picturesquely huddled along the blue line of sky—as Wilkie once finely said, like the spine of some enormous animal, yet all along this side of that unrivered and mound-divided dell, now shines a new world of radiant dwellings, declaring by their regular but not monotonous magnificence, that the same people, whose "perfervid genius" preserved them by war unhumbled among the nations in days of darkness, have now drawn a strength as invincible, from the beautiful arts which have been cultivated by peace in the days of light

And is the spirit of the inhabitation there worthy of the place inhabited? We are a Scotsman And the great English Moralist has asked, where may a Scotsman be found who loves not the honour or the glory of his country better than truth? We are that Scotsman—though for our country would we die Yet dearer too than life is to us the honour—if not the glory of our country, and had we a thousand lives, proudly would we lay them all down in the dust rather than give—or see given—one single stain

"Unto the silver cross, to Scotland dear,"

on which as yet no stain appears save those glorious weather-stains, that have fallen on its folds from the clouds of war and the storms of battle Sufficient praise to the spirit of our land, that she knows how to love, admire, and rival—not in vain—the spirit of high-hearted and heroic England Long as we and that other noble Isle

"Set as an emerald in the casing sea,"

in triple union breathe as one,

"Then come against us the whole world in arms,
And we will meet them!"

What is a people without pride? But let them know that its root rests on noble pillars, and in the whole range of strength and stateliness, what pillars are there stronger and statelier than those glorious two—Genius and Liberty! Here valour has fought—here philosophy has meditated—here poetry has sung. Are not our living yet as brave as our dead? All wisdom has not perished with the sages to whom we have built or are building monumental tombs The muses yet love to breathe the pure mountain-air of Caledon And have we not amongst us one myriad-minded man, whose name, without offence to that high-priest of nature, or his devoutest worshippers, may flow from our lips even when they utter that of SHAKSPEARE?

The Queen of the North has evaporated—and we again have a glimpse of the Highlands But where's the Sun? We know not in what airt to look for him, for who knows but it may now be afternoon? It is almost dark enough for evening—and if it be not far on in the day, then we shall have thunder What saith our repeater? One o'clock Usually the brightest hour of all the twelve—but any thing but bright at this moment Can there be an eclipse going on—an earthquake at his toilette—or merely a brewing of storm? Let us consult our almanac No eclipse set down for to-day—the old earthquake dwells in the neighbourhood of Comrie, and has never been known to journey thus far north—besides he has for some years been bed-ridden, ergal, there is about to be a storm What a fool of a land-tortoise were we to crawl up to the top of a mountain, when we might have taken our choice of half-a-dozen glens with cottages in them every other mile, and a village at the end of each with a comfortable Change-house! And up which of its sides, pray, was it that we crawled? Not this one—for it is as steep as a church—and we never in our life peeped over the brink of an uglier abyss Ay, Mister Merlin, 'tis wise of you to be flying home into your crevice—put your head below your wing, and do cease that cry—Croak! croak! croak! Where is the sooty sinner? We hear he is on the wing—but he either sees or smells us, probably both, and the horrid gurgle in his throat is choked by some cloud Surely that was the sughing of wings! A Bird! alighting within fifty yards of us—and, from his mode of folding his wings—an Eagle! This is too much—within fifty yards of an Eagle on his own mountain-top Is he blind? Age darkens even an Eagle's eyes—but he is not old, for his plumage is perfect—and we see the glare of his far-keekers as he turns his head over his shoulder and regards his eyry on the cliff We would not shoot him for a thousand a-year for life Not old—how do we know that? Because he is a creature who is young at a hundred—so says Audubon—Swainson—our brother James—and all shepherds Little suspects he who is lying so near him with his

for amusement on our internal sources. A day-like night we have often seen about mid-summer, serenest of all among the Hebrides, but a night-like day, such as this, ne'er before fell on us, and we might as well be in the Heart o' Mid-Lothian. 'Tis a dungeon, and a dark one—and we know not for what crime we have been condemned to solitary confinement. Were it mere mist we should not mind; but the gloom is palpable—and makes resistance to the hand. We did not think clouds capable of such condensation—the blackness may be felt like velvet on a hearse. Would that something would rustle—but no—all is breathlessly still, and not a wind dares whistle. If there be any thing visible or audible hereabout, then are we stone-blind and stone-deaf. We have a vision!

See! a great City in a mist! All is not shrouded—at intervals something huge is beheld in the sky—what we know not, tower, temple, spire, dome, or a pile of nameless structures—one after the other fading away, or sinking and settling down into the gloom that grows deeper and deeper like a night. The stream of life seems almost hushed in the blind blank—yet you hear ever and anon, now here, now there, the slow sound of feet moving to their own dull echoes, and lo! the Sun

> "Looks through the horizontal misty air,
> Shorn of his beams,"

Like some great ghost. Ay, he *looks!* does he not? straight on *your* face, as if you two were the only beings there—and were held *looking* at each other in some strange communion. Surely you must sometimes have felt that emotion, when the Luminary seemed no longer luminous, but a dull-red brazen orb, sick unto the death—obscure the Shedder of Light and the Giver of Life lifeless!

The Sea has sent a tide-borne wind to the City, and you almost start in wonder to behold all the heavens clear of clouds, (how beautiful was the clearing!) and bending in a mighty blue bow, that brightly overarches all the brightened habitations of men! The spires shoot up into the sky—the domes tranquilly rest there—all the roofs glitter as with diamonds, all the white walls are lustrous, save where, here and there, some loftier range of buildings hangs its steadfast shadow o'er square or street, magnifying the city, by means of separate multitudes of structures, each town-like in itself, and the whole gathered together by the outward eye, and the inward imagination, worthy, indeed of the name of Metropolis.

Let us sit down on this bench below the shadow of the Parthenon. The air is now so rarified that you can see not indistinctly the figure of a man on Arthur's Seat. The Calton, though a city hill—is as green as the Carter towering over the Border forest. Not many years ago, no stone edifice was on his unviolated verdure—he was a true rural Mount, where the lasses bleached their claes, in a pure atmosphere, aloof from the city smoke almost as the cloudless summit of Arthur's Seat. Flocks of sheep might have grazed here, had there been enclosures, and many milch cows. But in their absence a pastoral character was given to the Hill by its green silence, here and there broken by the songs and laughter of those linen-bleaching lassies, and by the arm-in-arm strolling of lovers in the morning light or the evening shade. Here married people used to walk with their children, thinking and feeling themselves to be in the country, and here elderly gentlemen, like ourselves, with gold-headed canes, or simple crutches, mused and meditated on the ongoings of the noisy lower world. Such a Hill so close to a great City, yet undisturbed by it, and embued at all times with a feeling of sweeter peace, because of the immediate neighbourhood of the din and stir of which its green recess high up in the blue air never partook, seems now, in the mingled dream of imagination and memory, to have been a super-urban Paradise! But a city cannot, ought not to be, controlled in its growth, the natural beauty of this hill has had its day, now it is broken all round with wide walks, along which you might drive chariots a-breast, broad flights of stone-stairs lead up along the once elastic brae-turf, and its bosom is laden with towers and temples, monuments and mausoleums. Along one side, where hanging gardens might have been, magnificent as those of the old Babylon, stretches the macadamized Royal Road to London, flanked by one receptacle for the quiet dead, and by another for the unquiet living—a church-yard and a prison dying away in a bridewell. But, making amends for such hideous deformities, with front nobly looking to the cliffs, over a dell of dwellings seen dimly through the smoke-mist, stands, sacred to the Muses, an Edifice that might have pleased the eye of Pericles! Alas, immediately below, one that would have turned the brain of Palladio! Modern Athens indeed! Few are the Grecians among thy architects, those who are not Goths are Picts—and the king himself of the Painted People designed Nelson's Monument.

But who can be querulous on such a day? Weigh all its defects, designed and undesigned, and is not Edinburgh yet a noble city? Arthur's Seat! how like a lion! The magnificent range of Salisbury Crags, on which a battery might be built to blow the whole inhabitation to atoms! Our friend here, the Calton, with his mural crown! Our Castle on his Cliff! Gloriously hung round with national histories along all his battlements! Do they not embosom him in a style of grandeur worthy, if such it be, of a "City of Palaces?" Call all things by their right names, in heaven and on earth. Palaces they are not—nor are they built of marble. but they are stately houses, framed of stone from Craigleith quarry, almost as pale as the Parian, and when the sun looks fitfully through the storm, or as now, serenely through the calm, paler than Parian in the [illegible] light. Never [illegible] a majestic metropolitan aspect.

> "Ay, proudly [illegible],
> Queen of the unconquer'd North."

How near the Frith! Gloriously does it supply the want of a river. It is a river, though

knees with hands claspt in supplication—"Dinna kill me—dinna kill me—'am silly—'am silly—and folk say 'am auld—auld—auld" The harmless creature is convinced we are not going to kill him—takes from our hand what he calls his fishing rod and tackle—and laughs like an owl "Ony meat—ony meat—ony meat?" "Yes, innocent, there is some meat in this wallet, and you and we shall have our dinner" "Ho! ho! ho! ho! a smelled, a smelled! a can say the Lord's Prayer" "What's your name, my man?" "Daft Dooggy the Haveril" "Sit down, Dugald." A sad mystery all this—a drop of water on the brain will do it—so wise physicians say, and we believe it For all that, the brain is not the soul. He takes the food with a kind of howl—and carries it away to some distance, muttering "a aye eats by mysel'!" He is saying grace! And now he is eating like an animal 'Tis a saying of old, "Their lives are hidden with God!"

This lovely little glen is almost altogether new to us yet so congenial its quiet to the longings of our heart, that all at once it is familiar to us as if we had sojourned here for days—as *if that cottage were our dwelling-place*—and we had retired hither to await the close Were we never here before—in the olden and golden time? Those dips in the summits of the mountain seem to recall from oblivion memories of a morning all the same as this, enjoyed by us with a different joy, almost as if then we were a different being, joy then the very element in which we drew our breath, satisfied now to live in the atmosphere of sadness often thickened with grief 'Tis thus that there grows a confusion among the past times in the dormitory—call it not the burial-place—over-shadowed by sweet or solemn imagery—in the inland regions, nor can we question the recollections as they rise—being ghosts, they are silent—their coming and their going alike a mystery—but sometimes—as now—they are happy hauntings—and age is almost gladdened into illusion of returning youth

'Tis a lovely little glen as in all the Highlands—yet we know not that a painter would see in it the subject of a picture—for the sprinklings of young trees have been sown capriciously by nature, and there seems no reason why on that hillside, and not on any other, should survive the remains of an old wood Among the multitude of knolls a few are eminent with rocks and shrubs, but there is no central assemblage, and the green wilderness wantons in such disorder that you might believe the pools there to be, not belonging as they are to the same running water, but each itself a small separate lakelet fed by its own spring True, that above its homehills there are mountains—and these are cliffs on which the eagle might not disdain to build—but the range wheels away in its grandeur to face a loftier region, of which we see here but the summits swimming in the distant clouds

God bless that hut! and have its inmates in his holy keeping! But what Fairy is this coming unawares on us sitting by the side of the most lucid of little wells? Set down thy pitcher, my child, and let us have a look at thy happiness—for though thou mayst wonder at our words, and think us a strange old man, coming and going, once and for ever, to thee and thine a shadow and no more, yet lean thy head towards us that we may lay our hands on it and bless it—and promise, as thou art growing up here, sometimes to think of the voice that spake to thee by the Birk-tree well Love, fear, and serve God, as the Bible teaches—and whatever happens thee, quake not, but put thy trust in Heaven

Do not be afraid of him, sweet one! O'Bronte would submit to be flayed alive rather than bite a child—see, he offers you a paw—take it without trembling—nay, he will let thee ride on his back, my pretty dear—won't thou, O'Bronte? and scamper with thee up and down the knolls like her coal black charger rejoicing to bear the Fairy Queen. Thou tellest us thy father and mother, sisters and brothers, all are dead, yet with a voice cheerful as well as plaintive Smile—laugh—sing—as thou wert doing a minute ago—as thou hast done for many a morning—and shall do for many a morning more on thy way to the well—in the *woods—on the braes—in the house—often* all by thyself when the old people are out of doors not far off—or when sometimes they have for a whole day been from home out of the glen. Forget not our words—and no evil can befall thee that may not, weak as thou art, be borne—and nothing wicked that is allowed to walk the earth will ever be able to hurt a hair on thy head

My stars! what a lovely little animal! A tame fawn, by all that is wild—kneeling down—to drink—no—no—at his lady's feet The colley catched it—thou sayest—on the edge of the Auld wood—and by the time its wounds were cured, it seemed to have forgot its mother, and soon learnt to follow thee about to far-off places quite out of sight of this—and to play gamesome tricks like a creature born among human dwellings What! it dances like a kid—does it—and sometimes you put a garland of wild flowers round its neck—and pursue it like a huntress, as it pretends to be making its escape into the forest?

Look, child, here is a pretty green purse for you, that opens and shuts with a spring—so—and in it there is a gold coin, called a sovereign, and a crooked sixpence Don't blush—that was a graceful curtsey Keep the crooked sixpence for good luck, and you never will want With the yellow fellow buy a Sunday gown and a pair of Sunday shoes, and what else you like, and now—you two, lead the way—try a race to the door—and old Christopher North will carry the pitcher—balancing it on his head—thus—ha! O'Bronte galloping along as umpire The Fawn has it, and by a neck has beat Camilla

We shall lunch ere we go—and lunch well too—for this is a poor man's, not a pauper's hut, and Heaven still grants his prayer—"give us this day our daily bread" Sweeter—richer bannocks of barley-meal never met the mouth of mortal man—nor more delicious butter "We salt it, sir, for a friend in Glasgow—but now and then we tak' a bite of the fresh—do oblige us a', sir, by eatin', and you'll maybe

Crutch Our snuffy suit is of a colour with the storm-stained granite—and if he walk this way he will get a buffet And he *is* walking this way—his head up, and his tail down—not hopping like a filthy raven—but one foot before the other—like a man—like a King We do not altogether like it—it is rather alarming—he may not be an Eagle after all—but something worse—"Hurra! ye Sky-scraper! Christopher is upon you! take that, and that, and that"—all one tumbling scream, there he goes, Crutch and all, over the edge of the cliff Dashed to death—but impossible for us to get the body. Whew! dashed to death indeed! There he wheels, all on fire, round the thunder-gloom Is it electric matter in the atmosphere—or fear and wrath that illumine his wings?

We wish we were safe down There is no wind here yet—none to speak of, but there is wind enough, to all appearance, in the region towards the west The main body of the clouds is falling back on the reserve—and observing that movement the right wing deploys—as for the left it is broken, and its retreat will soon be a flight. Fear is contagious—the whole army has fallen into irremediable disorder—has abandoned its commanding position—and in an hour will be self-driven into the sea We call that a Panic

Glory be to the corps that covers the retreat We see now the cause of that retrograde movement In the north-west "far off its coming shone," and "in numbers without number numberless," lo! the adverse Host! Thrown out in front the beautiful rifle brigade comes fleetly on, extending in open order along the vast plain between the aerial Pine-mountains to yon Fire-cliffs The enemy marches in masses—the space between the divisions now widening and now narrowing—and as sure as we are alive we hear the sound of trumpets The routed army has rallied and re-appears—and, hark, on the extreme left a cannonade Never before had the Unholy Alliance a finer park of artillery—and now its fire opens from the great battery in the centre, and the hurly-burly is general far and wide over the whole field of battle

But these lead drops dancing on our bonnet tell us to take up our crutch and be off—for there it is sticking—and by and by the waters will be in flood, and we may have to pass a night on the mountain Down we go

We do not call this the same side of the mountain we crawled up? There, all was purple except what was green—and we were happy to be a heather-legged body, occasionally skipping like a grasshopper on turf Here, all rocks save stones Get out of the way, ye ptarmigans We hate shingle from the bottom of our ——— oh dear! oh dear! but *this* is painful—sliddering on shingle away down what is any thing but an inclined [illegible] foremost—accompanied with [illegible] at railroad speed—every [illegible] dislodging a stone as big as [illegible] stantly joins the procession, hopping and jumping along [illegible] fore, some at each side, [illegible] think of it, some behind [illegible] over our head, thou Grey [illegible] on us, and forgive us our sins, for if this lasts, in another minute we are all at the bottom of that pond of pitch Take care of yourself, O'Bronte!

Here we are—sitting! How we were brought to assume this rather uneasy posture we do not pretend to say We confine ourselves to the fact Sitting beside a Tarn Our escape appears to have been little less than miraculous, and must have been mainly owing, under Providence, to the Crutch Who's laughing? 'Tis you, you old Witch, in hood and cloak, crouching on the cliff, as if you were warming your hands at the fire Hold your tongue—and you may sit there to all eternity if you choose—you cloud-ridden hag! No—there will be a blow-up some-day—as there evidently has been here before now, but no more Geology—from the tarn, who is a 'tarnation deep 'un, runs a rill, and he offers to be our guide down to the Low Country

Why, this does not look like the same day No gloom here—but a green serenity—not so poetical perhaps, but, in a human light, far preferable to a 'brown horror" No sulphureous smell—"the air is balm" No sultriness—how cool the circulating medium! In our youth, when we had wings on our feet—and were a feathered Mercury—Cherub we never were nor Cauliflower—by flying, in our weather-wisdom, from glen to glen, we have made one day a whole week—with, at the end, a Sabbath For all over the really moun*taineous* region of the Highlands, every glen has its own indescribable kind of day—all vaguely comprehended under the One Day that may happen to be uppermost, and Lowland meteorologists, meeting in the evening after a long absence—having, perhaps, parted that morning—on comparing notes lose their temper, and have been even known to proceed to extremities in defence of facts well-established of a most contradictory and irreconcilable nature

Here is an angler fishing with the fly In the glen beyond that range he would have used the minnow—and in the huge hollow behind our friends to the South-east, he might just as well try the bare hook—though it is not universally true that trouts don't rise when there is thunder Let us see how he throws What a cable! Flies! Tufts of heather Hollo, you there, friend, what sport? What sport, we say? No answer, are you deaf? Dumb! He flourishes his flail and is mute Let us try what a whack on the back may elicit Down he flings it, and staring on us with a pair of most extraordinary eyes, and a beard like a goat, is off like a shot Alas! we have frightened the wretch out of his few poor wits, and he may kill himself among the rocks He is indeed an idiot—an innocent We remember seeing him near this very spot forty years ago—and he was not young then—they often live [illegible] extreme old age No wonder he was terri[illegible]d—for we are duly sensible of the *outre tout [illegible]emble* we must have suddenly exhibited in [illegible] glimmer that visits those weak and red [illegible]yes—he is an albino That's back [illegible] say the least of it—our Crutch [illegible] for him, but we hear him [illegible] [illegible]aning—and, good God! the [illegible]

could'st thou? yet thou knowest we are all sinful in His eyes, and thou knowest on whose merits is the reliance of our hopes of Heaven Thank you, Christian. Three minutes from two by your house-clock—she gives a clear warning—and three minutes from two by our watch—rather curious this coincidence to such a nicety—we must take up our Crutch and go Thank thee, bonnie wee Christian—in wi' the bannocks intil our pouch—but we fear you must take us for a sad glutton

> "Zicketty, dicketty, dock,
> The mouse ran up the clock,
> The clock struck one,
> Down the mouse ran,
> Zicketty, dicketty, dock"

Come closer, Christian—and let us put it to thine ear What a pretty face of wonder at the chime! Good people, you have work to do in the hay-field—let us part—God bless you—Good-by—farewell!

Half an hour since we parted—we cannot help being a little sad—and fear we were not so kind to the old people—not so considerate as we ought to have been—and perhaps though pleased with us just now, they may say to one another before evening that we were too merry for our years. Nonsense We were all merry together—daft Uncle amang the lave—for the creature came stealing in and sat down on his own stool in the corner, and what's the use of wearing a long face at all times like a Methodist minister? A Methodist minister! Why, John Wesley was facete, and Whitfield humorous, and Rowland Hill witty—though he, we believe, was not a Methody, yet were their hearts fountains of tears—and ours is not a rock—if it be, 'tis the rock of Horeb

Ha, Hamish! Here we are beneath the *Merlin Crag* What sport? Why, five brace is not so much amiss—and they are thumpers Fifteen brace in all Ducks and flappers? Seven leash We are getting on

> "But what are these,
> So wither'd and so wild in their attire
> That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
> And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
> That man may question You seem to understand me,
> By each at once her choppy finger laying
> Upon her skinny lips —you should be women,
> And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
> That you are so"

Shakspeare is not familiar, we find, among the natives of Loch-Etive side—else these figures would reply,

> "All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glammis!"

But not satisfied with laying their choppy fingers on their skinny lips, they now put them to their plooky noses, having first each dipped fore and thumb in his mull, and gibber Gaelic, to us unintelligible as the quacking of ducks, when a Christian auditor has been prevented from catching its meaning by the gobbling of turkeys

Witches at the least, and about to prophesy to us some pleasant events, that are to terminate disastrously in after years Is there no nook of earth perfectly solitary—but must natural or supernatural footsteps haunt the remotest and most central places? But now we shall have our fortunes told in choice Earse, for sure these are the Children of the Mist, and perhaps they will favour us with a running commentary on Ossian Stout, grim, heather-legged bodies they are, one and all, and luckily we are provided with snuff and tobacco sufficient for the whole crew Were they *even ghosts they* will not refuse a sneeshin', and a Highland spirit will look picturesque puffing a cigar!—Hark! we know them and their *vocation*. These are the Genii of the Mountain-dew, and their hidden enginery, depend on't, is not far off, but buried in the bowels of some brae See!—a faint mist dissipating itself over the heather! There—at work, shaming the idle waste, and in use and wont to break even the Sabbath-day, is a Still!

Do we look like Excisemen? The Crutch has indeed a suspicious family resemblance to a gauging-rod, and literary characters, like us, may well be mistaken for the Supervisor himself But the smuggler's eye knows his enemy at a glance, as the fox knows a hound; and the whispering group discern at once that we are of a nobler breed. That one fear dispelled, Highland hospitality bids us welcome, even into the mouth of the malt-kiln, and, with a smack on our loof, the Chief volunteers to initiate us into the grand mysteries of the Worm

The turf-door is flung outward on its little hinges, and already what a gracious smell! In we go, ushered by unbonneted Celts, gentlemen in manner wherever the kilt is worn! for the tartan is the symbol of courtesy, and Mac a good password all the world over between man and man Lowland eyes are apt to water in the peat-reek, but erelong we shall have another "drappie in our e'e," and drink to the Clans in the "unchristened cretur" What a sad neglect in our education, among all the acquired lingoes extant, to have overlooked the Gaelic! Yet nobody who has ever heard P. R preach an Earse Sermon, need despair of discoursing in that tongue after an *hour's practice*, so let us *forget, if possible*, every word of English, and the language now needed will rise up in its place

And these figures in men's coats and women's petticoats are females? We are willing to believe it in spite of their beards One of them absolutely suckling a child! Thank you, my dear sir, but we cannot swallow the contents of that quech Yet, let us try —A little too warm, and rather harsh, but meat and drink to a man of age That seems to be goat-milk cheese, and the scones are barley, and they and the speerit will wash one another down in an amicable plea, nor quarrel at close quarters Honey too—heather-honey of this blessed year's produce Hecate's forefinger mixes it in a quech with mountain-dew—and that is Athole-brose?

There cannot be the least doubt in the world that the Hamiltonian system of teaching languages is one of the best ever invented It will enable any pupil of common-run powers of attention to read any part of the New Testament in Greek in some twenty lessons of an hour each. But what is that to the principle of the worm? Half a blessed hour has not elapsed since we entered into the door of this bill-house, and we offer twenty to one that we read Ossian, *ad*

find the mutton-ham no that bad, though I've kent it fatter—and, as you ha'e a long walk afore you, *excuse me sir, for being sae bauld* as to suggest a glass o'speerit in your milk The gudeman is temperate, and he's been sae a' his life—but we keep it for a cordial—and that bottle—to be sure it's a gay big ane—and would thole replenishing—has lasted us syne Whitsuntide"

So presseth us to take care of number one the gudewife, while the gudeman, busy as ourselves, eyes her with a well-pleased face, but saith nothing, and the bonnie we bit lassie sits on her stool at the winnoc wi' her coggie ready to do any service at a look, and supping little or nothing, out of bashfulness in presence of Christopher North, who she believes is a good, and thinks may, perhaps, be some great man Our third bannock has had the gooseberry jam laid on it thick by "the gudewife's ain haun',"—and we suspect at that last wide bite we have smeared the corners of our mouth—but it will only be making matters worse to attempt licking it off with our tongue Pussie! thou hast a cunning look—purring on our knees—and though those glass een o' thine are blinking at the cream on the saucer—with which thou jalousest we intend to let thee wet thy whiskers,—we fear thou mak'st no bones of the poor birdies in the brake, and that many an unlucky leveret has lost its wits at the spring of such a tiger—Cats are queer creatures, and have an instinctive liking to Warlocks

And these two old people have survived all their children—sons and daughters! They have told us the story of their life—and as calmly as if they had been telling of the trials of some other pair Perhaps, in our sympathy, though we say but little, they feel a strength that is not always theirs—perhaps it is a relief from silent sorrow to speak to one who is a stranger to *them*, and yet, as they may think, a brother in affliction—but prayer like thanksgiving assures us that there is in this hut a Christian composure, far beyond the need of our pity, and sent from a region above the stars

There cannot be a cleaner cottage Tidiness, it is pleasant to know, has for a good many years past been establishing itself in Scotland among the minor domestic virtues Once established it will *never* decay, for it must be felt to brighten, more than could be imagined by our fathers, the whole aspect of life No need for any other household fairy to sweep this floor An orderly creature we have seen she is, from all her movements out and in doors—though the guest of but an hour They have told us that they had known what are called better days—and were once in a thriving way of business in a town But they were born and bred in the country and their manners, not rustic but rural, breathe of its serene and simple spirit—at once Lowland and Highland—to us a pleasant union, not without a certain charm of grace

What loose leaves are those lying on the Bible? A few odd numbers of the SCOTTISH CHRISTIAN HERALD We shall take care, our friends, that all the Numbers, bound in three large volumes, shall, ere many weeks elapse, be lying for you at the Manse Let us recite to you, our worthy friends, a small sacred Poem, which we have by heart Christian, keep your eye on the page, and if we go wrong, do not fear to set us right Can you say many psalms and hymns? But we need not ask—for

"Piety is sweet to infant minds,"

what they love they remember—for how easy—how happy—to get dear things by heart! Happiest of all—the things held holy on earth as in heaven—because appertaining here to Eternal Life

TO THE SCOTTISH CHRISTIAN HERALD BY THE REV DUNCAN GRANT, A M, MINISTER OF FORRES

"Beauteous on our heath-clad mountains,
May our HERALD's feet appear,
Sweet, by silver lakes and fountains,
May his voice be to our ear
Let the tenants of our rocks,
Shepherds watching o'er their flocks,
Village swain and peasant boy,
Thee salute with songs of joy!

"CHRISTIAN HERALD! spread the story
Of Redemption's wondrous plan,
'Tis *Jehovah's brightest glory*,
'Tis his highest gift to man,
Angels on their harps of gold,
Love its glories to unfold,
Heralds who its influence wield,
Make the waste a fruitful field

"To the fount of mercy soaring
On the wings of faith and love,
And the depths of grace exploring,
By the light shed from above,
Show us whence life's waters flow,
And where trees of blessing grow,
Bearing fruit of heavenly bloom,
Breathing Eden's rich perfume

"Love to God and man expressing,
In thy course of mercy speed,
Lead to springs of joy and blessing,
And with heavenly manna feed
Scotland's children high and low,
Till the Lord they truly know
As to us our fathers told,
He was known by them of old

"To the young, in season vernal,
Jesus in his grace disclose,
As the tree of life eternal,
'Neath whose shade they may repose,
Shielded from the noontide ray,
And from ravening's tribes of prey,
And refresh'd with fruits of love,
And with music from above

"CHRISTIAN HERALD! may the blessing
Of the Highest thee attend,
That this chiefest boon possessing
Thou may'st prove thy country's friend
Tend to make our land assume
Something of its former bloom
When the dews of heaven were seen
Sparkling on its pastures green,

"When the voice of warm devotion
To the throne of God arose—
Mighty as the sound of ocean,
Calm as nature in repose,—
Sweeter, than when Araby
Perfume breathes from flower and tree,
Rising 'bove the shining sphere,
To Jehovah's listening ear"

It is time we were going—but we wish to hear how thy voice sounds, Christian, when it reads So read these same verses, first "into yoursel'," and then to us They speak of mercies above your comprehension, and ours, and all men's, for they speak of the infinite goodness and mercy of God—but though thou hast committed in thy short life no sins, or but small, towards thy fellow-creatures—how

do not now exist in the bosom of the earth, than the friends with whom we are now on the hobnob. Stolen waters are sweet—a profound and beautiful reflection—and no doubt originally made by some peripatetic philosopher at a Still. The very soul of the strong drink evaporates with the touch of the gauger's wand. An evil day would it indeed be for Scotland, that should witness the extinguishment of all her free and unlicensed mountain stills! The charm of Highland hospitality would be wan and withered, and the *doch an dorras*, instead of a blessing, would sound like a ban.

We have said that smugglers are never drunkards, not forgetting that general rules are proved by exceptions; nay, we go farther, and declare that the Highlanders are the soberest people in Europe. Whisky is to them a cordial, a medicine, a life-preserver. Chief of the umbrella and wraprascal! were you ever in the Highlands? We shall produce a single day from any of the fifty-two weeks of the year that will outargue you on the present subject, in half-an-hour. What sound is that? The rushing of rain from heaven, and the sudden outcry of a thousand waterfalls. Look through a chink in the bothy, and far as you can see for the mists, the heath-covered desert is steaming like the smoke of a smouldering fire. Winds biting as winter come sweeping on their invisible chariots armed with scythes, down every glen, and scatter far and wide over the mountains the spray of the raging lochs. Now you have a taste of the summer cold, more dangerous far than that of Yule, for it often strikes "aitches" into the unprepared bones, and congeals the blood of the shelterless shepherd on the hill. But one glorious gurgle of the speerit down the throat of a storm-stayed man! and bold as a rainbow he faces the reappearing sun, and feels assured (though there he may be mistaken) of dying at a good old age.

Then think, oh think, how miserably poor are most of those men who have fought our battles, and so often reddened their bayonets in defence of our liberties and our laws! Would you grudge them a little whisky? And, depend upon it, a little is the most, taking one day of the year with another, that they imbibe. You figure to yourself two hundred thousand Highlanders, taking snuff, and chewing tobacco, and drinking whisky, all year long. Why, one pound of snuff, two of tobacco, and two gallons of whisky, would be beyond the mark of the yearly allowance of every grown-up man! Thousands never taste such luxuries at all—meal and water, potatoes and salt, their only food. The animal food, sir, and the fermented liquors of various kinds, Foreign and British, which to our certain knowledge you have swallowed within the last twelve months, would have sufficed for fifty families in our abstemious region of mist and snow. We have known you drink a bottle of champagne, a bottle of port, and two bottles of claret, frequently at a sitting, equal, in prime cost, to three gallons of the best Glenlivet! And You (who, by the way, are an English clergyman, a circumstance we had entirely forgotten, and have published a Discourse against Drunkenness, dedicated to a Bishop) pour forth the Lamentations of Jeremiah over the sinful multitude of Small Stills! Hypocrisy! hypocrisy! where shalt thou hide thy many-coloured sides?

Whisky is found by experience to be, on the whole, a blessing in so misty and mountainous a country. It destroys disease and banishes death; without some such stimulant the people would die of cold. You will see a fine old Gael, of ninety or a hundred, turn up his little finger to a caulker with an air of patriarchal solemnity altogether scriptural; his great-grandchildren eyeing him with the most respectful affection, and the youngest of them toddling across the floor, to take the quech from his huge, withered, and hairy hand, which he lays on the amiable Joseph's sleek craniology, with a blessing heartier through the Glenlivet, and with all the earnestness of religion. There is no disgrace in getting drunk—in the Highlands—not even if you are of the above standing—for where the people are so poor, such a state is but of rare occurrence; while it is felt all over the land of sleet and snow, that a "drap o' the creatur" is a very necessary of life, and that but for its "dew" the mountains would be uninhabitable. At fairs, and funerals, and marriages, and suchlike merry meetings, sobriety is sent to look after the sheep; but, except on charitable occasions of that kind, sobriety stays at home among the peat-reek, and is contented with crowdy. Who that ever stooped his head beneath a Highland hut would grudge a few gallons of Glenlivet to its poor but unrepining inmates? The seldomer they get drunk the better—and it is but seldom they do so; but let the rich man—the monied moralist, who bewails and begrudges the Gael a modicum of the liquor of life, remember the doom of a certain Dives, who, in a certain place that shall now be nameless, cried, but cried in vain for a drop of water. Lord bless the Highlanders, say we, for the most harmless, hospitable, peaceable, brave people that ever despised breeches, blue pibrochs, took invincible standards, and believed in the authenticity of Ossian's poems. In that pure and lofty region ignorance is not, as elsewhere, the mother of vice—penury cannot repress the noble rage of the mountaineer as "he sings aloud old songs that are the music of the heart," while superstition herself has an elevating influence, and will be suffered, even by religion, to show her shadowy shape and mutter her wild voice through the gloom that lies on the heads of the remote glens, and among the thousand caves of echo in her iron-bound coasts dashed on for ever—night and day—summer and winter—by those sleepless seas, who have no sooner laid their heads on the pillow than up they start with a howl that cleaves the Orcades, and away off in search of shipwrecks round the corner of Cape Wrath.

In the third place, what shall we say of the poetical influence of STILLS? What more poetical life can there be than that of the men with whom we are now quaffing the barley-bree? They live with the moon and stars. All the night winds are their familiars. If there be such things as ghosts, and fairies, and apparitions—and that there are, no man who has travelled much by himself after sunset will

aperturam libri, in the original Gaelic We feel as if we could translate the works of Jeremy Bentham into that tongue—ay, even Francis Maximus Macnab's Theory of the Universe We guaranty ourselves to do both, this identical night before we go to sleep, and if the printers are busy during the intermediate hours, to correct the press in the morning Why, there are not above five thousand roots—but we are getting a little gizzy—into a state of civilation in the wilderness—and, gentlemen, let us drink—in solemn silence—the "Memory of Fingal"

O St Cecilia! we did not lay our account with a bagpipe! What is the competition of pipers in the Edinburgh Theatre, small as it is, to this damnable drone in an earth-cell, eight feet by six! Yet while the drums of our ears are continuing to split like old parchment title-deeds to lands nowhere existing, and all our animal economy, from finger to toe, is one agonizing dirl, Æolus himself sits as proud as Lucifer in Pandemonium, and as the old soldiers keep tending the Worm in the reek as if all were silence, the male-looking females, and especially the he-she with the imp at her breast, nod, and smirk, and smile, and snap their fingers, in a challenge to a strapsey—and, by all that is horrible, a red hairy arm is round our neck, and we are half choked with the fumes of whisky-kisses An hour ago, we were dreaming of Malvina! and here she is with a vengeance, while we in the character of Oscar are embraced till almost all the Lowland breath in our body expires

And this is STILL-LIFE?

Extraordinary it is, that, go where we will, we are in a wonderfully short time discovered to be Christopher North A few years ago, the instant we found our feet in a mine in Cornwall, after a descent of about one-third the bored earth's diameter, we were saluted by name by a grim Monops who had not seen the upper regions for years, preferring the interior of the planet, and forthwith, "Christopher North, Christopher North," reverberated along the galleries, while the gnomes came flocking in all directions, with safety-lamps, to catch a glimpse of the famous Editor On another occasion, we remember when coasting the south of Ireland in our schooner, falling in with a boat like a cockle-shell, well out of the Bay of Bantry, and of the three half-naked Paddies that were ensnaring the finny race, two smoked us at the helm, and bawled out, "Kitty go bragh!" Were we to go up in a balloon, and by any accident descend in the interior of Africa, we have not the slightest doubt that Sultan Belloo would know us in a jiffy, having heard our person so frequently described by Major Denham and Captain Clapperton So we are known, it seems, in the Still—by the men of the Worm? Yes—the principal proprietor in the concern is a schoolmaster over about Loch-Earn-Head—a man of no mean literary abilities, and an occasional contributor to the Magazine He visits The Shop in breeches—but now mounts the kilt—and astonishes us by the versatility of his talents In one of the most active working bees we recognise a caddy, formerly in Auld Reeky yclеped "The Despatch," now retired to the Braes of Balquhidder, and breathing strongly the spirit of his youth With that heather-houghed gentleman, fiery-tressed as the God of Day, we were, for the quarter of a century that we held a large grazing farm, in the annual practice of drinking a gill at the Falkirk Tryst, and—wonderful, indeed, to think how old friends meet, we were present at the amputation of the right leg of that timber-toed hero with the bushy whiskers—in the Hospital of Rosetta—having accompanied Sir David Baird's splendid Indian army to Egypt

Shying, for the present, the question in Political Economy, and viewing the subject in a moral, social, and poetical light, what, pray, is the true influence of THE STILL? It makes people idle Idle? What species of idleness is that which consists in being up night and day—traversing moors and mountains in all weathers—constantly contriving the most skilful expedients for misleading the Excise, and which, on some disastrous day, when dragoons suddenly shake the desert—when all is lost except honour—hundreds of gallons of wash (alas! alas! a-day!) wickedly wasted among the heather roots, and the whole beautiful Apparatus lying battered and spiritless in the sun beneath the accursed blows of the Pagans—returns, after a few weeks set apart to natural grief and indignation, with unabated energy, to the selfsame work, even within view of the former ruins, and pouring out a libation of the first amalgamated hotness that deserves the name of speerit, devotes the whole Board of Excise to the Infernal Gods?

The argument of idleness has not a leg to stand on, and falls at once to the ground But the Still makes men dishonest We grant that there is a certain degree of dishonesty in cheating the Excise, and we shall allow yourself to fix it, who give as fine a caulker from the sma' still, as any moral writer on Honesty with whom we have the pleasure occasionally to take a family dinner But the poor fellows either grow or purchase their own malt They do not steal it, and many is the silent benediction that we have breathed over a bit patch of barley, far up on its stoney soil among the hills, bethinking that it would yield up its precious spirit unexcised! Neither do they charge for it any very extravagant price—for what is twelve, fourteen, twenty shillings a gallon for such drink divine as is now steaming before us in that celestial caldron!

Having thus got rid of the charge of idleness and dishonesty, nothing more needs to be said on the Moral Influence of the Still, and we come now, in the second place, to consider it in a Social Light The biggest bigot will not dare to deny, that without whisky the Highlands of Scotland would be uninhabitable And if all the population were gone, or extinct, where then would be your social life? Smugglers are seldom drunkards, neither are they men of boisterous manners or savage dispositions In general, they are grave, sedate, peaceable characters, not until e elders of the kirk Even Excisemen admit them, except on rare occasions, when human patience is exhausted, to be merciful Four pleasanter men

> "What drugs, what spells,
> What conjurations, and what mighty magic,"

was Christopher overthrown! A strange confusion of sexes, as of men in petticoats and women in breeches—gowns transmogrified into jackets—caps into bonnets—and thick naked hairy legs into slim ankles decent in hose—all somewhere whirling and dancing by, dim and obscure, to the sound of something groaning and yelling, sometimes inarticulately, as if it came from something instrumental, and then mixed up with a wild gibberish, as if shrieking, somehow or other, from living lips, human and brute—for a dream of yowling dogs is over all—utterly confounds us as we strive to muster in recollection the few last hours that have passed tumultuously through our brain—and then a wide black moor, sometimes covered with day, sometimes with night, stretches around us, hemmed in on all sides by the tops of mountains, seeming to reel in the sky Frequent flashes of fire, and a whirring as of the wings of birds—but sound and sight alike uncertain—break again upon our dream Let us not mince the matter—we can afford the confession—we have been overtaken by liquor—sadly intoxicated—out with it at once! Frown not, fairest of all sweet—for we lay our calamity, not to the charge of the Glenlivet circling in countless quechs, but at the door of that inveterate enemy to sobriety—the Fresh Air

But now we are as sober as a judge Pity our misfortune—rather than forgive our sin We entered that Still in a State of innocence before the Fall Where we fell, we know not—in divers ways and sundry places—between that magic cell on the breast of Benachochie, and this glade in Gleno But,

> "There are worse things in life than a fall among heather"

Surefoot, we suppose, kept himself tolerably sober—and O'Bronte, at each successive clout, must have assisted us to remount—for Hamish, from his style of sleeping, must have been as bad as his master, and, after all, it is wonderful to think how we got here—over hags and mosses, and marshes and quagmires, like those in which "armies whole have sunk" But the truth is, that never in the whole course of our lives—and that course has been a strange one—did we ever so often as once lose our way. Set us down blindfolded on Zahara, and we will beat the caravan to Timbuctoo Something or other mysteriously indicative of the right direction touches the soles of our feet in the shape of the ground they tread, and even when our souls have gone soaring far away, or have sunk within us, still have our feet pursued the shortest and the safest path that leads to the bourne of our pilgrimage Is not that strange? But not stranger surely than the flight of the bee, on his first voyage over the coves of the wilderness to the far-off heather-bells—or of the dove that is sent by some Jew stockjobber, to communicate to Dutchmen the rise or fall of the funds, from London to Hamburgh, from the clear shores of silver Thames to the muddy shallows of the Zuyder-Zee

FLIGHT FOURTH—DOWN RIVER AND UP LOCH

Let us inspect the state of Brown Bess Right barrel empty—left barrel—what is the meaning of this?—crammed to the muzzle! Ay, that comes on visiting Stills We have been snapping away at the coveys and single birds all over the moor, without so much as a pluff, with the right-hand cock—and then, imagining that we had fired, have kept loading away at the bore to the left, till, see! the ramrod absolutely stands upright in the air, with only about three inches hidden in the hollow! What a narrow—a miraculous escape has the world had of losing Christopher North! Had he drawn that trigger instead of this, Brown Bess would have burst to a moral certainty, and blown the old gentleman piecemeal over the heather "In the midst of life we are in death!" Could we but know one in a hundred of the close approachings of the skeleton, we should lead a life of perpetual shudder Often and often do his bony fingers almost clutch our throat, or his foot is put out to give us a cross-buttock But a saving arm pulls him back, ere we have seen so much as his shadow We believe all this—but the belief that comes not from something steadfastly present before our eyes, is barren, and thus it is, since believing is not seeing, that we walk hoodwinked nearly all our days, and worst of all blindness is that of ingratitude and forgetfulness of Him whose shield is for ever over us, and whose mercy shall be with us in the world beyond the grave

By all that is most beautifully wild in animated nature, a Roe! a Roe! Shall we slay him where he stands, or let him vanish in silent glidings in among his native woods? What a fool for asking ourselves such a question! Slay him where he stands to be sure—for many pleasant seasons hath he led in his leafy lairs, a life of leisure, delight, and love, and the hour is come when he must sink down on his knees in a sudden and unpainful death—fair silvan dreamer! We have drawn that multitudinous shot—and both barrels of Brown Bess now are loaded with ball—for Hamish is yet lying with his head on the rifle Whiz! whiz! one is through lungs, and another through neck—and seemingly rather to sleep than die, (so various are the many modes of expiration!)

> "In quietness he lays him down
> Gently, as a weary wave
> Sinks, when the summer breeze has died,
> Against an anchor'd vessel's side"

Ay—Hamish—you may start to your feet—and see realized the vision of your sleep What a set of distracted dogs! But O'Bronte first catches sight of the quarry—and clearing, with grasshopper spangs, the patches of stunted coppice, stops stock-still beside the roe in the glade, as if admiring and wondering at the beauty of the fair spotted creature! Yes, dogs have a sense of the beautiful Else how can you account for their loving so to lie down at the feet and lick the hands of the virgin whose eyes are mild, and forehead meek, and hair of placid sunshine, rather than act the same part towards ugly women, who,

deny, except from the mere love of contradiction—they see them—or when invisible, which they generally are, hear them—here—there—everywhere—in sky, forest, cave, or hollow-sounding world immediately beneath their feet. Many poets walk these wilds, nor do their songs perish. They publish not with Blackwood or with Murray—but for centuries on centuries, such songs are the preservers, often the sources, of the oral traditions that go glimmering and gathering down the stream of years. Native are they to the mountains as the blooming heather, nor shall they ever cease to invest them with the light of poetry—in defiance of large farms, Methodist preachers, and the Caledonian Canal.

People are proud of talking of solitude. It redounds, they opine, to the honour of their great-mindedness to be thought capable of living, for an hour or two by themselves, at a considerable distance from knots or skeins of their fellow-creatures. Byron, again, thought he showed his superiority by swearing as solemnly as a man can do in the Spenserian stanza, that

> "To sit alone, and muse o'er flood and fell,"

has nothing whatever to do with solitude—and that, if you wish to know and feel what solitude really is, you must go to Almack's.

> "This—this is solitude—this is to be alone."

His Lordship's opinions were often peculiar—but the passage has been much admired, therefore we are willing to believe that the Great Desert is, in point of loneliness, unable to stand a philosophical, much less a poetical comparison, with a well-frequented fancy-ball. But is the statement not borne out by fact? Zoology is on its side—more especially two of its most interesting branches, Entomology and Ornithology.

Go to a desert and clap your back against a cliff. Do you think yourself alone? What a ninny! Your great clumsy splay feet are bruising to death a batch of beetles. See that spider whom you have widowed, running up and down your elegant leg in distraction and despair, bewailing the loss of a husband who, however savage to the ephemeridæ, had always smiled sweetly upon her. Meanwhile, your shoulders have crushed a colony of small red ants settled in a moss city beautifully roofed with lichens—and that accounts for the sharp tickling behind your ear, which you keep scratching, no Solomon, in ignorance of the cause of that effect. Should you sit down—ten to one, you draw a veil over your [illegible], which at the moment extinguish a fearful amount of animal life—creatures [illegible] and to groan under them [illegible] are yourself, you are [illegible] their little day. All the while you [illegible]

[illegible]

attack your corpse from the worm-holes of the earth. Corbies, ravens, buzzards, eagles, all the feathered furies of heaven and hill, will come flying [illegible] to anticipate the maggots, and carry your remains—if you call them so—[illegible] the whole of [illegible] many living sepulchres. We confess ourselves unable to see the solitude of this—and begin to agree with Byron, that a desert is less crowded than a masquerade.

But the same subject may be illustrated less tragically, and even with some slight comic effect. A man among mountains is often surrounded on all sides with mice and moles. What cozy nests do the former construct at the roots of heather, among tufts of grass, in the rushes, and the moss on the greensward! As for the latter, though you think you know a mountain from a molehill, you are much mistaken, for what is a mountain, in many cases, but a collection of molehills—and of fairy knolls?—which again introduce a new element into the composition, and show, in still more glaring colours, your absurdity in supposing yourself to be in solitude. The "Silent People" are around you at every step. You may not see them—for they are dressed in invisible green; but they see you, and that unaccountable whispering and buzzing sound one often hears in what we call the wilderness, what is it, or what can it be, but the fairies making merry at your expense, pointing out to each other the extreme silliness of your meditative countenance, and laughing like to split at your fond conceit of being alone among a multitude of creatures far wiser than yourself.

But should all this fail to convince you, that you are never less alone than when you think yourself alone, and that a man never knows what it is to be in the very heart of life till he leaves London, and takes a walk in Glen-Etive—suppose yourself to have been leaning with your back against that knoll [illegible] of the far-off [illegible] of men, when all at once the support gives way inwards, and you tumble head over heels in among a [illegible] of kilted Celts in the very act of [illegible] Glenlivet in a [illegible] caldron [illegible] to the top with the Spirit of Life!

Such fancies as these, among many other, were with us on the Sill. [illegible]

Words are forgotten unless they are embalmed in spirit, and the air of the world, blow afterwards rudely as it may, shall never shrivel up one syllable that has been steeped into their souls by the spirit of the Gospel—felt by these almost infant disciples of Christ to be the very breath of God

It has turned out one of the sweetest and serenest afternoons that ever breathed a hush over the face and bosom of August woods Can we find it in our mind to think, in our heart to feel, in our hand to write that Scotland is now even more beautiful than in our youth! No—not in our heart to feel—but in our eyes to see—for they tell us it is the truth The people have cared for the land which the Lord their God hath given them, and have made the wilderness to blossom like the rose The same Arts that have raised their condition have brightened their habitation, Agriculture, by fertilizing the loveliness of the low-lying vales, has sublimed the sterility of the stupendous mountain heights—and the thundrous tides flowing up the lochs, bring power to the cornfields and pastures created on hillsides once horrid with rocks The whole country laughs with a more vivid verdure—more pure the flow of her streams and rivers—for many a fen and marsh have been made dry, and the rainbow pictures itself on clearer cataracts

The Highlands were, in our memory, overspread with a too dreary gloom Vast tracts there were in which Nature herself seemed miserable, and if the heart find no human happiness to repose on, Imagination will fold her wings, or flee away to other regions, where in her own visionary world she may soar at will, and at will stoop down to the homes of this real earth Assuredly the inhabitants are happier than they then were—*better off*—and therefore the change, whatever loss it may comprehend, has been a gain in good Alas! poverty—penury—want—even of the necessaries of life—are too often there still rife, but patience and endurance dwell there, heroic and better far, Christian—nor has Charity been slow to succour regions remote but not inaccessible, Charity acting in power delegated by Heaven to our National Councils And thus we can think not only without sadness, but with an elevation of soul inspired by such example of highest virtue in humblest estate, and in our own sphere exposed to other trials be induced to follow it, set to us in many "a virtuous household, though exceeding poor" What are all the poetical fancies about "mountain scenery," that ever fluttered on the leaves of albums, in comparison with any scheme, however prosaic, that tends in any way to increase human comforts? The best sonnet that ever was written by a versifier from the South to the Crown of Benlomond, is not worth the worst pair of worsted stockings trotted in by a small Celt going with his dad to seek for a lost sheep among the snow-wreaths round his base As for eagles, and ravens, and red-deer, "those magnificent creatures so stately and bright," let them shift for themselves—and perhaps in spite of all our rhapsodies—the fewer of them the better—but among geese, and turkeys, and poultry, let propagation flourish—the fleecy folk baa—and the hairy hordes bellow on a thousand hills All the beauty and sublimity on earth—over the Four Quarters of the World—is not worth a straw if valued against a good harvest An average crop is satisfactory, but a crop that soars high above an average—a golden year of golden ears—sends joy into the heart of heaven No prating now of the degeneracy of the potato We can sing now with our single voice, like a numerous chorus, of

"Potatoes drest both ways, both roasted and boiled,"

Sixty bolls to the acre on a field of our own of twenty acres—mealier than any meal—Perth reds—to the hue on whose cheeks dull was that on the face of the Fair Maid of Perth, when she blushed to confess to Burn-y-win' that hand-over-hip he had struck the iron when it was hot, and that she was no more the Glover's Oh bright are potato blooms!—Oh green are potato-shaws!—Oh yellow are potato plums! But how oft are blighted summer hopes and broken summer promises! Spare not the shaw—heap high the mounds—that damp nor frost may dim a single eye, so that all winter through poor men may prosper, and spring see settings of such prolific vigour that they shall yield a thousand-fold—and the sound of rumble-te-thumps be heard all over the land

Let the people eat—let them have food for their bodies, and then they will have heart to care for their souls, and the good and the wise will look after their souls, with sure and certain hope of elevating them from their hovels to heaven, while prigs, with their eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, rail at railroads and all the other vile inventions of an utilitarian age to open up and expedite communication between the Children of the Mist and the Sons and Daughters of the Sunshine, to the utter annihilation of the sublime Spirit of Solitude Be under no sort of alarm for Nature There is some talk, it is true, of a tunnel through Cruachan to the Black Mount, but the general impression seems to be that it will be a *great bore* A joint-stock company that undertook to remove Ben Nevis, is beginning to find unexpected obstructions Feasible as we confess it appeared, the idea of draining Loch Lomond has been relinquished for the easier and more useful scheme of converting the Clyde from below Stonebyres, to above the Bannatyne Fall, into a canal—the chief lock being, in the opinion of the most ingenious speculators, almost ready-made at Corra Linn

Shall we never be done with our soliloquy? It may be a little longish, for age is prolix—but every whit as natural and congenial with circumstances, as Hamlet's "to be or not to be, that is the question" O beloved Albin! our soul yearneth towards thee, and we invoke a blessing on thy many thousand glens The man who leaves a blessing on any one of thy solitary places, and gives expression to a good thought in presence of a Christian brother, is a missionary of the church What uncomplaining and unrepining patience in thy solitary huts! What unshrinking endurance of physical pain and want, that might well shame the Stoic's

coarser and coarser in each successive widowhood, when at their fourth husband are beyond expression hideous, and felt to be so by the whole canine tribe? Spenser must have seen some dog like O'Bronte lying at the feet and licking the hand of some virgin—sweet reader, like thyself—else never had he painted the posture of that Lion who guarded through Fairyland

"Heavenly Una and her milkwhite lamb"

A divine line of Wordsworth's, which we shall never cease quoting on to the last of our inditings, even to our dying day!

But where, Hamish, are all the flappers, the mawsies, and the mallards? What! You have left them—hare, grouse, bag, and all, at the Still! We remember it now—and all the distillers are to-night to be at our Tent, bringing with them feathers, fur, and hide—ducks, pussy, and deer But take the roe on your stalwart shoulders, Hamish, and bear it down to the silvan dwelling at the mouth of Gleno Surefoot has a sufficient burden in us—for we are waxing more corpulent every day—and erelong shall be a Silenus

Ay, travel all the world over, and a human dwelling lovelier in its wildness shall you nowhere find, than the one that hides itself in the depth of its own beauty, beneath the last of the green knolls besprinkling Gleno, dropt down there in presence of the peacefulest bay of all Loch-Etive, in whose cloud-softened bosom it sees itself reflected among the congenial imagery of the skies And, hark! a murmur as of swarming bees! 'Tis a Gaelic school—set down in this loneliest of all places, by that religious wisdom that rests not till the seeds of saving knowledge shall be sown over all the wilds That grayhaired minister of God, whom all Scotland venerates, hath been here from the great city on one of his holy pilgrimages And, lo! at his bidding, and that of his coadjutors in the heavenly work, a Schoolhouse has risen with its blue roof—the pure diamond-sparkling slates of Ballahulish—beneath a tuft of breeze-breaking trees But whence come they—the little scholars—who are all murmuring there? We said that the shores of Loch-Etive were desolate. So seem they to the eye of Imagination, that loves to gather up a hundred scenes into one, and to breathe over the whole the lonesome spirit of one vast wilderness But Imagination was a liar ever—a romancer and a dealer in dreams Hers are the realms of fiction,

"A boundless contiguity of shade!"

But the land of truth is ever the haunt of the heart—there her eye reposes or expatiates, and what sweet, humble, and lowly visions arise before it, in a light that fadeth not away, but abideth for ever! Cottages, huts, shielings, she sees hidden—few and far between indeed—but all filled with Christian life—among the hollows of the hills—and up, all the way up the great glens—and by the shores of the loneliest lochs—and sprinkled, not so rarely, among the woods that enclose little fields and meadows of their own—all the way down—more animated—till children are seen gathering before their doors the shells of the contiguous sea.

Look and listen far and wide through a sunshiny day, over a rich wooded region, with hedgerows, single trees, groves, and forests, and yet haply not one bird is to be seen or heard—neither plumage nor song Yet many a bright lyrist is there, all mute till the harbinger-hour of sunset, when all earth, air, and heaven, shall be ringing with one song Almost even so is it with this mountain-wilderness Small bright-haired, bright-eyed, bright-faced children, come stealing out in the morning from many hidden huts, each solitary in its own site, the sole dwelling on its own brae or its own dell Singing go they one and all, alone or in small bands, trippingly along the wide moors, meeting into pleasant parties at cross paths, or at fords, till one stated hour sees them all gathered together, as now in the small Schoolhouse of Gleno, and the echo of the happy hum of the simple scholars is heard soft among the cliffs But all at once the hum now ceases, and there is a hurry out of doors, and exulting cry, for the shadow of Hamish, with the roe on his shoulders, has passed the small lead-latticed window, and the Schoolroom has emptied itself on the green, which is now brightening with the young blossoms of life "A roe—a roe—a roe!"—is still the chorus of their song, and the Schoolmaster himself, though educated at college for the kirk, has not lost the least particle of his passion for the chase, and with kindling eyes assists Hamish in laying down his burden, and gazes on the spots with a hunter's joy We leave you to imagine his delight and his surprise when, at first hardly trusting his optics, he beholds Christopher on Surefoot, and then, patting the shelty on the shoulder, bows affectionately and respectfully to the Old Man, and while our hands grasp, takes a pleasure in repeating over and over again that celebrated surname—North—North—North

After a brief and bright hour of glee and merriment, mingled with grave talk, nor marred by the sweet undisturbance of all those elves maddening on the Green around the Roe, we express a wish that the scholars may all again be gathered together in the Schoolroom, to undergo an examination by the Christian Philosopher of Buchanan Lodge 'Tis in all things gentle, in nothing severe All slates are instantly covered with numerals, and 'tis pleasant to see their skill in finest fractions, and in the wonder-working golden rule of three And now the rustling of their manuals is like that of rainy breezes among the summer leaves No fears are here that the Book of God will lose its sanctity by becoming too familiar to eye, lip, and hand Like the sunlight in the sky, the light that shines there is for ever dear—and unlike any sunlight in any skies, never is it clouded, permanently bright, and undimmed before pious eyes by one single shadow We ought, perhaps, to be ashamed, but we are not so—we are happy that not an urchin is there who is not fully better acquainted with the events and incidents recorded in the Old and New Testaments than ourselves, and think not that all these could have been so faithfully committed to memory without the perpetual operation of the heart.

silvan haunts, by us beloved of yore, when every day was a dream, and every dream filled to overflowing with poetic visions that swarmed on every bough, on every bent, on every heather-bell, in every dewdrop, in every mote o' the sun, in every line of gossamer, all over greenwood and greensward, gray cliff, purple heath, blue loch, "wine-faced sea,"

> "with locks divinely spreading,
> Like sullen hyacinths in vernal hue"

and all over the sky, seeming then a glorious infinitude, where light, and joy, and beauty had their dwelling in calm and storm alike for evermore

Heaven bless thee—with all her sun, moon, and stars! there thou art, dearest to us of all the lochs of Scotland—and they are all dear—mountain-crowned, cliff-guarded, isle-zoned, grove-girdled, wide-winding and far-stretching, with thy many-bayed banks and braes of brushwood, fern, broom, and heather, rejoicing in their huts and shielings, thou glory of Argyleshire, rill-and-river-fed, sea-arm-like, floating in thy majesty, magnificent Loch Awe!

Comparisons, so far from being odious, are always suggested to our hearts by the spirit of love We behold Four Lochs—Loch Awe, before our bodily eyes, which sometimes sleep—Loch-Lomond, Windermere, Killarney, before those other eyes of ours that are waking ever The longest is Loch Awe, which, from that bend below Sonnachan to distant Edderline, looks like a river But cut off, with the soft scythe or sickle of fancy, twenty miles of the length of the mottled snake, who never coils himself up except in misty weather, and who is now lying outstretched in the sunshine, and the upper part, the head and shoulders, are of themselves a Loch Pleasant are his many hills, and magnificent his one mountain For you see but Cruachan He is the master-spirit. Call him the noblest of Scotland's Kings. His subjects are princes, and gloriously they range around him, stretching high, wide, and far away, yet all owing visible allegiance to him their sole and undisputed sovereign. The setting and the rising sun do him homage Peace loves—as now—to dwell within his shadow, but high among the precipices are the halls of the storms Green are the shores as emerald But the dark heather with its purple bloom sleeps in sombre shadow over wide regions of dusk, and there is an austere character in the cliffs Moors and mosses intervene between holms and meadows, and those black spots are stacks of last year's peats—not huts, as you might think—but those other specks are huts, somewhat browner—few roofed with straw, almost all with heather—though the better houses are slated—nor is there in the world to be found slate of a more beautiful pale green colour than in the quarries of Ballahulish The scene is vast and wild, yet so much beauty is interfused, that at such an hour as this, its character is almost that of loveliness, the rude and rugged is felt to be rural, and no more, and the eye gliding from the cottage gardens on its banks, to the islands on the bosom of the Loch, loses sight of the mighty masses heaved up to the heavens, while the heart forgets that they are there, in its sweet repose The dim-seen ruins of castle or religious house, secluded from all the stir that disturbed the shore, carries back our dreams to the olden time, and we awake from our reveries of "sorrows suffered long ago," to enjoy the apparent happiness of the living world

Loch Lomond is a sea! Along its shores might you voyage in your swift schooner, with shifting breezes, all a summer's day, nor at sunset, when you dropped anchor, have seen half the beautiful wonders It is many-isled, and some of them are in themselves little worlds, with woods and hills Houses are seen looking out from among old trees, and children playing on the greensward that slopes safely into deep water, where in rushy havens are drawn up the boats of fishermen, or of woodcutters who go to their work on the mainland You might live all your life on one of those islands, and yet be no hermit Hundreds of small bays indent the shores, and some of a majestic character take a fine bold sweep with their towering groves, enclosing the mansion of a Colquhoun or a Campbell at enmity no more, or the turreted castle of the rich alien, who there finds himself as much at home as in his hereditary hall, Sassenach and Gael now living in gentle friendship What a prospect from the Point of Firkin The loch in its whole length and breadth—the magnificent expanse unbroken, though bedropped, with unnumbered isles—and the shores diversified with jutting cape and far-shooting peninsula, enclosing sweet separate seclusions, each in itself a loch. Ships might be sailing here, the largest ships of war, and there is anchorage for fleets But the clear course of the lovely Leven is rock-crossed and intercepted with gravelly shallows, and guards Loch-Lomond from the white-winged roamers that from all seas come crowding into the Firth of Clyde, and carry their streaming flags above the woods of Ardgowan And there stands Ben What cares he for all the multitude of other lochs his gaze commands—what cares he even for the salt-sea foam tumbling far away off into the ocean? All-sufficient for his love is his own loch at his feet How serenely looks down the Giant! Is there not something very sweet in his sunny smile? Yet were you to see him frown—as we have seen him—your heart would sink, and what would become of you—if all alone by your own single self, wandering over the wide moor that glooms in utter houselessness between his corries and Glenfalloch—what if you were to hear the strange mutterings we have heard, as if moaning from an earthquake among quagmires, till you felt that the sound came from the sky, and all at once from the heart of night that had strangled day burst a shattering peal that might waken the dead—for Benlomond was in wrath, and vented it in thunder?

Perennially enjoying the blessing of a milder clime, and repaying the bounty of nature by beauty that bespeaks perpetual gratitude—merry as May, rich as June, shady as July, lustrous as August, and serene as September, for in her meet the characteristic charms of every season, all delightfully mingled by the

philosophic pride! What calm contentment, akin to mirth, in so many lonesome households, hidden the greatest part of the year in mist and snow! What peaceful deathbeds, witnessed but by a few, a very few grave but tearless eyes! Ay, how many martyrdoms for the holy love and religion of nature, worse to endure than those of old at the stake, because protracted through years of sore distress, for ever on the very limit of famine, yet for ever far removed from despair! Such is the people among whom we seek to drop the books, whose sacred leaves are too often scattered to the winds, or buried in the dust of Pagan lands. Blessed is the fount from whose wisely managed munificence the small house of God will rise frequent in the wide and sea-divided wilds, with its humble associate, the heath-roofed school, in which, through the silence of nature, will be heard the murmuring voices of the children of the poor, instructed in the knowledge useful for time, and of avail for eternity.

We leave a loose sovereign or two to the Bible Fund, and remounting Surefoot, while our friend the school-master holds the stirrup tenderly to our toe, jog down the road which is rather alarmingly like the channel of a drought-dried torrent, and turning round on the saddle, send our farewell salutes to the gazing scholars, first, bonnet waved round our head, and then, that replaced, a kiss flung from our hand. Hamish, relieved of the roe, which will be taken up (how you shall by-and-by hear) on our way back to the Tent, is close at our side, to be ready should Shelty stumble, O'Bronte as usual bounds in the van, and Ponto, Piro, and Basta, impatient for the next heather hill, keep close at our heels through the wood.

We do not admire that shooting-ground which resembles a poultry-yard. Grouse and barn-door fowls are constructed on opposite principles, the former being wild, and the latter tame creatures, when in their respective perfection. Of all dull pastimes, the dullest seems to us sporting in a preserve, and we believe that we share that feeling with the Grand Signior. The sign of a lonely wayside inn in the Highlands, ought not to be the Hen and Chickens. Some shooters, we know, sick of common sport, love slaughter. From sunrise to sunset of the First Day of the Moors, they must bag their hundred brace. That can only be done where pouts prevail, and cheepers keep chiding, and where you have half-a dozen attendants to hand you double-barrels sans intermission, for a round dozen of hours spent in a perpetual fire. Commend us to a plentiful sprinkling of game, to ground which seems occasionally barren, and which it needs a fine instructed eye to traverse scientifically, and thereof to detect the latent riches. Fear and Hope are the Deities whom Christopher in his Sporting Jacket worships, and were they unpropitious, the Moors would lose all their witchcraft. We are a dead shot, but not always, for the forefinger of our right hand is the most fitful forefinger in all this capricious world. Like all performers in the Fine Arts, our execution is very uncertain, and though "*toujours prêt*" is the impress on one side of our shield, "*hit and miss*" is that on the other, and often the more characteristic. A gentleman ought not to shoot like a gamekeeper, any more than at billiards to play like a marker, nor with four-in-hand ought he to tool his prads like the Portsmouth Dragsman. We choose to shoot like a philosopher as we are, and to preserve the golden mean in murder. We hold, with Aristotle, that all virtue consists in the middle, between the two extremes, and thus we shoot in a style equidistant from that of the gamekeeper on the one hand, and that of the bagman on the other, neither killing nor missing every bird, but, true to the spirit of the Aristotelian doctrine, leaning with a decided inclination towards the first rather than the second predicament. If we shoot too well one day, we are pretty sure to make amends for it by shooting just as much too ill another, and thus, at the close of the week, we can go to bed with a clear conscience. In short, we shoot like gentlemen, scholars, poets, philosophers as we are, and looking at us, you have a sight

"Of him who walks (rides) in glory and in joy,
Following his dog upon the mountain side,"—

a man evidently not shooting for a wager, and performing a match from the mean motive of avarice or ambition, but blazing away "at his own sweet will," and, without seeming to know it, making a great noise in the world. Such, believe us, is ever the mode in which true genius displays at once the earnestness and the modesty of its character—But, Hamish—Hamish—Hamish—look with both thine eyes on yonder bank—yonder sunny bank, beneath the shade of that fantastic cliff's superincumbent shadow—and seest thou not basking there a miraculous amount of the right sort of feathers? They have packed, Hamish—they have packed, early as it yet is in the season, and the question is—*What shall we do?* We have it. Take up a position—Hamish—about a hundred yards in the rear—on yonder knoll—with the Colonel's Sweeper. Fire from the rest—mind, from the rest, Hamish—right into the centre of that bed of plumage, and we shall be ready, with Brown Bess and her sister, to pour in our quartette upon the remains as they rise—so that not escape shall one single feather. Let our coming "to the present" be your signal—Bang! Whew!—what a flutter! Now take that—and that—and that—and that! Ha! Hamish—as at the springing of a mine, the whole company has perished. Count the dead. Twenty-one! Life is short—and by this compendious style we take Time by the forelock. But where the devil are the ducks? Oh, yes! with the deer at the Still. Bag, and be stirring. For the Salmon-pond is murmuring in our ear, and in another hour we must be at Inveraw. Who said that Cruachan was a steep mountain? Why, with a gentle, smooth, and easy slope, he dips his footsteps in the sea-salt waters of Loch-Etive's tide, as if to accommodate the old gentleman who, half-a-century ago, used to beard him in his pride on his throne of clouds. Heaven bless him!—he is a kind-hearted mountain, though his forehead be furrowed and his aspect grim in stormy weather. A million memories "o' auld lang syne" revive, as almost "smooth-sliding without step" Surefoot travels through the

misery in the Salmon Pool Oh! that it had been our purse! Who cares for a dozen dirty sovereigns and a score of nasty notes? And what's the use of them to us now, or indeed at any time? And what's the use of this identical rod? Hang it, if a little thing would not make us break it! A multiplying reel indeed! The invention of a fool The Tent sees not us again, this afternoon we shall return to Edinburgh Don't talk to us of flies at the next village There are no flies at the village—there is no village O Beelzebub! O Satan! was ever man tempted as we are tempted? See—see a Fish—a fine Fish—an enormous Fish—leaping to insult us! Give us our gun that we may shoot him—no—no, dang guns—and dang this great clumsy rod! There—let it lie there for the first person that passes—for we swear never to angle more As for the Awe we never liked it—and wonder what infatuation brought us here. We shall be made to pay for this yet—whew! there was a twinge—that big toe of ours we'll warrant is as red as fire, and we bitterly confess that we deserve the gout. Och! och! och!

But hark! whoop and hollo, and is that too the music of the hunter's horn? Reverberating among the woods a well-known voice salutes our ear, and there! bounds Hamish over the rocks like a chamois taking his pastime Holding up our LASCELLES! he places it with a few respectful words—hoping we have not missed it—and standing aloof—leaves us to our own reflections and our flies Nor do those amount to remorse—nor these to more than a few dozens Samson's strength having been restored—we speak of our rod, mind ye, not of ourselves—we lift up our downcast eyes, and steal somewhat ashamed a furtive glance at the trees and stones that must have overheard and overseen all our behaviour We leave those who have been in any thing like the same predicament to confess—not publicly—there is no occasion for that—nor on their knees—but to their own consciences, if they have any, their grief and their joy, their guilt, and, we hope, their gratitude Transported though they were beyond all bounds, we forgive them, for even those great masters of wisdom, the Stoics, were not infallible, nor were they always able to sustain, at their utmost strength, in practice the principles of their philosophy

We are in a bloody mood, and shall not leave this Pool—without twenty mortal murders on our head Jump away, TROUTS—without any bowels of compassion for the race of flies Devouring Ephemerals! Can you not suffer the poor insects to sport out their day? They must be insipid eating, but here are some savoury exceedingly—it is needless to mention their name—that carry *sauce piquante* in their tails Do try the taste of this bobber—but any one of the three you please There! hold fast KIRBY—for that is a Whopper A Mort! we did not suppose there were any in the river Why, he springs as if he were a Fish? Go it again, Beauty We ourselves could jump a bit in our day—nearly four times our own length—but we never could clear our own height, nor within half-a-foot of it, while you—our Hearty—though not two feet long, certainly do the perpendicular to the tune of four—from tail-fin to water-surface—your snout being six nearer the sky than the foam-bells you break in your descent into your native element Cayenne, mustard, and ketchup is our zest, and we shall assuredly eat you at sunset Do you know the name of the Tool at the other end—according to Dr Johnson? CHRISTOPHER NORTH 'Tis an honour to be captured by the Old Knight of the Bloody Hand You deserve to die such a death—for you keep in the middle of the current like a mort of mettle, and are not one of the skulkers that seek the side, and would fain take to the bush in hopes of prolonging life by foul entanglement Bravely bored, Gil Morrice There is as great difference in the moral qualities of the finny tribe as among us humans—and we have known some cowardly wretches escape our clutches by madly floundering in among floating weeds, or diving down among labyrinths of stone at the bottom, in paroxysms of fear that no tackle could withstand, not even Mackenzie's He has broke his heart Feeble as the dying gladiator, the arena swims around him, and he around the arena—till sailing with snout shore-ward, at sea in his own pool, he absolutely rolls in convulsions in between our very feet, and we, unprepared for such a mode of procedure, hastily retreating, discover that our joints are not so supple as of yore, and *play clout* on our back among the gowans O'Bronte tooths him by the cerebellum, and carries him up-brae in his mouth like a mawkin About six pounds

Had we killed such a mort as is now in Magog, fifty years ago, we should not have rested a single instant after basketing him, before rerushing, with a sanguinary aspect, to the work of death Now carelessly diffused, we lie on our elbow, with our mild cheek on our palm, and keep gazing—but not lack-a-daisically—on the circumambient woods Yes! circumambient—for look where we will, they accompany our ken like a peristrephic panorama. If men have been seen walking like trees, why may not trees be seen walking like men—in battalia—in armies—but oh! how peaceful the array, and as the slow silvan swimming away before our eyes subsides and settles, in that steadfast variegation of colouring, what a depth of beauty and grandeur, of joy and peace!

Phin! this rod is thy masterpiece And what Gut! *There she has it!* Reel-music for ever! Ten fathom are run out already—and see how she shoots, Hamish,—such a somerset as that was never thrown from a spring-board Just the size for strength and agility—twenty pound to an ounce—jimp weight, Hamish—ha! Harlequin art thou—or Columbine? Assuredly neither Clown nor Pantaloon Now we have turned her ladyship's nose up the stream, her lungs, if she have any, must be beginning to labour, and we almost hear her snore What! in the sulks already—sullen among the stones But we shall make you mudge, madam, were we to tear the very tongue out of your mouth Aye, once more down the middle to the tune of that spirited country-dance—"Off she goes" Set corners, and

happy genius of the place commissioned to pervade the whole from heaven, most lovely yet most majestic, we breathed the music of thy name, and start in this sterner solitude at the sweet syllabling of Windermere, Windermere! Translucent thy waters as diamond without a flaw. Unstained from source to sea are all the streams soft issuing from their silver springs among those beautiful mountains. Pure are they all as dew—and purer look the white clouds within their breast. These are indeed the Fortunate Groves! Happy is every tree. Blest the "Golden Oak," which seems to shine in lustre of his own, unborrowed from the sun. Fairer far the flower-tangled grass of those wood-encircled pastures than any meads of Asphodel. Thou need'st no isles on thy heavenly bosom, for in the sweet confusion of thy shores are seen the images of many isles, fragments that one might dream had been gently loosened from the land, and had floated away into the lake till they had lost themselves in the fairy wilderness. But though thou need'st them not, yet hast thou, O Windermere! thine own steadfast and enduring isles—her called the Beautiful—and islets not far apart that seem born of her, for theirs the same expression of countenance—that of celestial calm—and, holiest of the sisterhood, one that still retains the ruins of an oratory, and bears the name of the Virgin Mother Mild, to whom prays the mariner when sailing, in the moonlight, along Sicilian seas.

Killarney! From the village of Cloghereen issued an uncouth figure, who called himself the "Man of the Mountain," and pleased with Pan, we permitted him to blow his horn before us up to the top of Mangerton, where the Devil, 'tis believed, scooped out the sward beneath the cliffs into a Punch-bowl. No doubt he did, and the Old Potter wrought with fire. 'Tis the crater of an extinct volcano. Charles Fox, Weld says, and Wright doubts, swam the Pool. Why not? 'Tis not so cold as the Polar Sea. We swam across it—as Mulcocky, were he alive, but he is dead, could vouch, and felt braced like a drum. What a panorama! Our first feeling was one of grief that we were not an Irishman. We knew not where to fix our gaze. Surrounded by the dazzling bewilderment of all that multitudinous magnificence, the eye, as if afraid to grapple with the near glory—for such another day never shone from heaven—sought relief in the remote distance, and slid along the beautiful river Kenmare, insinuating itself among the recesses of the mountains, till it rested on the green glimmer of the far-off sea. The grandeur was felt, far off as it was, of that iron-bound coast. Coming round with an easy sweep, as the eyes of an eagle may do, when hanging motionless aloft he but turns his head, our eyes took in all the mighty range of the Reeks, and rested in awe on Carran Tual. Wild yet gentle was the blue aerial haze over the glimpses of the Upper Lake, where soft and sweet, in a girdle of rocks, seemed to be hanging, now in air and now in water—for all was strangely indistinct in the dim confusion—masses of green light that might be islands with their lovely trees, but suddenly tipt with fire shone out the golden pinnacles of the Eagle's Nest, and as again they were tamed by cloud-shadow, the glow of Purple Mountain for a while enchained our vision, and then left it free to feast on the forests of Glena, till, wandering at the capricious will of fancy, it floated in delight over the woods of Mucruss, and long lost among the trembling imagery of the water, found lasting repose on the steadfast beauty of the silvan isle of Inisfallen.

But now for the black mass of rapid waters that, murmuring from loch to river, rush roaring through that rainbow-arch, and bathe the green woods in freshening spray-mist through a loveliest landscape, that steals along with its meadow-sprinkling trees close to the very shore of Loch-Etive, binding the two lochs together with a silvan band—her whose calmer spirit never knows the ebb or flow of tide, and her who fluctuates even when the skies are still with the swelling and subsiding tumult duly sent up into and recalled down from the silence of her inland solitude. And now for one pool in that river, called by eminence the Salmon Pool, whose gravelly depths are sometimes paved with the blue backs of the silver-scaled shiners, all strong as sunbeams, for a while reposing there, till the river shall blacken in its glee to the floods falling in Glen-Scrae and Glenorchy, and then will they shoot through the cataract—for 'tis all one fall between the lochs—passionate of the sweet fresh waters in which the Abbey-Isle reflects her one ruined tower, or Kilchurn, at all times dim or dark in the shadow of Cruachan, see his grim turrets, momentarily less grim, imaged in the tremblings of the casual sunshine. Sometimes they lie like stones, nor unless you stir them up with a long pole, will they stir in the gleam, more than if they were shadows breathed from trees when all winds are dead. But at other times, they are on feed; and then no sooner does the fly drop on the water in its blue and yellow gaudiness, (and oh! but the brown mallard wing is bloody—bloody!) than some snout sucks it in—some snout of some swine-necked shoulder-bender, and instantly—as by dexterously dropping your elbow you give him the butt, and strike the barb through his tongue—down the long reach of the river vista'd along that straight oak-avenue—but with clear space of greensward between wood and water—shoots the giant steel-stung in his fear, bounding blue-white into the air, and then down into the liquid element with a plunge as of a man, or rather a horse, till your heart leaps to your mouth, or, as the Greeks we believe used to say, to your nose, and you are seen galloping along the banks, by spectators in search of the picturesque, and ignorant of angling, supposed in the act of making your escape, with an incomprehensible weapon in both hands, from some rural madhouse.

Eh? eh? not in our hat—not in our waistcoat—not in our jacket—not in our breeches! By the ghost of Autolycus some pickpocket, while we were moralizing, has abstracted our Lascelles! we may as well tie a stone to each of our feet, and sink away from all sense of

away as their glimmering ghosts, with noble effect, among the moonlight mists of the mountains. The poetry of Ossian has, it is true, since the days of Macpherson, in no way coloured the poetry of the island, and Mr Wordsworth, who has written beautiful lines about the old Phantom, states that fact as an argument against its authenticity. He thinks Ossian, as we now possess him, no poet, and alleges that if these compositions had been the good things so many people have thought them, they would, in some way or other, have breathed their spirit over the poetical genius of the land. Who knows that they may not do so yet? The time may not have come. But must all true poetry necessarily create imitation, and a school of imitators? One sees no reason why it must. Besides, the life which the poetry of Ossian celebrates, has utterly passed away, and the poetry itself, good, bad, or indifferent, is so very peculiar, that to imitate it at all, you must almost transcribe it. That, for a good many years, was often done, but naturally inspired any other feeling than delight or admiration. But the simple question is, Do the poems of Ossian delight greatly and widely? We think they do. Nor can we believe that they would not still delight such a poet as Mr Wordsworth. What dreariness overspreads them all! What a melancholy spirit shrouds all his heroes, passing before us on the cloud, after all their battles have been fought, and their tombs raised on the hill! The very picture of the old blind Hero-bard himself, often attended by the weeping virgins whom war has made desolate is always touching, often sublime. The desert is peopled with lamenting mortals, and the mists that wrap them with ghosts, whose remembrances of this life are all dirge and elegy. True, that the images are few and endlessly reiterated, but that, we suspect, is the case with all poetry composed not in a philosophic age. The great and constant appearances of nature suffice, in their simplicity, for all its purposes. The poet seeks not to vary their character, and his hearers are willing to be charmed over and over again by the same strains. We believe that the poetry of Ossian would be destroyed by any greater distinctness or variety of imagery. And if, indeed, Fingal lived and Ossian sung, we must believe that the old bard was blind, and we suspect that in such an age, such a man would, in his blindness, think dreamily indeed of the torrents, and lakes, and heaths, and clouds, and mountains, moons and stars, which he had leapt, swam, walked, climbed, and gazed on in the days of his rejoicing youth. Then has he no tenderness—no pathos—no beauty. Alas for thousands of hearts and souls if it be even so! For then are many of their holiest dreams worthless all, and divinest melancholy a mere complaint of the understanding, which a bit of philosophical criticism will purge away, as the leech's phial does a disease of the blood.

Macpherson's Ossian, is it not poetry? Wordsworth says it is not—but Christopher North says it is—with all reverence for the King. Let its antiquity be given up—let such a state of society as is therein described be declared impossible—let all the inconsistencies and violations of nature ever charged against it be acknowledged—let all its glaring plagiarisms from poetry of modern date inspire what derision they may—and far worse the perpetual repetition of its own imbecilities and inanities, wearying one down even to disgust and anger; —yet, in spite of all, are we not made to feel, not only that we are among the mountains, but to forget that there is any other world in existence, save that which glooms and glimmers, and wails and raves around us in mists and clouds, and storms, and snows—full of lakes and rivers, sea-intersected and sea-surrounded, with a sky as troublous as the earth—yet both at times visited with a mournful beauty that sinks strangely into the soul—while the shadowy life depictured there eludes not our human sympathies, nor yet, aerial though they be—so sweet and sad are their voices—do there float by as unbeloved, unpitied, or unhonoured —single, or in bands—the ghosts of the brave and beautiful when the few stars are dim, and the moon is felt, not seen, to be yielding what faint light there may be in the skies.

The boat in a moment is a bagpipe, and not only so, but all the mountains are bagpipes, and so are the clouds. All the bagpipes in the world are here, and they fill heaven and earth. 'Tis no exaggeration—much less a fiction—but the soul and body of truth. There Hamish stands stately at the prow, and as the boat hangs by midships on the very point that commands all the echoes, he fills the whole night with the "Campbells are coming," till the sky yells with the gathering as of all the Clans. His eyes are triumphantly fixed on ours to catch their emotions, his fingers cease their twinkling, and still that wild gathering keeps playing of itself among the mountains—fainter and fainter, as it is flung from cliff to cliff, till it dies away far—far off—as if in infinitude —sweet even and soft in its evanescence as some lover's lute.

We are now in the bay of Gleno. For though moonlight strangely alters the whole face of nature, confusing its most settled features, and with a gentle glamoury blending with the greensward what once was the gray granite, and investing with apparent woodiness what an hour ago was the desolation of herbless cliffs—yet not all the changes that wondrous nature, in ceaseless ebb and flow, ever wrought on her works, could metamorphose out of our recognition that Glen, in which, one night—long—long ago—

"In life's morning march, when our spirit was young"

we were visited by a dream—a dream that shadowed forth in its inexplicable symbols the whole course of our future life—the graves—the tombs where many we loved are now buried—that churchyard, where we hope and believe that one day our own bones will rest.

But who shouts from the shore, Hamish—and now, as if through his fingers, sends forth a sharp shrill whistle that pierces the sky? Ah, ha! we ken his shadow in the light, with the roe on his shoulder. 'Tis the schoolmaster of Gleno, bringing down our quarry to the

reel! The gaff, Hamish—the gaff! and the landing-net! For here is a shallow of the silver sand, spreading into the bay of a ford—and ere she recovers from her astonishment, here will we land her—with a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether—just on the edge of the greensward—and then smite her on the shoulder, Hamish—and, to make assurance doubly sure, the net under her tail, and hoist her aloft in the sunshine, a glorious prize, dazzling the daylight, and giving a brighter verdure to the woods.

He who takes two hours to kill a fish—be its bulk what it may—is no man, and is not worth his meat, nor the vital air. The proportion is a minute to the pound. This rule were we taught by the "Best at Most" among British sportsmen—Scrope the Matchless on moor, mountain, river, loch, or sea; and with exquisite nicety, have we now carried it into practice. Away with your useless steelyards. Let us feel her teeth with our fore-finger, and then held out at arm's length—so—we know by feeling, that she is, as we said soon as we saw her side, a twenty pounder to a drachm, and we have been true to time within two seconds. She has literally no head; but her snout is in her shoulders. That is the beauty of a fish—high and round shoulders, short waisted, no loins, but all body, and not long of terminating—the shorter still the better—in a tail sharp and pointed as Diana's, when she is crescent in the sky.

And lo, and behold! there is Diana—but not crescent—for round and broad is she as the sun himself—shining in the south, with as yet a needless light—for daylight has not gone down in the west—and we can hardly call it gloaming. Chaste and cold though she seem, a nunlike luminary who has just taken the veil—a transparent veil of fine fleecy clouds—yet, alas! is she frail as of old, when she descended on the top of Latmos, to hold dalliance with Endymion. She has absolutely the appearance of being in the family way—and not far from her time. Lo! two of her children stealing from ether towards her feet. One on her right hand, and another on her left—the fairest daughters that ever charmed mother's heart—and in heaven called stars. What a celestial trio the three form in the sky! The face of the moon keeps brightening as the lesser two twinkle into larger lustre; and now, though Day is still lingering, we feel that it is Night. When the one comes and when the other goes, what eye can note, what tongue can tell—but what heart feels not in the dewy hush divine, as the power of the beauty of earth decays over us, and a still dream descends upon us in the power of the beauty of heaven!

But hark! the regular twang and dip of oars coming up the river—and lo! indistinct in the distance, something moving through the moonshine—and now taking the likeness of a boat—a barge—with bonnetted heads leaning back at every flashing stroke—and, Hamish, list! a choral song in thine own dear native tongue! Sent hither by the Queen of the sea-fairies to bear back in state Christopher North to the Tent? No. 'Tis the big coble belonging to the tacksman of the Awe—and the crew are going to pull her through the first few hours of the night—along with the flowing tide—up to Kinloch-Etive, to try a cast with their long net at the mouth of the river, now winding dim like a snake from King's House beneath the Black Mount, and along the bays at the head of the Loch. A rumour that we were on the river had reached them—and see an awning of tartan over the stern, beneath which, as we sit, the sun may not smite our head by day, nor the moon by night. We embark—and descending the river like a dream, rapidly but stilly, and kept in the middle of the current by cunning helmsman, without aid of idle oar, all six suspended, we drop along through the silvan scenery, gliding serenely away back into the mountain gloom, and enter into the wider moonshine trembling on the wavy verdure of the foam-crested sea. May this be Loch-Etive? Yea—verily; but so broad here is its bosom, and so far spreads the billowy brightness, that we might almost believe that our bark was bounding over the ocean, and marching merrily on the main. Are we—into such a dream might fancy for a moment half beguile herself—rowing back, after a day among the savage islanders, to our ship lying at anchor in the offing, on a voyage of discovery round the world?

Where are all the dogs? Ponto, Piro, Basta, trembling partly with cold, partly with hunger, partly with fatigue, and partly with fear, among and below the seats of the rowers—with their noses somewhat uncomfortably laid between their fore-paws on the tarry timbers; but O'Bronte boldly sitting at our side, and wistfully eyeing the green swell as it heaves beautifully by, ready at the slightest signal to leap overboard, and wallow like a walrus in the brine, of which you might almost think he was born and bred, so native seems the element to the "Dowg o' Dowgs." Ay, these are sea-mews, O'Bronte, wheeling white as silver in the moonshine; but we *shall* not shoot them—no—no—no—we *will* not shoot you, ye images of playful peace, so fearlessly, nay, so lovingly attending our bark as it bounds over the breasts of the billows, in motion quick almost as your slowest flight, while ye linger around, and behind, and before our path, like fair spirits wiling us along up this great Loch, farther and farther through gloom and glimmer, into the heart of profounder solitude. On what errands of your own are ye winnowing your way, stooping ever and anon just to dip your wing-tips in the waves, and then up into the open air—the blue light filling this magnificent hollow—or seen glancing along the shadows of the mountains as they divide the Loch into a succession of separate bays, and often seem to block it up, till another moonlight reach is seen extending far beyond, and carries the imagination on—on—on—into inland recesses that seem to lose at last all connection with the forgotten sea. All at once the moon is like a ghost;—and we believe—Heaven knows why—in the authenticity of Ossian's Poems.

Was there ever such a man as Ossian? We devoutly hope there was—for if so, then there were a prodigious number of fine fellows, besides his Bardship, who after their death figured

HIGHLAND SNOW-STORM.

WHAT do you mean by original genius? By that fine line in the Pleasures of Hope—

> "To muse on Nature with a poet's eye?"

Why—genius—one kind of it at least—is transfusion of self into all outward things. The genius that does that—naturally, but novelly—is original, and now you know the meaning of one kind of original genius. Have we, then, Christopher North, that gift? Have you? Yea, both of Us. Our spirits animate the insensate earth, till she speaks, sings, smiles, laughs, weeps, sighs, groans, goes mad, and dies. Nothing easier, though perhaps it is wicked, than for original genius like ours, or yours, to drive the earth to distraction. We wave our wizard hand thus—and lo! list! she is insane. How she howls to heaven, and how the maddened heaven howls back her frenzy! Two dreadful maniacs raging apart, but in communion, in one vast bedlam! The drift-snow spins before the hurricane, hissing like a nest of serpents let loose to torment the air. What fierce flakes! furies! as if all the wasps that ever stung had been revivified, and were now careering part and parcel of the tempest. We are in a Highland Hut in the midst of mountains. But no land is to be seen any more than if we were in the middle of the sea. Yet a wan glare shows that the snow-storm is strangely shadowed by superincumbent cliffs, and though you cannot see, you *hear* the mountains. Rendings are going on, frequent, over your head—and all around the blind wilderness—the thunderous tumblings down of avalanches, mixed with the moanings, shriekings, and yellings of caves, as if spirits there were angry with the snow-drift choking up the fissures and chasms in the cliffs. Is that the creaking and groaning, and rocking and tossing of old trees, afraid of being uprooted and flung into the spate?

> "Red comes the river down, and loud and oft
> The angry spirit of the water shrieks,"

more fearful than at midnight in this nightlike day—whose meridian is a total sun eclipse. The river runs by, bloodlike, through the snow—and, short as is the reach you can see through the flaky gloom, that short reach shows that all his course must be terrible—more and more terrible—as, gathering his streams like a chieftain his clan—erelong he will sweep shieling, and hut, and hamlet to the sea, undermining rocks, cutting mounds asunder, and blowing up bridges that explode into the air with a roar like that of cannon. You sometimes think you hear thunder, though you know that cannot be—but sublimer than thunder is the nameless noise so like that of agonized life—that eddies far and wide around—high and huge above—fear all the while being at the bottom of your heart—an objectless, dim, dreary, undefinable fear, whose troubled presence—if any mortal feeling be so—is sublime. Your imagination is troubled, and dreams of death, but of no single corpse, of no single grave. Nor fear you for yourself—for the Hut in which you thus enjoy the storm, is safer than the canopied cliff-calm of the eagle's nest; but your spirit is convulsed from its deepest and darkest foundations, and all that lay hidden there of the wild and wonderful, the pitiful and the strange, the terrible and pathetic, is now upturned in dim confusion, and imagination, working among the hoarded gatherings of the heart, creates out of them moods kindred and congenial with the hurricane, intensifying the madness of the heaven and the earth, till that which sees and that which is seen, that which hears and that which is heard undergo alternate mutual transfiguration; and the blind Roaring Day—at once substance, shadow, and soul—is felt to be one with ourselves—the blended whole either the Live-Dead, or the Dead-Alive.

We are in a Highland Hut—if we called it a Shieling we did so merely because we love the sound of the word Shieling and the image it at once brings to eye and ear—the rustling of leaves on a summer silvan bower, by simple art slightly changed from the form of the growth of nature or the waving of fern on the turf-roof and turf-walls all covered with wild-flowers and mosses, and moulded by one single season into a knoll-like beauty, beside its guardian birch-tree, insupportable to all evil spirits, but with its silvery stem and drooping tresses dear to the Silent People that won in the land of peace. Truly this is not the sweet Shieling-season, when, far away from all other human dwellings, on the dip of some great mountain, quite at the head of a day's-journey-long glen, the young herdsman, haply all alone, without one single being with him that has the use of speech, liveth for months retired far from kirk and cross—Luath his sole companion—his sole care the pasturing herds—the sole sounds he hears the croak of the raven on the cliff, or bark of the eagle in the sky. O sweet, solitary lot of lover! Haply in some oasis in the wilderness, some steadfast gleam of emerald light amid the hyacinthine-hue of the heather, that young herdsman hath pitched his tent, by one Good Spirit haunted morning, noon, and night, through the sunny, moonlight, starry months,—the Orphan-girl, whom years ago her dying father gave into his arms—the old blind soldier—knowing that the boy would shield her innocence when every blood-relation had been buried—now Orphan-girl no more, but growing there like a lily at the Shieling door, or singing within sweether than any bird—the happiest of all living things—her own Ronald's dark-haired Bride.

We are in a Highland Hut among a Highland Snow-storm—and all at once amidst the

boat—kilted, we declare, like a true Son of the Mist The shore here is shelving but stony, and our prow is aground But strong-spined and loined, and strong in their withers, are the M'Dougals of Lorn, and, wading up to the red hairy knees, he has flung the roe into the boat and followed it himself like a deer-hound So bend to your oars, my hearties—my heroes—the wind freshens, and the tide strengthens from the sea, and at eight knots an hour we shall sweep along the shadows, and soon see the lantern, twinkling as from a lighthouse, on the pole of our Tent.

In a boat, upon a great sea-arm, at night, among mountains, who would be so senseless, so soulless as to speak? The hour has its might,

"Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine!"

A sound there is in the sea-green swell, and the hollows of the rocks, that keep muttering, as their entrances feel the touch of the tide But nothing beneath the moon can be more solemn, now that her aspect is so wan, and that some melancholy spirit has obscured the lustre of the stars We feel as if the breath of old elegiac poetry were visiting our slumber All is sad within us, yet why we know not, and the sadness is stranger as it is deeper after a day of almost foolish pastime, spent by a being who believes that he is immortal, and that this life is but the threshold of a life to come Poor, puny, and paltry pastimes indeed are they all! But are they more so than those pursuits of which the moral poet has sung,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

Methinks, now, as we are entering into a sabler mass of shadow, that the doctrine of eternal punishment of sins committed in time—but—

"Here's a health to all good lasses,
Here's a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
Let the bumper toast go round,
Let the bumper toast go round!"

Rest on your oars, lads Hamish! the quech! give each man a caulker, that his oar may send a bolder twang from its rolloch, and our fish-coble walk the waves like a man-of-war's gig, with the captain on board, going ashore, after a long cruise, to meet his wife Now she spins! and lo! lights at Kinloch-Etive, and beyond on the breast of the mountain, bright as Hesperus—the pole-star of our Tent!

Well, this is indeed the Londe of Faery! A car with a nag caparisoned at the water edge! On with the roe, and in with Christopher and the fish Now, Hamish, hand us the Crutch After a cast or two, which, may they be successful as the night is auspicious, your presence, gentlemen, will be expected in the Tent. Now, Hamish, handle thou the ribbons—alias the hair-tether—and we will touch him behind, should he linger, with a weapon that might

"Create a soul under the ribs of death"

Linger! why the lightning flies from his heels, as he carries us along a fine natural causeway, like Ossian's car-borne heroes From the size and state of the stones over which we make such a clatter, we shrewdly suspect that the parliamentary grant for destroying the old Highland torrent-roads has not extended its ravages to Glen-Etive O'Bronte,

"Like panting Time, toils after us in vain,"

and the pointers are following us by our own scent, and that of the roe, in the distant darkness Pull up, Hamish, pull up, or otherwise we shall overshoot our mark, and meet with some accident or other, perhaps a capsize on Bachaille-Etive, or the Black Mount. We had no idea the circle of greensward in front of the Tent was so spacious Why, there is room for the Lord Mayor of London's state-coach to turn with its eight horses, and that enormous ass, Parson Dillon, on the dickey What could have made us think at this moment of London? Certes, the association of ideas is a droll thing, and also sometimes most magnificent. Dancing in the Tent, among strange figures! Celebration of the nuptials of some Arab chief, in an oasis in the Great Desert of Stony Arabia! Heavens! look at Tickler! How he hauls the Hizzies! There is no time to be lost—he and the Admiral must not have all the sport to themselves, and, by and by, spite of age and infirmity, we shall show the Tent a touch of the Highland Fling Hollo! you landloupers! Christopher is upon you—behold the Tenth Avatar incarnated in North

But what Apparitions at the Tent-door salute our approach?

"Back step these two fair angels, half afraid
So suddenly to see the Griesly King!"

Goat-herdesses from the cliffs of Glencreran or Glenco, kilted to the knee, and not unconscious of their ankles, one twinkle of which is sufficient to bid "Begone dull care" for ever One hand on a shoulder of each of the mountain-nymphs—sweet liberties—and then embraced by both, half in their arms, and half on their bosoms, was ever Old Man so pleasantly let down from triumphal car, on the soft surface of his mother-earth? Ay there lies the Red-deer! and what heaps of smaller slain! But was there ever such a rush of dogs! We shall be extinguished Down, dogs, down—nay, ladies and gentlemen, be seated—on one another's knees as before—we beseech you—we are but men like yourselves—and

"Without the smile from partial beauty won
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun!"

What it is to be the darling of gods and men, and women and children! Why, the very stars burn brighter—and thou, O Moon! art like the Sun We foresee a night of dancing and drinking—till the mountain-dew melt in the lustre of morn Such a day should have a glorious death—and a glorious resurrection Hurra! Hurra!

The Moors for ever! The Moors! The Moors!

That in Glencreran, more conspicuous, on a knoll among the pastoral meadows, midway between mountain and mountain, so that the grove which shelters it, except when the sun is shining high, is darkened by their meeting shadows, and dark indeed even in the sunshine, for 'tis a low but wide-armed grove of old oak-like pines. A little further down, and Glencreran is very silvan; but this dwelling is the highest up of all, the first you descend upon, near the foot of that wild hanging staircase between you and Glen-Etive; and except this old oaklike grove of pines, there is not a tree, and hardly a bush, on bank or brae, pasture or hay-field, though these are kept by many a rill there mingling themselves into one stream, in a perpetual lustre, that seems to be as native to the grass as its light is to the glow-worm. Such are the two Huts—for they are huts and no more—and you may see them still, if you know how to discover the beautiful sights of nature from descriptions treasured in your heart—and if the spirit of change, now nowhere at rest on the earth, not even in its most solitary places, have not swept from the scenes they beautified the humble but hereditary dwellings that ought to be allowed, in the fulness of the quiet time, to relapse back into the bosom of nature, through insensible and unperceived decay.

These Huts belonged to brothers—and each had an only child—a son and a daughter—born on the same day—and now blooming on the verge of youth. A year ago, and they were but mere children—but what wondrous growth of frame and spirit does nature at that season of life often present before our eyes! So that we almost see the very change going on between morn and morn, and feel that these objects of our affection are daily brought closer to ourselves, by partaking daily more and more in all our most sacred thoughts, in our cares and in our duties, and in knowledge of the sorrows as well as the joys of our common lot. Thus had these cousins grown up before their parent's eyes, Flora Macdonald—a name hallowed of yore—the fairest, and Ranald Cameron, the boldest of all the living flowers in Glenco and Glencreran. It was now their seventeenth birthday, and never had a winter sun smiled more serenely over a hush of snow. Flora, it had been agreed on, was to pass that day in Glencreran, and Ranald to meet her among the mountains, that he might bring her down the many precipitous passes to his parent's hut. It was the middle of February, and the snow had lain for weeks with all its drifts unchanged, so calm had been the weather, and so continued the frost. At the same hour, known by horologe on the cliff touched by the finger of dawn, the happy creatures left each their own glen, and mile after mile of the smooth surface glided away past their feet, almost as the quiet water glides by the little boat that in favouring breezes walks merrily along the sea. And soon they met at the trysting-place—a bank of birch-trees beneath a cliff that takes its name from the Eagles.

On their meeting seemed not to them the whole of nature suddenly inspired with joy and beauty? Insects unheard by them before, hummed and glittered in the air—from tree roots, where the snow was thin, little flowers, or herbs flower-like, now for the first time were seen looking out as if alive—the trees themselves seemed budding as if it were already spring—and rare as in that rocky region are the birds of song, a faint trill for a moment touched their ears, and the flutter of a wing, telling them that somewhere near there was preparation for a nest. Deep down beneath the snow they listened to the tinkle of rills unreached by the frost—and merry, thought they, was the music of these contented prisoners. Not summer's self, in its deepest green, so beautiful had ever been to them before, as now the mild white of Winter; and as their eyes were lifted up to heaven, when had they ever seen before a sky of such perfect blue, a sun so gentle in its brightness, or altogether a week-day in any season so like a Sabbath in its stillness, so like a holyday in its joy! Lovers were they—although as yet they scarcely knew it; for from love only could have come such bliss as now was theirs, a bliss that while it beautified was felt to come from the skies.

Flora sang to Ranald many of her old songs to those wild Gaelic airs that sound like the sighing of winds among fractured cliffs, or the branches of storm-tossed trees when the subsiding tempest is about to let them rest. Monotonous music! but irresistible over the heart it has once awakened and enthralled, so sincere seems to be the mournfulness it breathes—a mournfulness brooding on the same note that is at once its natural expression and its sweetest aliment—of which the singer never wearieth in her dream, while her heart all the time is haunted by all that is most piteous, by the faces of the dead in their paleness returning to the shades of life, only that once more they may pour from their fixed eyes those strange showers of unaccountable tears!

How merry were they between those mournful airs! How Flora trembled to see her lover's burning brow and flashing eyes, as he told her tales of great battles fought in foreign lands, far across the sea—tales which he had drunk in with greedy ears from the old heroes scattered all over Lochaber and Badenoch, on the brink of the grave still garrulous of blood!

"The sun sat high in his meridian tower,"

but time had not been with the youthful lovers, and the blessed beings believed that 'twas but a little hour since beneath the Eagle Cliff they had met in the prime of the morn!

The boy starts to his feet—and his keen eye looks along the ready rifle—for his sires had all been famous deer-stalkers, and the passion of the chase was hereditary in his blood. Lo! a deer from Dalness, hound-driven or sullenly astray, slowly bearing his antlers up the glen, then stopping for a moment to snuff the air, and then away—away! The rifle-shot rings dully from the scarce echoing snow-cliffs, and the animal leaps aloft, struck by a certain but not sudden death-wound. Oh! for Fingal now to pull him down like a wolf! But labouring and lumbering heavily along, the snow spotted

roar of the merciless hurricane we remember the words of Burns—the peerless Peasant. Simple as they are, with what profound pathos are they charged!

"List'ning the doors an' winnocks rattle;
I think me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scaur!

"Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whar wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?

"Ev'n you on murdering errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cot spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats."

Burns is our Lowland bard—but poetry is poetry all over the world, when streamed from the life-blood of the human heart. So sang the Genius of inspired humanity in his bleak "auld clay-biggin," on one of the braes of Coila, and now our heart responds the strain, high up among the Celtic cliffs, central among a sea of mountains hidden in a snow-storm that enshrouds the day. Ay—the *one single* door of this Hut—the *one single* "winnock," does "rattle"—by fits—as the blast smites it, in spite of the white mound drifted hill-high all round the buried dwelling. Dim through the peat-reek cower the figures in tartan—fear has hushed the cry of the infant in the swinging cradle—and all the other imps are mute. But the household is thinner than usual at the meal-hour, and feet that loved to follow the red-deer along the bent, now fearless of pit-falls, since the first hour of morning light have been traversing the tempest. The shepherds, who sit all day long when summer hues are shining, and summer flowerets are blowing, almost idle in their plaids, beneath the shadow of some rock watching their flocks feeding above, around, and below, now expose their bold breasts to all the perils of the pastoral life. This is our Arcadia—a realm of wrath—wo—danger, and death. Here are bred the men whose blood—when the bagpipe blows—is prodigally poured forth on a thousand shores. The limbs strung to giant-force by such snows as these, moving in line of battle within the shadow of the Pyramids,

"Brought from the dust the sound of liberty,"

while the Invincible standard was lowered before the heroes of the Old Black Watch, and victory out of the very heart of defeat arose on "that thrice-repeated cry" that quails all foes that madly rush against the banners of Albyn. The storm that has frozen in his eyry the eagle's wing, driven the deer to the comb beneath the cliffs, and all night imprisoned the wild-cat in his cell, hand in hand as is their wont when crossing a stream or flood, bands of Highlanders now face in its strongholds all over the ranges of mountains, come it from the wrathful inland or the more wrathful sea.

"They think upon the ourie cattle
And silly sheep,"

and man's reason goes to the help of brute instinct.

How passing sweet is that other stanza, heard like a low hymn amidst the noise of the tempest! Let our hearts once more recite it—

"Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whar wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?"

The whole earth is for a moment green again—trees whisper—streamlets murmur—and the "*merry month o' spring*" is *musical* through all her groves. But in another moment we know that almost all those sweet-singers are now dead—or that they "cow'r the chittering wing"—never more to flutter through the woodlands, and "close the e'e" that shall never more be reillumined with love when the Season of Nests is at hand, and bush, tree, and tower are again all a twitter with the survivors of some gentler climate.

The poet's heart, humanized to utmost tenderness by the beauty of its own merciful thoughts, extends its pity to the poor beasts of prey. Each syllable tells—each stroke of the poet-painter's pencil depicts the life and sufferings of the wretched creatures. And then, feeling that such an hour all life is subject to one lot, how profound the pathos reflected back upon our own selves and our mortal condition, by these few simplest words—

"My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats!"

They go to help the "ourie cattle" and the "silly sheep," but who knows that they are not *sent* on an errand of higher mercy, by Him whose ear has not been shut to the prayer almost frozen on the lips of them about to perish!—an incident long forgotten, though on the eve of that day on which the deliverance happened, so passionately did we all regard it, that we felt that *interference providential*—as if we had indeed seen the hand of God stretched down through the mist and snow *from heaven*. We all said that it would never leave our memory, yet all of us soon forgot it—but now while the tempest howls, it seems again of yesterday.

One family lived in Glencreran, and another in Glenco—the families of two brothers—seldom visiting each other on working-days—seldom meeting even on Sabbaths, for theirs was not the same parish-kirk—seldom coming together on rural festivals or holydays, for in the Highlands now these are not so frequent as of yore; yet all these sweet seldoms, taken together, to loving hearts made a happy many, and thus, though each family passed its life in its own home, there were many invisible threads stretched out through the intermediate air, connecting the two dwellings together—as the gossamer keeps floating from one tree to another, each with its own secret nest. And nestlike both dwellings were. *That* in Glenco, built beneath a treeless but high-heathered rock—lown in all storms—with greensward and garden on a slope down to a rivulet, the clearest of the clear, (oh! once wofully reddened!) and *peering*—so it seems in the mosses of its own roof, and the huge stones that overshadow it—out of the earth

as he bounds with blood, the huge animal at last disappears round some rocks at the head of the glen "Follow me, Flora!" the boy-hunter cries—and flinging down their plaids, they turn their bright faces to the mountain, and away up the long glen after the stricken deer Fleet was the mountain-girl—and Ranald, as he ever and anon looked back to wave her on, with pride admired her lightsome motion as she bounded along the snow Redder and redder grew that snow, and more heavily trampled as they winded round the rocks Yonder is the deer staggering up the mountain, not half a mile off—now standing at bay, as if before his swimming eyes came Fingal, the terror of the forest, whose howl was known to all the echoes, and quailed the herd while their antlers were yet afar off "Rest, Flora! rest! while I fly to him with my rifle—and shoot him through the heart!"

Up—up—up the interminable glen, that kept winding and winding round many a jutting promontory, and many a castellated cliff, the red deer kept dragging his gore-oozing bulk, sometimes almost within, and then, for some hundreds of yards, just beyond rifle-shot, while the boy, maddened by the chase, pressed forwards, now all alone, nor any more looking behind for Flora, who had entirely disappeared, and thus he was hurried on for miles by the whirlwind of passion—till at last he struck the noble quarry, and down sank the antlers in the snow, while the air was spurned by the convulsive beatings of feet Then leaped Ranald upon the Red-deer like a beast of prey, and lifted up a look of triumph to the mountain tops

Where is Flora? Her lover has forgotten her—and he is alone—nor knows it—he and the Red-deer—an enormous animal—fast stiffening in the frost of death

Some large flakes of snow are in the air, and they seem to waver and whirl, though an hour ago there was not a breath Faster they fall and faster—the flakes are almost as large as leaves—and overhead whence so suddenly has come that huge yellow cloud? "Flora, where are you? where are you, Flora?" and from the huge hide the boy leaps up, and sees that no Flora is at hand But yonder is a moving speck far off upon the snow! 'Tis she—'tis she—and again Ranald turns his eyes upon the quarry, and the heart of the hunter burns within him like a new-stirred fire Shrill as the eagle's cry disturbed in his eyrie, he sends a shout down the glen—and Flora, with cheeks pale and bright by fits, is at last at his side Panting and speechless she stands—and then dizzily sinks on his breast Her hair is ruffled by the wind that revives her, and her face all moistened by the snow-flakes, now not falling but driven—for the day has undergone a dismal change, and all over the skies are now lowering savage symptoms of a fast-coming night-storm

Bare is poor Flora's head, and sadly drenched her hair, that an hour or two ago glittered in the sunshine Her shivering frame misses now the warmth of the plaid which almost no cold can penetrate, and which had kept the vital current flowing freely in many a bitter blast What would the miserable boy give now for the coverings lying far away, which, in his foolish passion, he flung down to chase that fatal deer! "Oh! Flora! if you would not fear to stay here by yourself—under the protection of God, who surely will not forsake you—soon will I go and come from the place where our plaids are lying, and under the shelter of the deer we may be able to outlive the hurricane—you wrapt up in them—and folded—O my dearest sister—in my arms!"—"I will go with you down the glen, Ranald!" and she left his breast—but, weak as a day-old lamb, tottered and sank down on the snow The cold—intense as if the air were ice—had chilled her very heart, after the heat of that long race, and it was manifest that here she must be for the night—to live or to die And the night seemed already come, so full was the lift of snow, while the glimmer every moment became gloomier, as if the day were expiring long before its time Howling at a distance down the glen was heard a sea-born tempest from the Linnhe-Loch, where now they both knew the tide was tumbling in, bringing with it sleet and snow blasts from afar, and from the opposite quarter of the sky, an inland tempest was raging to meet it, while every lesser glen had its own uproar, so that on all hands they were environed with death

"I will go—and, till I return, leave you with God"—"Go, Ranald!" and he went and came—as if he had been endowed with the raven's wings!

Miles away—and miles back had he flown—and an hour had not been with his going and his coming—but what a dreary wretchedness meanwhile had been hers! She feared that she was dying—that the cold snow-storm was killing her—and that she would never more see Ranald, to say to him farewell Soon as he was gone, all her courage had died Alone, she feared death, and wept to think how hard it was for one so young thus miserably to die He came—and her whole being was changed Folded up in both the plaids—she felt resigned "Oh! kiss me—kiss me, Ranald—for your love—great as it is—is not as my love You must never forget me, Ranald—when your poor Flora is dead"

Religion with these two young creatures was as clear as the light of the Sabbath-day—and their belief in heaven just the same as in earth The will of God they thought of just as they thought of their parents' will—and the same was their loving obedience to its decrees If she was to die—supported now by the presence of her brother—Flora was utterly resigned, if she were to live, her heart imaged to itself the very forms of her grateful worship But all at once she closed her eyes—ceased breathing—and, as the tempest howled and rumbled in the gloom that fell around them like blindness, Ranald almost sank down, thinking that she was dead

"Wretched sinner that I am!—my wicked madness brought her here to die of cold!" And he smote his breast—and tore his hair—and feared to look up lest the angry eye of God were looking on him through the storm

All at once, without speaking a word, Ranald lifted Flora in his arms, and walked away up the glen—here almost narrowed into a

—for the snow-storm will sweep her out of heaven—up the mountain and down the glen they go, marking where flock and herd have betaken themselves, and now, at night-fall, unafraid of that blind hollow, they descend into the depth where once stood the old Grove of Pines. Following the dogs, who know their duties in their instinct, the band, without seeing it, are now close to that ruined hut. Why bark the sheep-dogs so—and why howls Fingal, as if some spirit passed athwart the night? He scents the dead body of the boy who so often had shouted him on in the forest, when the antlers went by! Not dead—nor dead she who is on his bosom. Yet life in both is frozen—and will the iced blood in their veins ever again be thawed? Almost pitch-dark is the roofless ruin—and the frightened sheep know not what is the terrible Shape that is howling there. But a man enters, and lifts up one of the bodies, giving it into the arms of them at the doorway—and then lifts up the other, and, by the flash of a rifle, they see that it is Ranald Cameron and Flora Macdonald, seemingly both frozen to death. Some of those reeds that the shepherds burn in their huts are kindled, and in that small light they are assured that such are the corpses. But that noble dog knows that death is not there—and licks the face of Ranald, as if he would restore life to his eyes. Two of the shepherds know well how to fold the dying in their plaids—how gentliest to carry them along, for they had learnt it on the field of victorious battle, when, without stumbling over the dead and wounded, they bore away the shattered body—yet living—of the youthful warrior, who had shown that of such a Clan he was worthy to be the Chief.

The storm was with them all the way down the glen—nor could they have heard each other's voices had they spoke—but mutely they shifted the burden from strong hand to hand—thinking of the Hut in Glenco, and of what would be felt there on their arrival with the dying or dead. Blind people walk through what to them is the night of crowded day-streets—unpausing turn round corners—unhesitatingly plunge down steep stairs—wind their way fearlessly through whirlwinds of life—and reach in their serenity, each one unharmed, his own obscure house. For God is with the blind. So is he with all who walk on works of mercy. This saving band had no fear—and therefore there was no danger—on the edge of the pitfall or the cliff. They knew the countenances of the mountains shown momentarily by ghastly gleamings through the fitful night, and the hollow sound of each particular stream beneath the snow at places where in other weather there was a pool or a waterfall. The dip of the hills, in spite of the drifts, familiar to their feet, did not deceive them now; and then, the dogs in their instinct were guides that erred not; and as well as the shepherds knew it themselves did Fingal know that they were anxious to reach Glenco. He led the way, as if he were in moonlight, and often stood still when they were shifting their burden, and whined as if in grief. He knew where the bridges were—stones or logs; and he rounded the marshes where at springs the wild-fowl feed. And thus Instinct, and Reason, and Faith conducted the saving band along—and now they are at Glenco—and at the door of the Hut.

To life were brought the dead; and there at midnight sat they up like ghosts. Strange seemed they—for a while—to each other's eyes—and at each other they looked as if they had forgotten how dearly once they loved. Then as if in holy fear they gazed on each other's faces, thinking that they had awoke together in heaven. "Flora!" said Ranald—and that sweet word, the first he had been able to speak, reminded him of all that had passed, and he knew that the God in whom they had put their trust had sent them deliverance. Flora, too, knew her parents, who were on their knees—and she strove to rise up and kneel down beside them—but she was powerless as a broken reed—and when she thought to join them in thanksgiving, her voice was gone. Still as death sat all the people in the hut—and one or two who were fathers were not ashamed to weep.

Who were they—the solitary pair—all alone by themselves save a small image of her on whose breast it lay—whom—seven summers after—we came upon in our wanderings, before their Shieling in Correi-Vollach at the foot of Ben Chrulas, who sees his shadow in a hundred lochs? Who but Ranald and Flora!

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Nay, dry up—Daughter of our Age, dry up thy tears! and we shall set a vision before thine eyes to fill them with unmoistened light.

Oft before have those woods and waters—those clouds and mountains—that sun and sky, held thy spirit in Elysium,—thy spirit, that then was disembodied, and living in the beauty and the glory of the elements. 'Tis WINDERMERE—WINDERMERE! Never canst thou have forgotten those more than fortunate—those thrice-blessed Isles! But when last we saw them within the still heaven of thy smiling eyes, summer suns had overloaded them with beauty, and they stooped their flowers and foliage down to the blushing, the burning deep, that glowed in its transparency with other groves as gorgeous as themselves, the whole mingling mass of reality and of shadow forming one creation. But now, lo! Windermere in Winter. All leafless now the groves that girdled her as if shifting rainbows were in love perpetually letting fall their colours on the Queen of Lakes. Gone now are her banks of emerald that carried our calm gazings with them, sloping away back into the cerulean sky. Her mountains, shadowy in sunshine, and seeming restless as seas, where are they now?—The cloud-cleaving cliffs that shot up into the blue region where the buzzard sailed? All gone. But mourn not for that loss. Accustom thine eye—and through it thy soul to that transcendent substitution, and deeply will they be reconciled. Sawest thou ever the bosom of the Lake hushed into profounder rest? No white-winged pinnace glides through the sunshine—no clanking oar is heard leaving or approaching cape, point, or bay—no music of voice, stop, or string, wakens the sleeping echoes. How strangely dim and confused on the water the fantastic frostwork

nity and of eternal love, the ring, upon her finger—with its encased star shining brightly now that her eyes, once stars, are closed—would, methinks, be sublime to all Christian hearts In comparison with all these beautiful sublimities, Mount Ætna, the elephant, the man-of-war, Leviathan swimming the ocean-stream, Saturn with his ring, and with his horrid hair the comet—might be all less than nothings Therefore beauty and sublimity are twin feelings—one and the same birth—seldom inseparable,—if you still doubt it, become a fire-worshipper, and sing your morning and evening orisons to the rising and the setting sun

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THE HOLY CHILD.

This House of ours is a prison—this Study of ours a cell Time has laid his fetters on our feet—fetters fine as the gossamer, but strong as Samson's ribs, silken-soft to wise submission, but to vain impatience galling as cankered wound that keeps ceaselessly eating into the bone But while our bodily feet are thus bound by an inevitable and inexorable law, our mental wings are free as those of the lark, the dove, or the eagle—and they shall be expanded as of yore, in calm or tempest, now touching with their tips the bosom of this dearly beloved earth, and now aspiring heavenwards, beyond the realms of mist and cloud, even unto the very core of the still heart of that otherwise unapproachable sky which graciously opens to receive us on our flight, when, disencumbered of the burden of all grovelling thoughts, and strong in spirituality, we exult to soar

"Beyond this visible diurnal sphere,"

nearing and nearing the native region of its own incomprehensible being

Now touching, we said, with their tips the bosom of this dearly beloved earth! How sweet that attraction to imagination's wings! How delightful in that lower flight to skim along the green ground, or as now along the soft-bosomed beauty of the virgin snow! We were asleep all night long—sound asleep as children—while the flakes were falling, "and soft as snow on snow" were all the descendings of our untroubled dreams The moon and all her stars were willing that their lustre should be veiled by that peaceful shower, and now the sun, pleased with the purity of the morning earth, all white as innocence, looks down from heaven with a meek unmelting light, and still leaves undissolved the stainless splendour There is frost in the air—but he "does his spiriting gently," studding the ground-snow thickly with diamonds, and shaping the tree-snow according to the peculiar and characteristic beauty of the leaves and sprays, on which it has alighted almost as gently as the dews of spring You know every kind of tree still by its own spirit showing itself through that fairy veil—momentarily disguised from recognition—but admired the more in the sweet surprise with which again your heart salutes its familiar branches, all fancifully ornamented with their snow foliage, that murmurs not like the green leaves of summer, that like the yellow leaves of autumn strews not the earth with decay, but often melts away into changes so invisible and inaudible that you wonder to find that it is all vanished, and to see the old tree again standing in its own faint-green glossy bark, with its many million buds, which perhaps [illegible] suddenly expands into a power of umbrage impenetrable to the sun in Scorpio

A sudden burst of sunshine! bringing back the pensive spirit from the past to the present, and kindling it, till it dances like light reflected from a burning mirror A cheerful Sun-scene, though almost destitute of life An undulating Landscape, hillocky and hilly, but not mountainous, and buried under the weight of a day and night's incessant and continuous snow-fall The weather has not been windy—and now that the flakes have ceased falling, there is not a cloud to be seen, except some delicate braidings here and there along the calm of the Great Blue Sea of Heaven Most luminous is the sun, yet you can look straight on his face, almost with unwinking eyes, so mild and mellow is his large light as it overflows the day All enclosures have disappeared, and you indistinctly ken the greater landmarks, such as a grove, a wood, a hall, a castle, a spire, a village, a town—the faint haze of a far off and smokeless city. Most intense is the silence, for all the streams are dumb, and the great river lies like a dead serpent in the strath Not dead—for, lo! yonder one of his folds glitters—and in the glitter you see him moving—while all the rest of his sullen length is palsied by frost, and looks livid and more livid at every distant and more distant winding What blackens on that tower of snow? Crows roosting innumerous on a huge tree—but they caw not in their hunger Neither sheep nor cattle are to be seen or heard—but they are cared for,—the folds and the farm-yards are all full of life—and the ungathered stragglers are safe in their instincts There has been a deep fall—but no storm—and the silence, though partly that of suffering, is not that of death Therefore, to the imagination, unsaddened by the heart, the repose is beautiful The almost unbroken uniformity of the scene—its simple and grand monotony—lulls all the thoughts and feelings into a calm, over which is breathed the gentle excitation of a novel charm, inspiring many fancies, all of a quiet character. Their range, perhaps, is not very extensive, but they all regard the homefelt and domestic charities of life And the heart burns as here

hinder her from going up the hill-side, or down to the little village, to play with the other children, always too happy when she appeared—nothing to hinder her but the voice she heard speaking in that Book, and the hallelujahs that, at the turning over of each blessed page, came upon the ear of the "Holy Child" from white-robed saints all kneeling before His throne in heaven.

Her life seemed to be the same in sleep. Often at midnight, by the light of the moon shining in upon her little bed beside theirs, her parents leant over her face, diviner in dreams, and wept as she wept, her lips all the while murmuring, in broken sentences of prayer, the name of Him who died for us all. But plenteous as were her penitential tears—penitential in the holy humbleness of her stainless spirit, over thoughts that had never left a dimming breath on its purity, yet that seemed in those strange visitings to be haunting her as the shadows of sins—soon were they all dried up in the lustre of her returning smiles. Waking, her voice in the kirk was the sweetest among many sweet, as all the young singers, and she the youngest far, sat together by themselves, and within the congregational music of the psalm uplifted a silvery strain that sounded like the very spirit of the whole, even like angelic harmony blent with a mortal song. But sleeping, still more sweetly sang the "Holy Child," and then, too, in some diviner inspiration than ever was granted to it while awake, her soul composed its own hymns, and set the simple scriptural words to its own mysterious music—the tunes she loved best gliding into one another, without once ever marring the melody, with pathetic touches interposed never heard before, and never more to be renewed! For each dream had its own breathing, and many-visioned did then seem to be the sinless creature's sleep.

The love that was borne for her all over the hill-region, and beyond its circling clouds, was almost such as mortal creatures might be thought to feel for some existence that had visibly come from heaven. Yet all who looked on her, saw that she, like themselves, was mortal, and many an eye was wet, the heart wist not why, to hear such wisdom falling from such lips; for dimly did it prognosticate, that as short as bright would be her walk from the cradle to the grave. And thus for the "Holy Child" was their love elevated by awe, and saddened by pity—and as by herself she passed pensively by their dwellings, the same eyes that smiled on her presence, on her disappearance wept.

Not in vain for others—and for herself, oh! what great gain!—for those few years on earth did that pure spirit ponder on the word of God! Other children became pious from their delight in her piety—for she was simple as the simplest among them all, and walked with them hand in hand, nor declined companionship with any one that was good. But all grew good by being with her—and parents had but to whisper her name, and in a moment the passionate sob was hushed—the lowering brow lighted—and the household in peace. Older hearts owned the power of the piety so far surpassing their thoughts; and time-hardened sinners, it is said, when looking and listening to the "Holy Child," knew the error of their ways, and returned to the right path as at a voice from heaven.

Bright was her seventh summer—the brightest, so the aged said, that had ever, in man's memory, shone over Scotland. One long, still, sunny, blue day followed another, and in the rainless weather, though the dews kept green the hills, the song of the streams was low. But paler and paler, in sunlight and moonlight, became the sweet face that had been always pale; and the voice that had been always something mournful, breathed lower and sadder still from the too perfect whiteness of her breast. No need—no fear—to tell her that she was about to die. Sweet whispers had sung it to her in her sleep—and waking she knew it in the look of the piteous skies. But she spoke not to her parents of death more than she had often done—and never of her own. Only she seemed to love them with a more exceeding love—and was readier, even sometimes when no one was speaking, with a few drops of tears. Sometimes she disappeared—nor, when sought for, was found in the woods about the hut. And one day that mystery was cleared; for a shepherd saw her sitting by herself on a grassy mound in a nook of the small solitary kirkyard, a long mile off among the hills, so lost in reading the Bible, that shadow or sound of his feet awoke her not; and, ignorant of his presence, she knelt down and prayed—for a while weeping bitterly—but soon comforted by a heavenly calm—that her sins might be forgiven her!

One Sabbath evening, soon after, as she was sitting beside her parents at the door of their hut, looking first for a long while on their faces, and then for a long while on the sky, though it was not yet the stated hour of worship, she suddenly knelt down, and leaning on their knees, with hands clasped more fervently than her wont, she broke forth into tremulous singing of that hymn which from her lips they never heard without unendurable tears:

> "The hour of my departure's come,
> I hear the voice that calls me home;
> At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
> And let thy servant die in peace."

They carried her fainting to her little bed, and uttered not a word to one another till she revived. The shock was sudden, but not unexpected, and they knew now that the hand of death was upon her, although her eyes soon became brighter and brighter, they thought, than they had ever been before. But forehead, cheeks, lips, neck, and breast, were all as white, and, to the quivering hands that touched them, almost as cold as snow. Ineffable was the bliss in those radiant eyes; but the breath of words was frozen, and that hymn was almost her last farewell. Some few words she spake—and named the hour and day she wished to be buried. Her lips could then just faintly return the kiss and no more—a film came over the now dim blue of her eyes—the father listened for her breath—and then the mother took his place, and leaned her ear to the unbreathing mouth, long deluding her-

daisies on the green—till their meanings stole insensibly into her soul, and the sweet syllables, succeeding each other on the blessed page, were all united by the memories her heart had been treasuring every hour that her father or her mother had read aloud in her hearing from the Book of Life "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven"—how wept her parents, as these the most affecting of our Saviour's words dropt silver-sweet from her lips, and continued in her upward eyes among the swimming tears!

Be not incredulous of this dawn of reason, wonderful as it may seem to you, so soon becoming morn—almost perfect daylight—with the "Holy Child" Many such miracles are set before us—but we recognise them not, or pass them by with a word or a smile of short surprise How leaps the baby in its mother's arms, when the mysterious charm of music thrills through its little brain! And how learns it to modulate its feeble voice, unable yet to articulate, to the melodies that bring forth all round its eyes a delighted smile! Who knows what then may be the thoughts and feelings of the infant awakened to the sense of a new world, alive through all its being to sounds that haply glide past our ears unmeaning as the breath of the common air! Thus have mere infants sometimes been seen inspired by music till, like small genii, they warbled spell-strains of their own, powerful to sadden and subdue our hearts So, too, have infant eyes been so charmed by the rainbow irradiating the earth, that almost infant hands have been taught, as if by inspiration, the power to paint in finest colours, and to imitate, with a wondrous art, the skies so beautiful to the quick-awakened spirit of delight. What knowledge have not some children acquired, and gone down scholars to their small untimely graves! Knowing that such things have been—are—and will be—why art thou incredulous of the divine expansion of soul, so soon understanding the things that are divine—in the "Holy Child?"

Thus grew she in the eye of God, day by day waxing wiser and wiser in the knowledge that tends towards the skies, and, as if some angel visitant were nightly with her in her dreams, awakening every morn with a new dream of thought, that brought with it a gift of more comprehensive speech Yet merry she was at times with her companions among the woods and braes, though while they all were laughing, she only smiled, and the passing traveller, who might pause for a moment to bless the sweet creatures in their play, could not but single out one face among the many fair, so pensive in its paleness, a face to be remembered, coming from afar, like a mournful thought upon the hour of joy

Sister or brother of her own had she none—and often both her parents—who lived in a hut by itself up among the mossy stumps of the old decayed forest—had to leave her alone—sometimes even all the day long from morning till night But she no more wearied in her solitariness than does the wren in the wood All the flowers were her friends—all the birds The linnet ceased not his song for her, though her footsteps wandered into the green glade among the yellow broom, almost within reach of the spray from which he poured his melody—the quiet eyes of his mate feared her not when her garments almost touched the bush where she brooded on her young Shyest of the winged silvans, the cushat clapped not her wings away on the soft approach of such harmless footsteps to the pine that concealed her slender nest As if blown from heaven, descended round her path the showers of the painted butterflies, to feed, sleep, or die—undisturbed by her—upon the wild-flowers—with wings, when motionless, undistinguishable from the blossoms And well she loved the brown, busy, blameless bees, come thither for the honey-dews from a hundred cots sprinkled all over the parish, and all high overhead sailing away at evening, laden and wearied, to their straw-roofed skeps in many a hamlet garden The leaf of every tree shrub, and plant, she knew familiarly and lovingly in its own characteristic beauty, and she was loath to shake one dew-drop from the sweetbrier-rose And well she knew that all nature loved her in return—that they were dear to each other in their innocence—and that the very sunshine, in motion or in rest, was ready to come at the bidding of her smiles Skilful those small white hands of hers among the reeds and rushes and osiers—and many a pretty flower-basket grew beneath their touch, her parents wondering on their return home to see the handiwork of one who was never idle in her happiness Thus early—ere yet but five years old—did she earn her mite for the sustenance of her own beautiful life The russet garb she wore she herself had won—and thus Poverty, at the door of that hut, became even like a Guardian Angel, with the lineaments of heaven on her brow, and the quietude of heaven beneath her feet

But these were but her lonely pastimes, or gentle taskwork self-imposed among her pastimes, and itself the sweetest of them all, inspired by a sense of duty that still brings with it its own delight, and hallowed by religion, that even in the most adverse lot changes slavery into freedom—till the heart, insensible to the bonds of necessity, sings aloud for joy The life within the life of the "Holy Child," apart from even such innocent employments as these, and from such recreations as innocent, among the shadows and the sunshine of those silvan haunts, was passed—let us fear not to say the truth, wondrous as such worship was in one so very young—was passed in the worship of God, and her parents—though sometimes even saddened to see such piety in a small creature like her, and afraid, in their exceeding love, that it betokened an early removal from this world of one too perfectly pure ever to be touched by its sins and sorrows—forbore, in an awful pity, ever to remove the Bible from her knees, as she would sit with it there, not at morning and at evening only, or all the Sabbath long as soon as they returned from the kirk, but often through all the hours of the longest and sunniest week-days, when, had she chosen to do so, there was nothing to

self with its lifelike smile, but a sudden darkness in the room, and a sudden stillness, most dreadful both, convinced their unbelieving hearts at last, that it was death

All the parish, it may be said, attended her funeral—for none stayed away from the kirk that Sabbath—though many a voice was unable to join in the Psalm The little grave was soon filled up—and you hardly knew that the turf had been disturbed beneath which she lay The afternoon service consisted but of a prayer—for he who ministered, had loved her with love unspeakable—and, though an old grayhaired man, all the time he prayed he wept In the sobbing kirk her parents were sitting, but no one looked at them—and when the congregation rose to go, there they remained sitting—and an hour afterwards, came out again into the open air, and parting with their pastor at the gate, walked away to their hut, overshadowed with the blessing of a thousand prayers

And did her parents, soon after she was buried, die of broken hearts, or pine away disconsolately to their graves? Think not that they, who were Christians indeed, could be guilty of such ingratitude "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord!" were the first words they had spoke by that bedside, during many, many long years of weal or wo, duly every morning and night, these same blessed words did they utter when on their knees together in prayer—and many a thousand times besides, when they were apart, she in her silent hut, and he on the hill—neither of them unhappy in their solitude, though never again, perhaps, was his countenance so cheerful as of yore—and though often suddenly amidst mirth or sunshine their eyes were seen to overflow Happy had they been—as we mortal beings ever can be happy—during many pleasant years of wedded life before she had been born And happy were they—on to the verge of old age—long after she had here ceased to be Their Bible had indeed been an idle book—the Bible that belonged to "the Holy Child,"—and idle all their kirk-goings with "the Holy Child," through the Sabbath-calm—had those intermediate years not left a power of bliss behind them triumphant over death and the grave

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OUR PARISH.

NATURE must be bleak and barren indeed to possess no power over the young spirit daily expanding on her breast into new susceptibilities, that erelong are felt to fill life to overflowing with a perpetual succession—an infinite series—of enjoyments Nowhere is she destitute of that power—not on naked seashores—not in central deserts But our boyhood was environed by the beautiful—its home was among moors and mountains, which people in towns and cities called dreary, but which we knew to be the cheerfullest and most gladsome parish in all braid Scotland—and well it might be, for it was in her very heart Mountains they seemed to us in those days, though now we believe they are only hills But such hills!—undulating far and wide away till the highest even on clear days seemed to touch the sky, and in cloudy weather were verily a part of heaven Many a valley, and many a glen—and many a hollow that was neither valley nor glen—and many a flat, of but a few green acres, which we thought plains—and many a cleft waterless with its birks and brechans, except when the rains came down, and then they all sang a new song in merry chorus—and many a wood, and many a grove, for it takes no great number of trees to make a wood, and four firs by themselves in a lonesome place are a grove—and many a single sycamore, and many a single ash, kenned afar-off above its protected cottage—and many an indescribable spot of scenery, at once pastoral and agricultural and silvan, where if house there was, you hardly knew it among the rocks,—so was Our Parish, which people in towns and cities called dreary, composed, but the composition itself—as well might we hope thus to show it to your soul's eye, as by a few extracts however fine, and a few criticisms however exquisite, to give you the idea of a perfect poem

But we have not given you more than a single hint of a great part of our Parish—the Moor It was then ever so many miles long, and ever so many miles broad, and nobody thought of guessing how many miles round—but some twenty years ago it was absolutely measured to a rood by a land-louper of a land-surveyor—distributed—drained—enclosed—utterly ruined for ever No, not for ever Nature laughs to scorn acts of Parliament, and we predict that in a quarter of a century she will resume her management of that moor We rejoice to hear that she is beginning already to take lots of it into her own hands Wheat has no business there, and should keep to the carses In spring she takes him by the braird till he looks yellow in the face long before his time—in summer, by the cuff of the neck till he lies down on his back and rots in the rain—in autumn, by the ears, and rubs him against the grain till he expires as fushionless as the winnlestraes with which he is interlaced—in winter, she shakes him in the stook till he is left but a shadow which pigeons despise See him in stack at Christmas, and you pity the poor straw Here and there bits of bear or big, and barley, she permits to flourish—nor is she loth to see the flowers and shaws and apples on the poor man's plant, the life-sustaining potato—which none but political economists hate and

after you heard something odder still in the bog. And while wondering, and of your wonder finding no end, the ground, which a moment before had felt firm as a road, began to shrink, and sink, and hesitate, and hurry, and crumble, and mumble all around you, and close up to your very feet—the quagmires gurgling as if choked—and a subterranean voice distinctly articulating Oh! Oh! Oh!

We have heard of people who pretend not to believe in ghosts—geologists who know how the world was created; but will they explain that moor? And how happened it that only by nights and dark nights it was so haunted? Beneath a wakeful moon and unwinking stars it was silent as a frozen sea. You listened then, and heard but the grass growing, and beautiful grass it was, though it was called coarse, and made the sweetest-scented hay. What crowds of bum-bees' bykes—foggies—did the scythe not reveal as it heaped up the heavy swathes—three hundred stone to the acre—by guess—for there was neither weighing nor measuring there then-a-days, but all was in the lump—and there the rush-roped stacks stood all the winter through, that they might be near the "eerie outlan cattle," on places where cart-wheel never circled, nor axle-tree creaked—nor ever car of antique make trailed its low load along—for the horse would have been laired. We knew not then at all—and now we but imperfectly know—the cause of the Beautiful. Then we believed the Beautiful to be wholly extern; something we had nothing to do with but to look at, and lo! it shone divinely there! Happy creed if false—for in it, with holiest reverence, we blamelessly adored the stars. There they were in millions as we thought—every one brighter than another, when by chance we happened to fix on any individual among them, that we might look through its face into its heart. All above gloriously glittering; all below a blank. Our body here, our spirit there—how mean our birth-place, our death-home, how magnificent! "Fear God and keep his commandments," said a small still voice—and we felt that if He gave us strength to obey that law, we should live for ever beyond all those stars.

But were there no Lochs in our parish? Yea—Four. The Little Loch—the White Loch—the Black Loch—and the Brother Loch. Not a tree on the banks of any one of them—yet he had been a blockhead who called them bare. Had there been any need for trees, Nature would have sown them on hills she so dearly loved. Nor sheep nor cattle were ever heard to complain of those pastures. They bleated and they lowed as cheerily as the moorland birdies sang—and how cheerily that was nobody knew who had not often met the morning on the brae, and shaken hands with her the rosy-fingered like two familiar friends. No want of loun places there, in which the creatures could lie with wool or hair unruffled among surrounding storms. For the hills had been dropt from the hollow of His hand who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"—and even high up, where you might see tempest-stricken stones—one of them like pillars—but placed not there by human art—there were cozy bields in wildest weather, and some into which the snow was never known to drift, green all the winter through—perennial nests. Such was the nature of the region where lay our Four Lochs. They were some quarter of a mile—some half mile—and some whole mile—not more—asunder; but there was no great height—and we have a hundred times climbed the highest—from which they could be all seen at once—so cannily were they embosomed, so needed not to be embowered.

The LITTLE LOCH was the rushiest and reediest little rascal that ever rustled, and he was on the very edge of the Moor. That he had fish we all persisted in believing, in spite of all the successless angling of all kinds, that from time immemorial had assailed his sullen depths—but what a place for powheads! One continued bank of them—while yet they were but eyes in the spawn—encircled it instead of water lilies, and at "the season of the year," by throwing in a few stones you awoke a croaking that would have silenced a rookery. In the early part of the century a pike had been seen basking in the shallows, by eye-measurement about ten feet long—but fortunately he had never been hooked, or the consequences would have been fatal. We have seen the Little Loch alive with wild-ducks, but it was almost impossible by position to get a shot at them—and quite impossible, if you did, to get hold of the slain. Fro himself—the best dog that ever dived—was baffled by the multiplicity of impediments and obstructions—and at last refused to take the water—sat down and howled in spiteful rage. Yet Imagination loved the Little Loch, and so did Hope. We have conquered it in sleep both with rod and gun—the weight of bag and basket has wakened us out of dreams of murder that never were realized—yet once, and once only, in it we caught an eel, which we skinned, and wore the shrivel for many a day round our ankle—nor is it a vain superstition—to preserve it from sprains. We are willing the Little Loch should be drained; but you would have to dig a fearsome trench, for it used to have no bottom. A party of us—six—ascertained that fact, by heaving into it a stone which six-and-thirty schoolboys of this degenerate age could not have lifted from its moss-bed—and though we watched for an hour not a bubble rose to the surface. It used sometimes to boil like a pot on breathless days, for events happening in foreign countries disturbed the spring, and the torments it suffered thousands of fathoms below, were manifested above in turbulence that would have drowned a schoolboy's skiff.

The WHITE LOCH—so called from the silver sand of its shores—had likewise its rushy and reedy bogs; but access to every part of the main body was unimpeded, and you waded into it, gradually deeper and deeper, with such a delightful descent, that up to the arm-pits and then to the chin, you could keep touching the sand with your big-toe, till you floated away off at the nail, out of your depth, without for a little while discovering that it was incumbent on you, for sake of your personal safety, to take to regular swimming—and then how

ails the boy? He covers his face with his hands, and in his silence sighs. A small white hand, with its fingers spread, rises out of the spring, as if it were beckoning to heaven in prayer—and then is sucked slowly in again out of sight with a gurgling groan. The spring so fresh and fair—so beautiful with its cresses and many another water-loving plant beside—is changed into the same horrid quagmire it was that day—a holyday—three years ago—when racing in her joy Amy Lewars blindly ran into it, among her blithe companions, and suddenly perished. Childhood they say, soon dries its tears, and soon forgets. God be praised for all his goodness! true it is that on the cheek of childhood tears are dried up as if by the sunshine of joy stealing from on high—but, God be praised for all his goodness! false it is that the heart of childhood has not a long memory, for in a moment the mournful past revives within it—as often as the joyful—sadness becomes sorrow, sorrow grief, and grief anguish, as now it is with the solitary boy seated by that ghastly spot in the middle of the wide moor.

Away he flies, and he is humming a tune. But what's this? A merry-making in the moor? Ay, merry-making, but were you to take part in it, you would find it about the hardest work that ever tried the strength of your spine. 'Tis a party of divotflaughters. The people in the parish are now digging their peats, and here is a whole household, provident of winter, borrowing fuel from the moss. They are far from coals, and wood is intended by nature for other uses; but fire in peat she dedicated to the hearth, and there it burns all over Scotland, Highland and Lowland, far and near, at many a holy altar. 'Tis the mid-day hour of rest. Some are half-asleep, some yet eating, some making a sort of under-voiced, under-hand love. "Mr North! Mr North! Mr North!" is the joyful cry—horny-fists first—downy-fists next—and after heartiest greeting, Master Kitty is installed, enthroned on a knowe, Master of the Ceremonies—and in good time gives them a song. Then "galliards cry a hall, a hall," and hark and lo! preluded by six smacks—three foursome reels! "Sic hirdum-dirdum and sic din," on the sward, to a strathspey frae the fiddle o' auld blin' Hugh Lyndsay, the itinerant musicianer, who was noways particular about the number of his strings, and when one, or even two snapped, used to play away at pretty much of the same tune with redoubled energy and variations. He had the true old Niel-Gow yell, and had he played on for ever, folk would have danced on for ever till they had all, one after the other, dropped down dead. What steps!

"Who will try me," cries Kit, "at loup-the-barrows?" "I will," quoth Souple Tam. The barrows are laid—how many side by side we fear to say—for we have become sensitive on our veracity—on a beautiful piece of springy-turf, an inclined plane with length sufficient for a run, and while old and young line both sides of the lane near the loup, stript to the sark and the breeks, Souple Tam, as he fondly thinks, shows the way to win, and clears them all like a frog or a roebuck. "Clear the way, clear the way for the callant, Kit's coming!" cries Ebenezer Brackenrigg, the Elder, a douce man now, but a deevil in his youth, and like "a waff o' lichtnin'" past their een, Kit clears the barrows a foot beyond Souple Tam, and at the first fly is declared victor by acclamation. Oh, our unprophetic soul! did the day indeed dawn—many long years after this our earliest great conquest yet traditional in the parish—that ere nightfall witnessed our defeat by—a tailor! The Flying Tailor of Ettrick—the Lying Shepherd thereof—would they had never been born—the one to triumph and the other to record that triumph,—yet let us be just to the powers of our rival—for though all the world knows we were lame when we leapt him, long past our prime, had been wading all day in the Yarrow with some stones-weight in our creel, and allowed him a yard,

"Great must I call him, for he vanquish'd ME."

What a place at night was that Moor! At night! That is a most indeterminate mode of expression, for there are nights of all sorts and sizes, and what kind of a night do we mean? Not a mirk night, for no man ever walked that moor on a mirk night, except one, and he, though blind-fou, was drowned. But a night may be dark without being mirk, with or without stars; and on many such a night have we, but not always alone—who was with us you shall never know—threaded our way with no other clue than that of evolving recollections, originally notices, across that wilderness of labyrinths, fearlessly, yet at times with a beating heart. Our companion had her clue too, one in her pocket, of blue worsted, with which she kept in repair all the stockings belonging to the family, and one in her memory, of green ethereal silk, which, finer far than any spider's web, she let out as she tript along the moor, and on her homeward-way she felt, by some spiritual touch, the invisible lines, along which she retript as safely as if they had been moonbeams. During such journeyings we never saw the moor, how then can you expect us to describe it?

But oftener we were alone. Earthquakes abroad are dreadful occurrences, and blot out the obituary. But here they are so gentle that the heedless multitude never feel them, and on hearing you tell of them, they incredulously stare. That moor made no show of religion, but was a Quaker. We had but to stand still for five minutes or so, no easy matter then, for we were more restless than a wave, or to lie down with our ear to the ground, and the spirit was sure to move the old Quaker, who forthwith began to preach and pray and sing Psalms. How he moaned at times as if his heart were breaking! At times, as if some old forgotten sorrow were recalled, how he sighed! Then recovering his self-possession, as if to clear his voice, he gave a hem, and then a short nasty cough like a patient in a consumption. Now all was hush, and you might have supposed he had fallen asleep, for in that hush you heard what seemed an intermitting snore. When all at once, whew, whew, whew, as if he were whistling, accompanied with a strange rushing sound as of diving wings. That was in the air—but instantly

dolphins within a fathom of the shore, and sucking in the red heckle among your very feet Not an insect in the air, yet then the fly was all the rage This is a mystery, for you could do nothing with the worm Oh! that we had then known the science of the spinning minnow! But we were then but an apprentice—who are now Emeritus Grand Master Yet at this distance of time—half a century and more—it is impious to repine Gut was not always to be got, and on such days a three-haired snood did the business—for they were bold as lions, and rashly rushed on death The gleam of the yellow-worsted body with star-y-pointed tail maddened them with desire—no dallying with the gay-deceiver—they licked him in—they gorged him—and while satiating their passion got involved in inextricable fate You have seen a single strong horse ploughing up hill How he sets his brisket to it—and snuves along—as the furrows fall in beautiful regularity from the gliding share So snuved along the Monarch of the Mere—or the heir-apparent—or heir-presumptive—or some other branch of the royal family—while our line kept steadily cutting the waves, and our rod enclosing some new segment of the sky

But many another pastime we pursued upon those pastoral hills, for even angling has its due measure, and unless that be preserved, the passion wastes itself into lassitude, or waxes into disease "I would not angle alway," thinks the wise boy—"off to some other game we altogether flew" Never were there such hills for hare and hounds There couched many a pussey—and there Bob Howie's famous Tickler—the Grew of all Grews—first stained his flues in the blood of the Fur But there is no coursing between April and October—and during the intervening months we used to have many a hunt on foot, without dogs, after the leverets We all belonged to the High School indeed, and here was its playground Cricket we had then never heard of, but there was ample room and verge enough for football Our prime delight, however, was the chase We were all in perpetual training, and in such wind that there were no bellows to mend after a flight of miles We circled the Lochs Plashing through the marishes we strained winding up the hillsides, till on the cairn called a beacon that crowned the loftiest summit of the range, we stood and waved defiance to our pursuers scattered wide and far below, for 'twas a Deer hunt Then we became cavaliers We caught the long-maned and long-tailed colts, and mounting bare-backed, with rush helmets and segg sabres charged the nowte till the stirks were scattered, and the lowing lord of herds himself taken captive, as he stood pawing in a nook with his nose to the ground and eyes of fire That was the riding-school in which we learned to witch the world with noble horsemanship We thus got confirmed in that fine, easy, unconstrained, natural seat, which we carried with us into the saddle when we were required to handle the bridle instead of the mane 'Tis right to hold on by the knees, but equally so to hold on by the calves of the legs and the heels The modern system of turning out the toes, and sticking out the legs as if they were cork or timber, is at once dangerous and ridiculous, hence in our cavalry the men got unhorsed in every charge On pony-back we used to make the soles of our feet smack together below the belly, for quadruped and biped were both unshod, and hoof needed no iron on that stoneless sward But the biggest fun of all was to "grup the auld mare," and ride her sextuple, the tallest boy sitting on the neck, and the shortest on the rump with his face to the tail, and holding on by that fundamental feature by which the urchin tooled her along as by a tiller How the silly foal whinnied, as with light-gathered steps he accompanied in circles his populous parent, and seemed almost to doubt her identity, till one by one we slipped off over her hurdies, and let him take a suck! But what comet is yon in the sky—"with fear of change perplexing mallards?" A Flying Dragon Of many degrees is his tail, with a tuft like that of Taurus terrified by the sudden entrance of the Sun into his sign Up goes Sandy Donald's rusty and rimless beaver as a messenger to the Celestial He obeys, and stooping his head, descends with many diverse divings, and buries his beak in the earth The feathered kite quails and is cowed by him of paper, and there is a scampering of cattle on a hundred hills

The Brother Loch saw annually another sight, when on the Green-Brae was pitched a Tent—a snow-white Pyramid, gathering to itself all the sunshine There lords and ladies, and knights and squires, celebrated Old May-day, and half the parish flocked to the Festival The Earl of Eglintoun, and Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, and old Sir John of Polloc, and Pollock of that Ilk, and other heads of illustrious houses, with their wives and daughters, a beautiful show, did not disdain them of low degree, but kept open table in the moor, and would you believe it, high-born youths and maidens ministered at the board to cottage lads and lasses, whose sunburnt faces hardly dared to smile, under awe of that courtesy—yet whenever they looked up there was happiness in their eyes The young ladies were all arrayed in green, and after the feast they took bows and arrows in their lily hands, and shot at a target in a style that would have gladdened the heart of Maid Marian—nay, of Robin himself,—and one surpassing bright—the Star of Ayr—she held a hawk on her wrist—a tercel gentle—after the fashion of the olden time, and ever as she moved her arm you heard the chiming of silver bells And her brother—gay and gallant as Sir Tristrem—he blew his tasseled bugle—so sweet, so pure, so wild the music, that when he ceased to breathe, the far-off repeated echoes, faint and dim, you thought died away in heaven, like an angel's voice

Was it not a Paragon of a Parish? But we have not told you one half of its charms There was a charm in every nook—and Youth was the master of the spell Small magicians were we in size, but we were great in might We had but to open our eyes in the morning, and at one look all nature was beautiful. We have

buoyant was the milk-warm water, without a wave but of your own creating, as the ripples went circling away before your breast or your breath! It was absolutely too clear—for without knitting your brows you could not see it on bright airless days—and wondered what had become of it—when all at once, as if it had been that very moment created out of nothing, there it was! endued with some novel beauty—for of all the lochs we ever knew—and to be so simple too—the White Loch had surely the greatest variety of expression—but all within the cheerful—for sadness was alien altogether from its spirit, and the gentle Mere for ever wore a smile. Swans—but that was but once—our own eyes had seen on it—and were they wild or were they tame swans, certain it is they were great and glorious and lovely creatures, and whiter than any snow. No house was within sight, and they had nothing to fear—nor did they look afraid—sailing in the centre of the loch—nor did we see them fly away—for we lay still on the hillside till in the twilight we should not have known what they were, and we left them there among the shadows seemingly asleep. In the morning they were gone, and perhaps making love in some foreign land.

The Black Loch was a strange misnomer for one so fair—for black we never saw him, except it might be for an hour or so before thunder. If he really was a loch of colour the original taint had been washed out of him, and he might have shown his face among the purest waters of Europe. But then he was deep, and knowing that, the natives had named him, in no unnatural confusion of ideas, the Black Loch. We have seen wild-duck eggs five fathoms down so distinctly that we could count them—and though that is not a bad dive, we have brought them up, one in our mouth and one in each hand, the tenants of course dead—nor can we now conjecture what sank them there, but ornithologists see unaccountable sights, and they only who are not ornithologists disbelieve Audubon and Wilson. Two features had the Black Loch which gave it to our eyes a pre-eminence in beauty over the other three—a tongue of land that half divided it, and never on hot days was without some cattle grouped on its very point, and in among the water—and a cliff on which, though it was not very lofty, a pair of falcons had their nest. Yet in misty weather, when its head was hidden, the shrill cry seemed to come from a great height. There were some ruins too—tradition said of some church or chapel—that had been ruins long before the establishment of the Protestant faith. But they were somewhat remote, and likewise somewhat imaginary, for stones are found lying strangely distributed, and those looked to our eyes not like such as builders use, but to have been dropped there most probably from the moon.

But the best beloved, if not the most beautiful, of them all was the Brother Loch. It mattered not what was his disposition of genius, every one of us boys, however different might be our other tastes, preferred it far beyond the rest, and for once that we visited any of them we visited it twenty times, nor ever once left it with disappointed hopes of enjoyment. It was the nearest, and therefore most within our power, so that we could gallop to it on shank's naiggie, well on in the afternoon, and enjoy what seemed a long day of delight, swift as flew the hours, before evening-prayers. Yet was it remote enough to make us always feel that our race thither was not for every day—and we seldom returned home without an adventure. It was the largest too by far of the Four—and indeed its area would have held the waters of all the rest. Then there was a charm to our heart as well as our imagination in its name—for tradition assigned it on account of three brothers that perished in its waters—and the same name for the same reason belongs to many another loch—and to one pool on almost every river. But above all it was the Loch for angling, and we long kept to perch. What schools! Not that they were of a very large size—though pretty well—but hundreds all nearly the same size gladdened our hearts as they lay, at the close of our sport, in separate heaps on the greensward-shore, more beautiful out of all sight than your silver or golden fishes in a glass-vase, where one appears to be twenty, and the delusive voracity is all for a single crumb. No bait so killing as cowshairn-mawks, fresh from their native bed, scooped out with the thumb. He must have been a dear friend to whom in a scarcity, by the water-side, when the corks were dipping, we would have given a mawk. No pike. Therefore the trout were allowed to gain their natural size—and that seemed to be about five pounds—adolescents not unfrequent swam two or three—and you seldom or never saw the smaller fry. But few were the days "good for the Brother Loch." Perch rarely failed you, for by perseverance you were sure to fall in with one circumnatatory school or other, and to do murderous work among them with the mawk, from the schoolmaster himself inclusive down to the little booby of the lowest form. Not so with Trout. We have angled ten hours a-day for half a-week, (during the vacance,) without ever getting a single rise, nor could even that be called bad sport, for we lived in momentary expectation, mingled with fear, of a monster. Better far from sunrise to sunset never to move a fin, than oh! me miserable! to hook a huge hero with shoulders like a hog—play him till he comes floating side up close to the shore, and then to feel the feckless fly leave his lip and begin gamboling in the air, while he wallops away back into his native element, and sinks utterly and for evermore into the dark profound. Life loses at such a moment all that makes life desirable—yet strange! the wretch lives on—and has not the heart to drown himself, as he wrings his hands and curses his lot and the day he was born. But, thank Heaven, that ghastly fit of fancy is gone by, and we imagine one of those dark, scowling, gusty, almost tempestuous days, "prime for the Brother Loch." No glare or glitter on the water, no reflection of fleecy clouds, but a black-blue undulating swell, at times turbulent—with now and then a breaking wave—that was the weather in which the giants fed, showing their backs like

and the burn has become a stream You wade now through longer grass—sometimes even up to the knees; and half-forgetting pastoral life, you ejaculate "Speed the plough!" Whitewashed houses—but still thatched—look down on you from among trees, that shelter them in front, while behind is an encampment of stacks, and on each side a line of offices, so that they are snug in every wind that blows The Auld Brigg is gone, which is a pity, for though the turn was perilous sharp, time had so coloured it, that in a sunny shower we have mistaken it for a rainbow That's Humbie House, God bless it! and though we cannot here with our bodily sense see the Manse, with our spiritual eye we can see it anywhere Ay! there is the cock on the Kirk-spire! The wind we see has shifted to the south, and ere we reach the Cart, we shall have to stuff our pockets The Cart!—ay, the river Cart—not that on which pretty Paisley stands, but the Black Cart, beloved by us chiefly for sake of Cath-Cart Castle, which, when a collegian at Glasgow, we visited every Play-Friday, and deepened the ivy on its walls with our first sombre dreams The scenery of the Yearn becomes even silvan now; and though still sweet it murmurs to our ear, they no longer sink into our hearts So let it mingle with the Cart, and the Cart with the Clyde, and the Clyde widen away in all his majesty, till the river becomes a firth, and the firth the sea,—but we shut our eyes, and relapse into the vision that showed us the solitary region dearest to our imagination and our hearts, and opening them on completion of the charm that works within the spirit when no daylight is there, rejoice to find ourselves again sole-sitting on the Green-Brae above the Brother Loch

Such is an off-hand picture of Our Parish—pray, give us one of yours, that both may gain by comparison But is ours a true picture? True as Holy Writ—false as any fiction in an Arabian tale How is this? Perception, memory, imagination, are all modes—states of mind But mind, as we said before, is one substance, and matter another, and mind never deals with matter without metamorphosing it like a mythologist Thus truth and falsehood, reality and fiction, become all one and the same, for they are so essentially blended, that we defy you to show what is biblical—what apocryphal—and what pure romance How we transpose and dislocate while we limn in aerial colours! Where tree never grew we drop it down centuries old—or we tear out the gnarled oak by the roots, and steep what was once his shadow in sunshine—hills sink at a touch, or at a beck mountains rise; yet amidst all those fluctuations the spirit of the place remains the same, for in that spirit has imagination all along been working, and boon nature smiles on her son as he imitates her creations—but "hers are heavenly, his an empty dream"

Where lies Our Parish, and what is its name? Seek, and you will find it either in Renfrewshire, or in Utopia, or in the Moon As for its name, men call it the Mearns M'Culloch, the great Glasgow painter—and in Scotland he has no superior—will perhaps accompany you to what once was the Moor All the Four Lochs, we understand, are there still, but the Little Loch transmogrified into an auxiliar appurtenance to some cursed Wark—the Brother Loch much exhausted by daily drains upon him by we know not what wretch—the White Loch *larched*—and the Black Loch of a ghastly blue, cruelly cultivated all close round the brim From his moor

"The parting genius is with sighing sent,"

but sometimes, on blear-eyed days, he is seen disconsolately sitting in some yet mossy spot among the ruins of his ancient reign That painter has studied the aspect of the Old Forlorn, and has shown it more than once on bits of canvas not a foot long, and such pictures will survive after the Ghost of the Genius has bade farewell to the ruined solitudes he had haunted ever since the flood, or been laid beneath the yet unprofaned Green-Brae, above the Brother Loch, whence we devoutly trust he will reissue, though ages may have to elapse, to see all his quagmires in their primeval glory, and all his hags more hideously beautiful, as they yawn back again into their former selves, frowning over the burial in their bottoms of all the harvests that had dared to ripen above their heads

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MAY-DAY.

Art thou beautiful, as of old, O wild, moorland, silvan, and pastoral Parish! the Paradise in which our spirit dwelt beneath the glorious dawning of life—can it be, beloved world of boyhood, that thou art indeed beautiful as of old? Though round and round thy boundaries in half an hour could fly the flapping dove—though the martens, wheeling to and fro that ivied and wall-flowered ruin of a Castle, central in its own domain, seem in their more distant flight to glance their crescent wings over a vale rejoicing apart in another kirkspire, yet how rich in streams, and rivulets, and rills, each with its own peculiar murmur—art Thou with thy bold bleak exposure, sloping upwards in ever lustrous undulations to the portals of the East? How endless the interchange of woods and meadows, glens, dells, and broomy nooks, without number, among thy banks and braes! And then of human dwellings—how rises the smoke, ever and anon, into the sky, all neighbouring on each other, so that the cock-crow is heard from homestead to homestead—while

said nothing about the Burns The chief was the Yearn—endearingly called the Humby, from a farm near the Manse, and belonging to the minister Its chief source was, we believe, the Brother Loch But it whimpled with such an infantine voice from the lucid bay, which then knew nor sluice nor dam, that for a while it was scarcely even a rill, and you had to seek for it among the heather In doing so, ten to one some brooding birdie fluttered off her nest —but not till your next step would have crushed them all—or perhaps—but he had no nest there—a snipe There it is—betrayed by a line of livelier verdure Erelong it sparkled within banks of its own and "braes of green bracken," and as you footed along, shoals of minnows, and perhaps a small trout or two, brastled away to the other side of the shallow, and hid themselves in the shadows 'Tis a pretty rill now—nor any longer mute, and you hear it murmur It has acquired confidence on its course, and has formed itself into its first pool—a waterfall, three feet high, with its own tiny rocks, and a single birk—no, it is a rowan —too young yet to bear berries—else might a child pluck the highest cluster Imperceptibly, insensibly, it grows just like life The Burn is now in his boyhood, and a bold, bright boy he is—dancing and singing—nor heeding which way he goes along the wild, any more than that wee rosy-cheeked, flaxen-headed girl seems to heed, who drops you a curtsey, and on being asked by you, with your hand on her hair, where she is going, answers wi' a soft Scottish accent—ah! how sweet—"owre the hill to see my Mither" Is that a house? No —a fauld For this is the Washing-Pool Look around you, and you never saw such perfectly white sheep They are Cheviots, for the black-faces are on the higher hills to the north of the moor We see a few rigs of flax—and "lint is in the bell"—the steeping whereof will sadly annoy the bit burnie, but poor people must spin—and as this is not the season, we will think of nothing that can pollute his limpid waters Symptoms of husbandry! Potato shaws luxuriating on lazy beds, and a small field with alternate rigs of oats and barley Yes, that is a house—"an auld clay bigging"—in such Robin Burns was born—in such was rocked the cradle of Pollok We think we hear two separate liquid voices—and we are right—for from the flats beyond Floak, and away towards Kingswells, comes another yet wilder burnie, and they meet in one at the head of what you would probably call a meadow, but which we call a holm There seems to be more arable land hereabouts than a stranger could have had any idea of, but it is a long time since the ploughshare traced those almost obliterated furrows on the hillside, and such cultivation is now wisely confined, you observe, to the lower lands We fear the Yearn—for that is his name now—heretofore he was anonymous—is about to get flat But we must not grudge him a slumber or a sleep among the saughs, lulled by the murmur of millions of humble bees—we speak within bounds—on their honied flowerage We are confusing the seasons, for a few minutes ago we spoke of "lint being in the bell," but in imagination's dream how sweetly do the seasons all slide into one another! After sleep comes play, and see and hear now how the merry Yearn goes tumbling over rocks, nor will rest in any one linn, but impatient of each beautiful prison in which one would think he might lie a willing thrall, hurries on as if he were racing against time, nor casts a look at the human dwellings now more frequent near his sides But he will be stopped by and by, whether he will or no, for there, if we be not much mistaken, there is a mill But the wheel is at rest—the sluice on the lade is down—with the lade he has nothing more to do than to fill it, and with undiminished volume he wends round the miller's garden—you see Dusty Jacket is a florist—and now is hidden in a dell, but a dell without any rocks 'Tis but some hundred yards across from bank to brae—and as you angle along on either side, the sheep and lambs are bleating high overhead, for though the braes are steep, they are all intersected with sheep-walks, and ever and anon among the broom and the brackens are little platforms of close-nibbled greensward, yet not bare—and nowhere else is the pasturage more succulent—nor do the young creatures not care to taste the primroses, though were they to live entirely upon them, they could not keep down the profusion—so thickly studded in places are the constellations among sprinklings of single stars Here the hill-blackbird builds—and here you know why Scotland is called the lintie's land What bird lilts like the lintwhite? The lark alone But here there are no larks—a little further down and you will hear one ascending or descending over almost every field of grass or of the tender braird Down the dell before you, flitting from stone to stone, on short flight seeks the water-pyet—seemingly a witless creature with its bonnie white breast—to wile you away from the crevice, even within the waterfall, that holds its young—or with a cock of her tail she dips and disappears There is grace in the glancing sandpiper—nor, though somewhat fantastical, is the water-wagtail inelegant—either belle or beau—an outlandish bird that makes himself at home wherever he goes, and, vain as he looks, is contented if but one admire him in a solitary place—though it is true that we have seen them in half dozens on the midden in front of the cottage door The blue slip of sky overhead has been gradually widening, and the dell is done Is that snow? A bleachfield Lasses can bleach their own linen on the green near the pool, "atween twa flowery braes," as Allan has so sweetly sung, in his truly Scottish pastoral the Gentle Shepherd But even they could not well do without bleachfields on a larger scale, else dingy would be their smocks and their wedding-sheets Therefore there is beauty in a bleachfield, and in none more than in Bell's-Meadows But where is the Burn? They have stolen him out of his bed, and, alas! nothing but stones! Gather up your flies, and away down to yonder grove There he is like one risen from the dead, and how joyful his resurrection! All the way from this down to the Brigg o' Humbie the angling is admirable,

fulness, that of all the lesser virtues is the most efficient to the happiness of a household. One daughter only had they, and we could charm our hearts even now, by restoring the vanished from oblivion, and imagining her over and over again in the light of words, but although all objects, animate and inanimate, seem always tinged with an air of sadness when they are past—and we at present are resolved to be cheerful—obstinately to resist all access of melancholy—an enemy to the pathetic—and a scorner of shedding of tears—therefore let Mary Morrison rest in her grave, and let us paint a pleasant picture of a May-Day afternoon, and enjoy it as it was enjoyed of old, beneath that stately Sycamore, with the grandisonant name of THE GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT.

There, under the murmuring shade, round and round that noble stem, were long May-day tables [illegible] deftly arrayed in homespun drapery, white as the patches of unmelted snow on the distant mountain head, while [illegible]—stumps, stones, stools, creepies, forms, chairs, [illegible] and with no spine, or high-backed [illegible] and the carvings of [illegible] and allegorical—took their places, after much formal ceremony of scraping and bowing, blushing and curtseying old, young, and middle-aged, of high and low degree, till in one moment all were hushed by the Minister lifting up his eyes, and holding up his hand to ask a blessing. And "well worthy of [illegible] land" altogether, was the May-day meal [illegible] beneath the shadow of the GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT. But the Minister uttered only a few fervent sentences, and then we all fell to the curds and cream. What smooth, pure, bright, burnished beauty on those horn-spoons! How apt to the hand the stalk—to the mouth how apt the bowl! Each guest drew closer to his breast the deep broth-plate of delft, rather more than full of curds, many million times more deliciously desirable even than blanc-mange, and then filled to overflowing with a blessed outpouring of cream, richness that tenaciously descended from an enormous jug, the peculiar expression of whose physiognomy, particularly the nose, we will carry with us to the grave! The dairy at MOUNT PLEASANT consisted of twenty cows—almost all spring calvers, and of the Ayrshire breed—so you may guess what cream! The spoon could not stand in it—it was not so thick as that—for that was too thick—but the spoon when placed upright in it, retained its perpendicularity for a while, and then, when uncertain on which side to fall, was grasped by the hand of hungry schoolboy, and steered with its fresh and fragrant freight into a mouth already open in wonder. Never beneath the sun, moon, and stars, were such oatmeal cakes, pease-scones, and barley-bannocks, as at MOUNT PLEASANT. You could have eaten away at them with pleasure, even although not hungry—and yet it was impossible of them to eat too much—Manna that they were!! Seldom indeed is butter yellow on May-day. But the butter of the gudewife of Mount Pleasant—such, and so rich was the old lea-pasture—was coloured like the crocus, before the young thrushes had left the nest in the hollies, [illegible] of the [illegible]. [illegible] Then what honey and [illegible]! [illegible] not [illegible], for [illegible], but the [illegible] like [illegible] green after winter keeps, and [illegible] a layer of such butter on such bread [illegible] [illegible] in such houses, on such a day, in such company, and to such [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Mount Pleasant [illegible] [illegible] What [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for [illegible] May [illegible] [illegible] for to the breath of Harry Watson, the young [illegible], the flute gave forth [illegible] and [illegible] from the lips of Mary Morrison [illegible] of all [illegible] that ever drew tears, [illegible] for the heart or the imagination to [illegible] of Scotland's [illegible] melodies.

Never had Mary Morrison heard those old ballad airs sung, except during the midday hour of rest, in the corner has field—and rude singers were they all—whether male or female voices—[illegible] sometimes [illegible] touch of natural pathos that [illegible] its way to the heart. But as the nightingales [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] although it never [illegible] any one of its own kind warbling from among the shrubberies and the [illegible] alone on earth, would sing the hymn well known at the gate of heaven, so all untaught but by the nature within her, and inspired by her own delightful genius alone, did Mary Morrison feel all the measures of those ancient melodies and give them all an expression at once so simple and profound. People who said they did not care about music, especially Scottish music, it was so monotonous and insipid, laid aside their indifferent looks before three notes of the simplest air had left Mary Morrison's lips, as she sat faintly blushing, less in bashfulness than in her own emotion, with her little hands playing perhaps with flowers, and her eyes fixed on the ground, or raised, ever and anon, to the roof. "In all common things," would most people say, "she is but a very ordinary girl—but her musical turn is really very singular

s you wander onwards, each roof still rises nexpectedly—and as solitary, as if it had een far remote Fairest of Scotland's thouand parishes—neither Highland, nor Lowland -but undulating—let us again use the decriptive word—like the sea in sunset after a ay of storms—yes, Heaven's blessing be upon hee! Thou art indeed beautiful as of old!

The same heavens! More blue than any olour that tinges the flowers of earth—like he violet veins of a virgin's bosom The tillness of those lofty clouds makes them seem whiter than the snow Return, O lark! to thy rassy nest, in the furrow of the green brairded orn, for thy brooding mate can no longer hear hee soaring in the sky Methinks there is ittle or no change on these coppice-woods, vith their full budding branches all impatient or the spring Yet twice have axe and billook levelled them with the mossy stones, ince among the broomy and briary knolls we ought the gray linnet's nest, or wondered to py, among the rustling leaves, the robin redreast, seemingly forgetful of his winter beneactor, man Surely there were trees here in ormer times, that now are gone—tall, farpreading single trees, in whose shade used to ie the ruminating cattle, with the small herdirl asleep Gone are they, and dimly rememered as the uncertain shadows of dreams, ret not more forgotten than some living beings with whom our infancy and boyhood held converse—whose voices, laughter, eyes, forehead —hands so often grasped—arms linked in ours is we danced along the braes—have long ceased to be more than images and echoes, incapable of commanding so much as one single ear Alas! for the treachery of memory to all the holiest human affections, when beguiled by the slow but sure sorcery of time

It is MAY-DAY, and we shall be happy as the season What although some sad and solemn thoughts come suddenly across us, the day is not at nightfall felt to have been the less delightful, because shadows now and then bedimmed it, and moments almost mournful, of an unhymning hush, took possession of field or forest We are all alone—a solitary pedestrian, and obeying the fine impulses of a will, whose motives are changeable as the cameleon's hues, our feet shall bear us glancingly along to the merry music of streams—or linger by the silent shores of lochs—or upon the hillsummit pause, ourselves the only spectator of a panorama painted by Spring, for our sole delight—or plunge into the old wood's magnificent exclusion from sky—where at mid-summer, day is as night—though not so now, for this is the season of buds and blossoms, and the cushat's nest is yet visible on the half-leafed boughs, and the sunshine streams in upon the ground-flowers, that in another month will be cold and pale in the forest gloom, almost as those that bedeck the dead when the vault door is closed and all is silence

What! shall we linger here mile of the MANSE, wherein pleasant bounds our boyish muring away, like a stream leaves its native hills, knows and not hasten on to the de

like it is built, and guarded by some wonderful felicity of situation equally against all the winds? No Thither as yet have we not courage to direct our footsteps—for that venerable Man has long been dead—not one of his ancient household now remains on earth. There the change, though it was gradual and unpainful, according to the gentlest laws of nature, has been entire and complete The "old familiar faces" we can dream of, but never more shall see—and the voices that are now heard within those walls, what can they ever be to us, when we would fain listen in the silence of our spirit to the echoes of departed years? It is an appalling trial to approach a place where once we have been happier—happier far than ever we can be on this earth again, and a worse evil doth it seem to our imagination to return to Paradise, with a changed and saddened heart, than at first to be driven from it into the outer world, if still permitted to carry thither something of that spirit that had glorified our prime

But yonder, we see, yet towers the Sycamore on the crown of the hill—the first great Tree in the parish that used to get green, for stony as seems the hard glebe, constricted by its bare and gnarled roots, they draw sustenance from afar, and not another knoll on which the sun so delights to pour his beams Weeks before any other Sycamore, and almost as early as the alder or the birch—the GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT, for so we schoolboys called it, unfolded itself like a banner You could then see only the low windows of the dwelling—for eaves, roof, and chimneys all disappeared—and then, when you stood beneath, was not the sound of the bees like the very sound of the sea itself, continuous, unabating, all day long unto evening, when, as if the tide of life had ebbed, there was a perfect silence!

MOUNT PLEASANT! well indeed dost thou deserve the name, bestowed on thee perhaps long ago, not by any one of the humble proprietors, but by the general voice of praise, all eyes being won by thy cheerful beauty For from that shaded platform, what a sweet vision of fields and meadows, knolls, braes, and hills, uncertain gleamings of a river, the smoke of many houses, and glittering perhaps in the sunshine, the spire of the House of God! To have seen Adam Morrison, the Elder, sitting with his solemn, his austere Sabbath face, beneath the pulpit, with his expressive eyes fixed on the Preacher, you could not but have judged him to be a man of a stern character and austere demeanour To have seen him at labour on the working-days, you might almost have thought him the serf of some tyrant lord, for into all the toils of the field he carried the force of a mind that would suffer nothing to be undone that strength and skill could achieve, but within the humble porch of his own house, beside his own board, and his own fireside, he was a man to be kindly med by his guests, by his own family tenand reverently beloved His wife was meliest matron in the parish, a woma ve habits and a strong mind, but the natural sternness of her ter with that genial and

indeed,"—but her happy father and mother knew, that in all common things—that is, in all the duties of an humble and innocent life, their Mary was by nature excellent as in the melodies and harmonies of song—and that while her voice in the evening-psalm was as angel's sweet, so was her spirit almost pure as an angel's, and nearly inexperienced of sin

Proud, indeed, were her parents on that May-day to look upon her—and to listen to her—as their Mary sat beside the young English boy—admired of all observers—and happier than she had ever been in this world before, in the charm of their blended music, and the unconscious affection—sisterly, yet more than sisterly, for brother she had none—that towards one so kind and noble was yearning at her heart

Beautiful were they both, and when they sat side by side in their music, insensible must that heart have been by whom they were not both admired and beloved It was thought that they loved one another too, too well, for Harry Wilton was the grandson of an English Peer, and Mary Morrison a peasant's child, but they could not love too well—she in her tenderness—he in his passion—for, with them, life and love was a delightful dream, out of which they were never to be awakened For as by some secret sympathy, both sickened on the same day—of the same fever—and died at the same hour,—and not from any dim intention of those who buried them, but accidentally, and because the burial-ground of the Minister and the Elder adjoined, were they buried almost in the same grave—for not half a yard of daisied turf divided them—a curtain between the beds on which brother and sister slept

In their delirium they both talked about each other—Mary Morrison and Harry Wilton—yet their words were not words of love, only of common kindness, for although on their death-beds they did not talk about death, but frequently about that May-day Festival, and other pleasant meetings in neighbour's houses, or in the Manse Mary sometimes rose up in bed, and in imagination joined her voice to that of the flute which to his lips was to breath no more, and even at the very self same moment—so it wonderfully was—did he tell all to be hushed, for that Mary Morrison was about to sing the Flowers of the Forest.

Methinks that no deep impressions of the past, although haply they may sleep for ever, and seem as if they had ceased to be, are ever utterly obliterated, but that they may, one and all, reappear at some hour or other however distant, legible as at the very moment they were first engraven on the memory Not by the power of meditation are the long ago vanished thoughts or emotions restored to us, in which we found delight or disturbance, but of themselves do they seem to arise, not undesired indeed, but unbidden, like sea-birds that come unexpectedly floating up into some inland vale, because, unknown to us who wonder at them, the tide is flowing and the breezes blow from the main Bright as the living image stands now before us the ghost—for what else is it than the ghost—of Mary Morrison, just as she stood before us on one particular day—in one particular place, innumerable years ago! It was at the close of one of those midsummer days which melt away into twilight, rather than into night, although the stars are visible, and bird and beast are asleep All by herself, as she walked along between the braes, was she singing a hymn—

> And must this body die ?
> This mortal frame decay ?
> And must these feeble limbs of mine
> Lie mouldering in the clay ?

Not that the child had any thought of death, for she was as full of life as the star above her was of lustre—tamed though they both were by the holy hour At our bidding she renewed the strain that had ceased as we met, and continued to sing it while we parted, her voice dying away in the distance, like an angel's from a broken dream Never heard we that voice again, for in three little weeks it had gone, to be extinguished no more, to join the heavenly choirs at the feet of the Redeemer

Did both her parents lose all love to life, when their sole daughter was taken away ? And did they die finally of broken hearts ? No—such is not the natural working of the human spirit, if kept in repair by pure and pious thought Never were they so happy indeed as they had once been—nor was their happiness of the same kind Oh ! different far in resignation that often wept when it did not repine—in faith that now held a tenderer commerce with the skies ! Smiles were not very long of being again seen at Mount Pleasant An orphan cousin of Mary's—they had been as sisters—took her place, and filled it too, as far as the living can ever fill the place of the dead Common cares continued for a while to occupy the Elder and his wife, for there were not a few to whom their substance was to be a blessing Ordinary observers could not have discerned any abatement of his activities in field or market, but others saw that the toil to him was now but a duty that had formerly been a delight Mount Pleasant was let to a relative, and the Morrisons retired to a small house, with a garden, a few hundred yards from the kirk Let him be strong as a giant, infirmities often come on the hard-working man before you can well call him old It was so with Adam Morrison He broke down fast we have been told, in his sixtieth year, and after that partook but of one sacrament Not in tales of fiction alone do those who have long loved and well, lay themselves down and die in each other's arms Such happy deaths are recorded on humble tombstones, and there is one on which this inscription may be read—"HERE LIE THE BODIES OF ADAM MORRISON AND OF HELEN ARMOUR HIS SPOUSE THEY DIED ON THE 1ST OF MAY 17— HERE ALSO LIES THE BODY OF THEIR DAUGHTER, MARY MORRISON, WHO DIED JUNE 2, 17—" The headstone is a granite slab—as they almost all are in that kirkyard—and the kirk itself is of the same enduring material But touching that grave is a Marble Monument, white almost as the very snow, and, in the midst of the emblazonry of death, adorned with the armorial bearings belonging to a family of the high-born

Sworn Brother of our soul ! during the

to be disturbed by the record of heroic or holy lives, in the kirkyard, beside the GRAVE OF THE MARTYRS—the grave in which Christian and Hannah Logan, mother and daughter, were interred. Many a time have we listened to the story of their deaths, from the lips of one who well knew how to stir the hearts of the young, till "from their eyes they wiped the tears that sacred pity had engendered." Nearly a hundred years old was she that eloquent narrator—the Minister's mother—yet she could hear a whisper, and read the Bible without spectacles—although we sometimes used to suspect her of pretending to be reading off the Book, when, in fact, she was reciting from memory. The old lady often took a walk in the kirkyard—and being of a pleasant and cheerful nature, though in religious principle inflexibly austere, many were the most amusing anecdotes that she related to us and our compeers, all huddled round her, "where heaved the turf in many a mouldering heap." But the evening converse was always sure to have a serious termination—and the venerable matron could not be more willing to tell, than we to hear again and again, were it for the twentieth repetition, some old tragic event that gathered a deeper interest from every recital, as if on each we became better acquainted with the characters of those to whom it had befallen, till the chasm that time had dug between them and us disappeared, and we felt for the while that their happiness or misery and ours were essentially interdependent. At first she used, we well remember, to fix her solemn spirit-like eyes on our faces, to mark the different effects her story produced on her hearers; but erelong she became possessed wholly by the pathos of her own narrative, and with fluctuating features and earnest action of head and hands, poured forth her eloquence, as if soliloquizing among the tombs.

"Ay, ay, my dear boys, that is the grave o' the Martyrs. My father saw them die. The tide o' the far-ebbed sea was again beginning to flow, but the sands o' the bay o' death lay sae dry, that there were but few spots where a bairn could hae wat its feet. Thousands and tens o' thousands were standing a' roun' the edge of the bay—that was in shape just like that moon—and then twa stakes were driven deep into the sand, that the waves o' the returning sea micht na loosen them—and my father, who was but a boy like ane o' yourselves noo, waes me, didna he see wi' his ain een Christian Logan, and her wee dochter Hannah, for she was but eleven years auld—hurried alang by the enemies o' the Lord, and tied to their accursed stakes within the power o' the sea. He who holds the waters in the hollow o' his hand, thocht my father, will not suffer them to choke the prayer within those holy lips—but what kent he o' the dreadfu' judgments o' the Almighty? Dreadfu' as those judgments seemed to be, o' a' that crowd o' mortal creatures there were but only twa that drew their breath without a shudder—and these twa were Christian Logan and her beautifu' wee dochter Hannah, wi' her rosy cheeks, for they blanched not in that last extremity, her blue een, and her gowden hair, that glittered like a star in the darkness o' that dismal day. 'Mother, be not afraid,' she was heard to say, when the foam o' the first wave broke about their feet—and just as these words were uttered, all the great black clouds melted away from the sky, and the sun shone forth in the firmament like the all-seeing eye of God. The martyrs turned their faces a little towards one another, for the cords could not wholly hinder them, and wi' voices as steady and as clear as ever they sang the psalm within the walls o' that kirk did they, while the sea was mounting up—up from knee—waist—breast—neck—chin—lip—sing praises and thanksgivings unto God. As soon as Hannah's voice was drowned it seemed as if her mother, before the water reached her own lips, bowed and gave up the ghost. While the people were all gazing, the heads of both martyrs disappeared, and nothing then was to be seen on the face o' the waters, but here and there a bit white breaking wave or silly sea bird floating on the flow o' the tide into the bay. Back and back had aye fallen the people, as the tide was roarin' on wi' a hollow soun'—and now that the water was high aboon the heads o' the martyrs, what chained that dismal congregation to the sea-shore? It was the countenance o' a man that had suddenly come down frae his hiding-place amang the moors—and who now knew that his wife and daughter were bound to stakes deep down in the waters o' the very bay that his eyes beheld rolling, and his ears heard roaring—all the while that there was a God in heaven! Naebody could speak to him—although they all beseeched their Maker to have compassion upon him, and not to let his heart break and his reason fail. 'The stakes! the stakes! O Jesus! point out to me, with thy own scarred hand, the place where my wife and daughter are bound to the stakes—and I may yet bear them up out of the sand, and bring the bodies ashore—to be restored to life! O brethren, brethren!—said ye that my Christian and my Hannah have been for an hour below the sea? And was it from fear of fifty armed men, that so many thousand fathers and mothers, and sons and daughters, and brothers and sisters, rescued them not from such cruel, cruel death!' After uttering mony mair siclike raving words, he suddenly plunged into the sea, and, being a strong swimmer, was soon far out into the bay—and led by some desperate instinct to the very place where the stakes were fixed in the sand. Perfectly resigned had the martyrs been to their doom—but in the agonies o' that horrible death, there had been some struggles o' the mortal body, and the weight o' the waters had borne down the stakes, so that, just as if they had been lashed to a spar to enable them to escape from shipwreck, baith the bodies came floatin' to the surface, and his hand grasped, without knowing it, his ain Hannah's gowden hair—sairly defiled, ye may weel think, wi' the sand—baith their faces changed frae what they ance were by the wrench o' death. Father, mother, and daughter came a'thegither to the shore—and there was a cry went far and wide, up even to the hiding-places o' the faithfu' among the hags

would fain have smitten the Saints. The dewdrops on the greensward before the cottage-door, they suffered not to be polluted with blood. Guardian Angels were they thought to be, and such indeed they were, for what else are the holy powers of innocence?—Guardian Angels sent to save some of God's servants on earth from the choking tide and the scorching fire. Often, in the clear and starry nights, did the dwellers among all these little dells, and up along all these low hillsides, hear music flowing down from heaven, responsive to the hymns of the Blessed Family. Music without the syllabling of words—yet breathing worship, and with the spirit of piety filling all the Night-Heavens. One whole day and night passed by, and not a hut had been enlightened by their presence. Perhaps they had gone away without warning as they had come—having been sent on another mission. With soft steps one maiden, and then another entered the door, and then was heard the voice of weeping and of loud lament. The three lay, side by side, with their pale faces up to heaven. Dora, for that is the name tradition has handed down—Dorothea, the gift of God, lay between her Father and her Mother, and all their hands were lovingly and peacefully entwined. No agonies had been there—unknown what hand, human or divine, had closed their eyelids and composed their limbs, but there they lay as if asleep, not to be awakened by the burst of sunshine that dazzled upon their smiling countenances, cheek to cheek, in the awful beauty of united death.

The deep religion of that troubled time had sanctified the Strangers almost into an angelic character, and when the little kirk-bells were again heard tinkling through the air of peace, (the number of the martyrs being complete,) the beauty with which their living foreheads had been invested, reappeared in the eyes of imagination, as the Poets whom Nature kept to herself walked along the moonlight hills. "The Blessed Family," which had been as a household word, appertaining to them while they lived, now when centuries have gone by, is still full of a dim but divine meaning, the spirit of the tradition having remained, while its framework has almost fallen into decay.

How beautifully emerges that sun-stricken Cottage from the rocks, that all around it are floating in a blue vapoury light! Were we so disposed, methinks we could easily write a little book entirely about the obscure people that have lived and died about that farm, by name Logan Braes. Neither is it without its old traditions. One May-day long ago—some two centuries since—that rural festival was there interrupted by a thunder-storm, and the party of youths and maidens, driven from the budding arbours, were all assembled in the ample kitchen. The house seemed to be in the very heart of the thunder, and the master began to read, without declaring it to be a religious service, a chapter of the Bible, but the frequent flashes of lightning so blinded him, that he was forced to lay down the Book, and all then sat still without speaking a word, many with pale faces, and none without a mingled sense of awe and fear. The maiden forgot her bashfulness as the rattling peals shook the roof-tree and hid her face in her lover's bosom, the children crept closer and closer, each to some protecting knee, and the dogs came all into the house, and lay down in dark places. Now and then there was a convulsive, irrepressible, but half-stifled shriek—some sobbed—and a loud hysterical laugh from one overcome with terror sounded ghastly between the deepest of all dread repose—that which separates one peal from another, when the flash and the roar are as one, and the thick air smells of sulphur. The body feels its mortal nature, and shrinks as if about to be withered into nothing. Now the muttering thunder seems to have changed its place to some distant cloud—now, as if returning to blast those whom it had spared, waxes louder and fiercer than before—till the Great Tree that shelters the house is shivered with a noise like the masts of a ship carried away by the board. "Look, father, look—see yonder is an Angel all in white, descending from heaven!" said little Alice, who had already been almost in the attitude of prayer, and now clasped her hands together, and steadfastly, and without fear of the lightning, eyed the sky. "One of God's Holy Angels—one of those who sing before the Lamb!" And with an inspired rapture the fair child sprung to her feet. "See ye her not—see ye her not—father—mother? Lo! she beckons to me with a palm in her hand, like one of the palms in that picture in our Bible when our Saviour is entering into Jerusalem! There she comes, nearer and nearer the earth—Oh! pity, forgive, and have mercy on me, thou most beautiful of all the Angels—even for His name's sake." All eyes were turned towards the black heavens, and then to the raving child. Her mother clasped her to her bosom, afraid that terror had turned her brain—and her father going to the door, surveyed an ampler space of the sky. She flew to his side, and clinging to him again, exclaimed in a wild outcry, "On her forehead a star! on her forehead a star! And oh! on what lovely wings she is floating away, away into eternity! The Angel, Father, is calling me by my Christian name, and I must no more abide on earth, but, touching the hem of her garment, be wafted away to heaven!" Sudden as a bird let loose from the hand, darted the maiden from her father's bosom, and with her face upward to the skies, pursued her flight. Young and old left the house, and at that moment the forked lightning came from the crashing cloud, and struck the whole tenement into ruins. Not a hair on any head was singed, and with one accord the people fell down upon their knees. From the eyes of the child, the Angel, or vision of the Angel, had disappeared, but on her return to heaven, the Celestial heard the hymn that rose from those that were saved, and above all the voices, the small sweet silvery voice of her whose eyes alone were worthy of beholding a Saint Transfigured.

For several hundred years has that farm belonged to the family of the Logans, nor has son or daughter ever stained the name—while some have imparted to it, in its humble annals, what well may be called lustre. Many a time have we stood when a boy, all alone, beginning

of their plays could he take an active share, but sitting a little way off, still attached to the merry brotherhood, though in their society he had no part to enact, he read his book on the knoll, or, happy dreamer, sunk away among the visions of his own thoughts There was poetry in that child's spirit, but it was too essentially blended with his whole happiness in life, often to be imbodied in written words A few compositions were found in his own small beautiful handwriting after his death—hymns and psalms. Prayers, too, had his heart indited—but they were not in measured language—framed, in his devout simplicity on the model of our Lord's How many hundred times have we formed a circle round him in the gloaming, all sitting or lying on the greensward, before the dews had begun to descend, listening to his tales and stories of holy or heroic men and women, who had been greatly good and glorious in the days of old! Not unendeared to his imagination were the patriots, who, living and dying, loved the liberties of the land—Tell—Bruce—or Wallace, he in whose immortal name a thousand rocks rejoice, while many a wood bears it on its summits as they are swinging to the storm Weak as a reed that is shaken in the wind, or the stalk of a flower that tremblingly sustains its blossoms beneath the dews that feed their transitory lustre, was he whose lips were so eloquent to read the eulogies of mighty men of war riding mailed through bloody battles What matters it that this frame of dust be frail, and of tiny size—still may it be the tenement of a lordly spirit. But high as such warfare was, it satisfied not that thoughtful child—for other warfare there was to read of, which was to him a far deeper and more divine delight—the warfare waged by good men against the legions of sin, and closed triumphantly in the eye of God—let this world deem as it will—on obscurest death-beds, or at the stake, or on the scaffold, where a profounder even than Sabbath silence glorifies the martyr far beyond any shout that from the immense multitude would have torn the concave of the heavens

What a contrast to that creature was his elder brother! Lawrie was eighteen years old when first we visited Logan Braes, and was a perfect hero in strength and stature—Bob Howie alone his equal—but Bob was then in the West Indies In the afternoons, after his work was over in the fields or in the barn, he had pleasure in getting us Manse-boys to accompany him to the Moor-Lochs for an hour's angling or two in the evening, when the large trouts came to the gravelly shallows, and, as we waded midleg-deep, would sometimes take the fly among our very feet Or he would go with us into the heart of the great wood, to show us where the foxes had their earths—the party being sometimes so fortunate as to see the cubs disporting at the mouth of the briery aperture in the strong and root-bound soil Or we followed him, so far as he thought it safe for us to do so, up the foundations of the castle, and in fear and wonder that no repetition of the adventurous feat ever diminished, saw him take the young starling from the crevice beneath the tuft of wall-flowers. What was there of the bold and daring that Lawrie Logan was not, in our belief, able to perform? We were all several years younger—boys from nine to fifteen—and he had shot up into sudden manhood—not only into its shape but its strength—yet still the boyish spirit was fresh within him, and he never wearied of us in such excursions The minister had a good opinion of his principles, knowing how he had been brought up, and did not discountenance his visits to the Manse, nor ours to Logan Braes Then what danger could we be in, go where we might, with one who had more than once shown how eager he was to risk his own life when that of another was in jeopardy! Generous and fearless youth! To thee we owed our own life—although seldom is that rescue now remembered—(for what will not in this turmoiling world be forgotten?) when in pride of the newly-acquired art of swimming, we had ventured—with our clothes on too—some ten yards into the Brother-Loch to disentangle our line from the water-lilies It seemed that a hundred cords had got entangled round our legs, and our heart quaked too desperately to suffer us to shriek—but Lawrie Logan had his hand on us in a minute, and brought us to shore as easily as a Newfoundland dog lands a bit of floating wood

But that was a momentary danger, and Lawrie Logan ran but small risk, you will say, in saving us, so let us not extol that instance of his intrepidity But fancy to yourself, gentle reader, the hideous mouth of an old coal-pit, that had not been worked for time immemorial, overgrown with thorns, and briers, and brackens, but still visible from a small mount above it, for some yards down its throat—the very throat of death and perdition But can you fancy also the childish and superstitious terror with which we all regarded that coal-pit for it was said to be a hundred fathom deep—with water at the bottom—so that you had to wait for many moments—almost a minute—before you heard a stone, first beating against its sides—from one to the other—plunge at last into the pool profound In that very field, too, a murder had been perpetrated and the woman's corpse flung by her sweetheart into that coal-pit One day some unaccountable impulse had led a band of us into that interdicted field—which we remember was not arable—but said to be a place where a hare was always sure to be found sitting among the binweeds and thistles A sort of thrilling horror urged us on closer and closer to the mouth of the pit—when Wee Wise Willie's foot slipping on the brae, he bounded with inexplicable force along—in among the thorns, briers, and brackens—through the whole hanging mat and without a shriek, down—down—down into destruction We all saw it happen—every one of us—and it is scarcely too much to say, that we were for a while all mad with horror Yet we felt ourselves borne back instinctively from the horrible pit—and as aid we could give none, we listened if we could hear any cry—but there was none—and we all flew together out of the dreadful field, and again collecting ourselves together, feared to separate on the different roads to our homes.

and cleuchs i' the moors, that the sea had given up the living, and that the martyrs were triumphant, even in this world, over the powers o' Sin and o' Death. Yea, they were indeed triumphant,—and well might the faithfu' sing aloud in the desert, 'O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?' for these three bodies were but as the weeds on which they lay stretched out to the pitying gaze of the multitude, but their spirits had gane to heaven, to receive the eternal rewards o' sanctity and truth."

Not a house in all the parish—scarcely excepting Mount Pleasant itself—all round and about which our heart could in some dreamy hour raise to life a greater multitude of dear old remembrances, all touching ourselves, than LOGAN BRAES. The old people when we first knew them, we used to think somewhat apt to be surly—for they were Seceders—and owing to some unavoidable prejudices, which we were at no great pains to vanquish, we Manse-boys recognised something repulsive in that most respectable word. Yet for the sake of that sad story of the Martyrs, there was always something affecting to us in the name of Logan Braes; and though Beltane was of old a Pagan Festival, celebrated with grave idolatries round fires a blaze on a thousand hills, yet old Laurence Logan would sweeten his vinegar aspect on May-day, would wipe out a score of wrinkles, and calm, as far as that might be, the terrors of his shaggy eyebrows. A little gentleness of manner goes a long way with such young folk as we were all then, when it is seen naturally and easily worn for our sakes, and in sympathy with our accustomed glee, by one who in his ordinary deportment may have added the austerity of religion to the venerableness of old age. Smiles from old Laurence Logan, the Seceder, were like rare sun-glimpses in the gloom—and made the hush of his house pleasant as a more cheerful place; for through the restraint laid on reverent youth by feeling akin to fear, the heart ever and anon bounded with freedom in the smile of the old man's eyes. Plain was his own apparel—a suit of the hodden-gray. His wife, when in full dress, did not remind us of a Quakeress, for a Quakeress then had we never seen—but we often think now, when in company with a sensible, cheerful, and comely-visaged matron of that sect, of her of Logan Braes. No waster was she of her tears, or her smiles, or her words, or her money, or her meal—either among those of her own blood, or the stranger or the beggar that was within her gates. You heard not her foot on the floor—yet never was she idle—moving about in doors and out, from morning till night, so placid and so composed, and always at small cost dressed so decently, so becomingly to one who was not yet old, and had not forgotten—why should she not remember it?—that she was esteemed in youth a beauty, and that it was not for want of a richer and younger lover, that she agreed at last to become the wife of the Laird of Logan Braes.

Their family consisted of two sons and a niece,—and he thou who thou mayest that hast so far read our May-day, we doubt not that thine eyes will glance—however rapidly—over another page, nor fling it contemptuously aside, because amidst all the chance and change of administrations, ministries, and ministers in high places, there murmur along the channels of our memory "the simple annals of the poor," like unpolluted streams that sweep not by city walls.

Never were two brothers more unlike in all things—in mind, body, habits, and disposition—than Lawrie and Willie Logan—and we see, as in a glass, at this very moment, both their images. "Wee Wise Willie"—for by that name he was known over several parishes—was one of those extraordinary creatures that one may liken to a rarest plant, which nature sows here and there—sometimes for ever unregarded—among the common families of Flowers. Early sickness had been his lot—continued with scarcely any interruption from his cradle to school-years—so that not only was his stature stunted, but his whole frame was delicate in the extreme; and his pale small-featured face, remarkable for large, soft, down-looking, hazel eyes, dark-lashed in their lustre, had a sweet feminine character, that corresponded well with his voice, his motions, and his in-door pursuits—all serene and composed, and interfering with the outgoings of no other living thing. All sorts of scholarship, such as the parish schoolmaster knew, he mastered as if by intuition. His slate was quickly covered with long calculations, by which the most puzzling questions were solved; and ere he was nine years old, he had made many pretty mechanical contrivances with wheels and pulleys, that showed in what direction lay the natural bent of his genius. Languages, too, the creature seemed to see into with quickest eyes, and with quickest ears to catch their sounds—so that, at the same tender age, he might have been called a linguist, sitting with his Greek and Latin books on a stool beside him by the fireside during the long winter nights. All the neighbours who had any books, cheerfully lent them to "Wee Wise Willie," and the Manse-boys gave him many a supply. At the head of every class he, of course, was found—but no ambition had he to be there; and like a bee that works among many thousand others on the clover-lea, heedless of their murmurs, and intent wholly on its own fragrant toil, did he go from task to task—although that was no fitting name for the studious creature's meditations on all he read or wrought—no more a task for him to grow in knowledge and in thought, than for a lily of the field to lift up its head towards the sun. That child's religion was like all the other parts of his character—as prone to tears as that of other children, when they read of the Divine Friend dying for them on the cross; but it was profounder far than theirs when it shed no tears, and only made the paleness of his countenance more like that which we imagine to be the paleness of a phantom. No one ever saw him angry, complaining, or displeased; for angelical indeed was his temper, purified, like gold in fire, by suffering. He shunned not the company of other children but loved all, as by them all he was more than beloved. In few

young champion was as fairly enlisted into his Majesty's service, as ever young girl, without almost knowing it, was married at Gretna-Green, and as the 42d were under orders to sail in a week, gold could not have bought off such a man, and Lawrie Logan went on board a transport.

Logan Braes was not the same place—indeed, the whole parish seemed altered—after Lawrie was gone, and our visits were thenceforth any thing but cheerful ones, going by turns to inquire for Willie, who seemed to be pining away—not in any deadly disease, but just as if he himself knew, that without ailing much he was not to be a long liver. Yet nearly two years passed on, and all that time the principle of life had seemed like a flickering flame within him, that when you think it expiring or expired, streams up again with surprising brightness, and continues to glimmer ever steadily with a protracted light. Every week—nay, almost every day, they feared to lose him—yet there he still was at morning and evening prayers. The third spring after the loss of his brother was remarkably mild, and breathing with west-winds that came softened over many woody miles from the sea. He seemed stronger, and more cheerful, and expressed a wish that the Manse-boys, and some others of his companions, would come to Logan Braes, and once again celebrate May-day. There we all sat at the long table, and both parents did their best to look cheerful during the feast. Indeed, all that had once been harsh and forbidding in the old man's looks and manners, was now softened down by the perpetual yearnings at his heart towards "the distant far and absent long," nor less towards him that peaceful and pious child whom every hour he saw, or thought he saw, awaiting a call from the eternal voice. Although sometimes sadness fell across us like a shadow, yet the hours passed on as May-day hours should do, and what with our many-toned talk and laughter, the cooing of the pigeons on the roof, and the twittering of the swallows beneath the eaves, and the lark-songs ringing like silver bells over all the heavens, it seemed a day that ought to bring good tidings—or, the Soldier himself returning from the wars to bless the eyes of his parents once more, so that they might die in peace. "Heaven hold us in its keeping, for there's his wraith!" ejaculated Annie Raeburn. "It passed before the window, and my Lawrie, I now know, is with the dead!"—Bending his stately head beneath the lintel of the door, in the dress, and with the bearing of a soldier, Lawrie Logan stepped again across his father's threshold and, ere he well uttered "God be with you all!" Willie was within his arms, and on his bosom. His father and his mother rose not from their chairs, but sat still, with faces like ashes. But we boys could not resist our joy, and shouted his name aloud—while Luath, from his sleep in the corner, leapt on his master breast-high, and whining his dumb delight, frisked round him as of yore when impatient to snuff the dawn on the hill-side. "Let us go out and play," said a boy's voice, and issuing somewhat seriously into the sunshine, we left the family within to themselves, and then walked away, without speaking, down to the Bridge.

After the lapse of an hour or more, and while we were all considering whether or no we should return to the house, the figure of Annie Raeburn was seen coming down the brae towards the party, in a way very unlike her usual staid and quiet demeanour, and stopping at some distance, to beckon with her hand more particularly, it was thought, on ourselves, as we stood a few yards apart from the rest. "Willie is worse," were the only words she said, as we hastened back together, and on entering the room, we found the old man uncertainly pacing the floor by himself, but with a composed countenance. "He expressed a wish to see you—but he is gone!" We followed into Willie's small bedroom and study, and beheld him already *laid out*, and his mother sitting as calmly beside him as if she were watching his sleep. "Sab' not sae sair, Lawrie—God was gracious to let him live to this day, that he might dee in his brither's arms."

The sun has mounted high in heaven, while thus we have been dreaming away the hours—a dozen miles at least have we slowly wandered over, since morning, along pleasant by-paths, where never dust lay, or from gate to gate of pathless enclosures, a trespasser fearless of those threatening nonentities, spring-guns. There is the turnpike-road—the great north and south road—for it is either the one or the other, according to the airt towards which you choose to turn your face. Behold a little Wayside Inn, neatly thatched, and with white-washed front, and sign-board hanging from a tree, on which are painted the figures of two jolly gentlemen, one in kilts and the other in breeches, shaking hands cautiously across a running brook. The meal of all meals is a paulo-post-meridian breakfast. The rosiness of the combs of the strapping hens is good augury,—hark, a cackle from the barn—another egg is laid—and chanticleer, stretching himself up on claw-tip, and clapping his wings of the bonny beaten gold, crows aloud to his sultana till the welkin rings. "Turn to the left, sir, if you please," quoth a comely matron, and we find ourselves snugly seated in an arm-chair, not wearied, but to rest willing, while the clock ticks pleasantly, and we take no note of time but by its gain, for here is our journal, in which we shall put down a few jottings for May-Day. Three boiled eggs—one to each penny-roll—are sufficient, under any circumstances, along with the same number fried with mutton-ham, for the breakfast of a Gentleman and a Tory. Nor do we remember—when tea-cups have been on a proper scale—ever to have wished to go beyond the Golden Rule of Three. In politics, we confess that we are rather ultra, but in all things else we love moderation. "Come in, my bonny little lassie—ye needna keep keekin' in that gate fra ahint the door"—and in a few minutes the curly-pated prattler is murmuring on our knee. The sonsie wife, well pleased with the sight, and knowing, from our kindness to children, that we are on the same side of politics with her gudeman—Ex-sergeant in the Black Watch,

"Oh! can it be that our Wee Wise Willie has this moment died sic a death—and no a single ane amang us a' greetin' for his sake?" said one of us aloud, and then indeed did we burst out into rueful sobbing, and ask one another who could carry such tidings to Logan Braes? All at once we heard a clear, rich, mellow whistle as of a blackbird—and there with his favourite colley, searching for a stray lamb among the knolls, was Lawrie Logan, who hailed us with a laughing voice, and then asked us, "Whare is Wee Willie? hae ye flung him like another Joseph into the pit?" The consternation of our faces could not be misunderstood—whether we told him or not what had happened we do not know—but he staggered as if he would have fallen down—and then ran off with amazing speed—not towards Logan Braes—but the village. We continued helplessly to wander about back and forwards along the near edge of a wood, when we beheld a multitude of people rapidly advancing, and in a few minutes they surrounded the mouth of the pit. It was about the very end of the hay-harvest—and many ropes that had been employed that very day in the leading of the hay of the Landlord of the Inn, who was also an extensive farmer, were tied together to the length of at least twenty fathom. Hope was quite dead—but her work is often done by Despair. For a while there was confusion all around the pit-mouth, but with a white fixed face and glaring eyes, Lawrie Logan advanced to the very brink, with the rope bound in many firm folds around him, and immediately behind him stood his gray-headed father, unbonneted, just as he had risen from a prayer. "Is't my ain father that's gaun to help me to gang doon to bring up Willie's body? O! merciful God, what a judgment is this! Father—father—Oh! lie down at some distance awa' frae the sight o' this place. Robin Alison, and Gabriel Strang, and John Borland, 'll haud the ropes firm and safe. O, father—father—lie down, a bit apart frae the crowd, and have mercy upon him—O thou, great God, have mercy upon him!" But the old man kept his place, and the only one son who now survived to him disappeared within the jaws of the same murderous pit, and was lowered slowly down, nearer and nearer to his little brother's corpse. They had spoken to him of foul air, of which to breathe is death, but he had taken his resolution, and not another word had been said to shake it. And now, for a short time, there was no weight at the line, except that of its own length. It was plain that he had reached the bottom of the pit. Silent was all that congregation, as if assembled in divine worship. Again, there was a weight at the rope, and in a minute or two, a voice was heard far down the pit that spread a sort of wild hope—else, why should it have spoken at all—and lo! the child—not like one of the dead—clasped in the arms of his brother, who was all covered with dust and blood. "Fall all down on your knees—in the face o' heaven, and sing praises to God for my brother is yet alive!"

During that Psalm father, mother, and both their sons—the rescuer and the rescued—and their sweet cousin too, Annie Raeburn, the orphan, were lying embraced in speechless—almost senseless trances; for the agony of such a deliverance was more than could well by mortal creatures be endured.

The child himself was the first to tell how his life had been miraculously saved. A few shrubs had for many years been growing out of the inside of the pit, almost as far down as the light could reach, and among them had he been entangled in his descent, and held fast. For days, and weeks, and months, after that deliverance, few persons visited Logan Braes, for it was thought that old Laurence's brain had received a shock from which it might never recover, but the trouble that tried him subsided, and the inside of the house was again quiet as before, and its hospitable door open to all the neighbours.

Never forgetful of his primal duties had been that bold youth—but too apt to forget the many smaller ones that are wrapped round a life of poverty like invisible threads, and that cannot be broken violently or carelessly, without endangering the calm consistency of all its ongoings, and ultimately causing perhaps great losses, errors, and distress. He did not keep evil society—but neither did he shun it and having a pride in feats of strength and activity, as was natural to a stripling whose corporeal faculties could not be excelled, he frequented all meetings where he was likely to fall in with worthy competitors, and in such trials of power, by degrees acquired a character for recklessness, and even violence, of which prudent men prognosticated evil, and that sorely disturbed his parents, who were, in their quiet retreat, lovers of all peace. With what wonder and admiration did all the Manse-boys witness and hear reported the feats of Lawrie Logan! It was he who, in pugilistic combat, first vanquished Black King Carey the Egyptian, who travelled the country with two wives and a wagon of Staffordshire pottery, and had struck the "Yokel," as he called Lawrie, in the midst of all the tents on Leddrie Green, at the great annual Baldernoch fair. Six times did the bare and bronzed Egyptian bite the dust—nor did Lawrie Logan always stand against the blows of one whose provincial fame was high in England, as the head of the Rough-and-Ready School. Even now—as in an ugly dream—we see the combatants alternately prostrate, and returning to the encounter, covered with mire and blood. All the women left the Green, and the old men shook their heads at such unchristian work, but Lawrie Logan did not want backers in the shepherds and the ploughmen, to see fair play against all the attempts of the Showmen and the Newcastle horse-cowpers, who laid their money thick on the King, till a right-hander in the pit of the stomach, which had nearly been the gipsy's everlasting quietus, gave the victory to Lawrie, amid acclamations that would have fitlier graced a triumph in a better cause. But that day was an evil day to all at Logan Braes. A recruiting sergeant got Lawrie into the tent over which floated the colours of the 42d Regiment, and in the intoxication of victory, whisky, and the bagpipe, the

starlike eyes, thrilling without seeking to reach the soul—But phoo! phoo! phoo! she married a jolted-headed squire with two thousand acres, and, in self-defence, has grown fat, vulgar, and a scold. There is a Head for a painter! and what perfect peace and placidity all over the Blind Man's countenance! He is not a beggar, although he lives on alms—those sightless orbs ask not for charity, nor yet those withered hands, as, staff-supported, he stops at the kind voice of the traveller, and tells his story in a few words. On the ancient Dervise moves, with his long silvery hair, journeying contentedly in darkness towards the eternal light. A gang of gipsies! with their numerous assery laden with horn-spoons, pots, and pans, and black-eyed children. We should not be surprised to read some day in the newspapers, that the villain who leads the van had been executed for burglary, arson, and murder. That is the misfortune of having a bad physiognomy, a sidelong look, a scarred cheek, and a cruel grin about the muscles of the mouth, to say nothing about rusty hair protruding through the holes of a brown hat, not made for the wearer—long, sinewy arms, all of one thickness, terminating in huge, hairy, horny hands, chiefly knuckles and nails—a shambling gait, notwithstanding that his legs are finely proportioned, as if the night prowler were cautious not to be heard by the sleeping house, nor to awaken—so noiseless his stealthy advances—the unchained mastiff in his kennel.

But, hark! the spirit-stirring music of fife and drum! A whole regiment of soldiers on their march to replace another whole regiment of soldiers—and that is as much as we can be expected to know about their movements. Food for the cannon's mouth, but the maw of war has been gorged and satiated, and the glittering soap-bubbles of reputation, blown by windy-cheeked Fame from the bowl of her pipe, have all burst as they have been clutched by the hands of tall fellows in red raiment, and with feathers on their heads, just before going to lie down on what is called the bed of honour. Melancholy indeed to think, that all these fine, fierce, ferocious, fire-eaters are doomed, but for some unlooked-for revolution in the affairs of Europe and the world, to die in their beds! Yet there is some comfort in thinking of the composition of a Company of brave defenders of their country. It is, we shall suppose, Seventy strong. Well, jot down three ploughmen, genuine clodhoppers, chawbacons *sans peur et sans reproche* except that the overseers of the parish were upon them with orders of affiliation, and one shepherd, who made contradictory statements about the number of the spring lambs, and in whose house had been found during winter certain fleeces, for which no ingenuity could account, a laird's son, long known by the name of the Ne'erdoweel, a Man of tailors, forced to accept the bounty-money—during a protracted strike—not dungs they, but flints all the nine, a barber, like many a son of genius, ruined by his wit, and who, after being driven from pole to pole, found refuge in the army at last, a bankrupt butcher, once a bully, and now a poltroon, two of the Seven Young Men—all that now survive—impatient of the drudgery of the compting-house, and the injustice of the age—but they, we believe, are in the band—the triangle and the serpent, twelve cotton-spinners at the least, six weavers of woollens, a couple of colliers from the bowels of the earth, and a score of miscellaneous rabble—flunkies long out of place, and unable to live on their liveries—felons acquitted, or that have dreed their punishment—picked men from the shilling galleries of playhouses—and the élite of the refuse and sweepings of the jails. Look how all the rogues and reprobates march like one man! Alas! was it of such materials that our conquering army was made!—were such the heroes of Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo?

Why not, and what then? Heroes are but men after all. Men, as men go, are the materials of which heroes are made, and recruits in three years ripen into veterans. Cowardice in one campaign is disciplined into courage, fear into valour. In presence of the enemy, pickpockets become patriots—members of the swell mob volunteer on forlorn hopes, and step out from the ranks to head the storm! Lord bless you! have you not studied sympathy and *l'esprit de corps*? An army fifty thousand strong consists, we shall suppose, in equal portions of saints and sinners, and saints and sinners are all English, Irish, Scottish. What wonder, then, that they drive all resistance to the devil, and go on from victory to victory, keeping all the cathedrals and churches in England hard at work with all their organs, from Christmas to Christmas, blowing *Te Deum*? You must not be permitted too curiously to analyze the composition of the British army or the British navy. Look at them, think of them as Wholes, with Nelson or Wellington the head, and in one slump pray God to bless the defenders of the throne, the hearth, and the altar.

The baggage-wagons halt and some refreshments are sent for to the women and children. Ay, creatures not far advanced in their teens are there—a year or two ago, at school or service, happy as the day was long, now mothers, with babies at their breasts—happy still perhaps, but that pretty face is wofully wan—that hair did not use to be so dishevelled—and bony, and clammy, and blue-veined is the hand that lay so white, and warm, and smooth, in the grasp of the seducer. Yet she thinks she is his wife, and, in truth, there is a ring on her marriage-finger. But, should the regiment embark, so many women, and no more, are suffered to go with a company, and, should one of the lots not fall on her, she may take of her husband an everlasting farewell.

The Highflier Coach! carrying six in, and twelve outsides—driver and guard excluded—rate of motion eleven miles an hour, with stoppages. Why, in the name of Heaven, are all people now-a-days in such haste and hurry? Is it absolutely necessary that one and all of this dozen and a half Protestants and Catholics—alike anxious for emancipation—should be at a particular place, at one particular moment of time out of the twenty-four hours given to

and once Orderly to Garth himself—brings out her ain bottle from the spence—a hollow square, and green as emerald. Bless the gurgle of its honest mouth! With prim lips mine hostess kisses the glass, previously letting fall a not inelegant curtsey—for she had, we now learned, been a lady's maid in her youth to one who is indeed a lady, all the time her lover was abroad in the army, in Egypt, Ireland, and the West Indies, and Malta, and Guernsey, Sicily, Portugal, Holland, and, we think she said, Corfu. One of the children has been sent to the field, where her husband is sowing barley, to tell him that there is fear lest dinner cool, and the mistress now draws herself up in pride of his noble appearance, as the stately Highlander salutes us with the respectful but bold air of one who has seen some service at home and abroad. Never knew we a man make other than a good bow, who had partaken freely in a charge of bayonets.

Shenstone's lines about always meeting the warmest welcome in an inn, are very natural and tender—as most of his compositions are, when he was at all in earnest. For our own part, we cannot complain of ever meeting any other welcome than a warm one, go where we may, for we are not obtrusive, and where we are not either liked, or loved, or esteemed, or admired, (that last is a strong word, yet we all have our admirers,) we are exceeding chary of the light of our countenance. But at an inn, the only kind of welcome that is indispensable, is a civil one. When that is not forthcoming, we shake the dust, or the dirt, off our feet, and pursue our journey, well assured that a few milestones will bring us to a humaner roof. Incivility and surliness have occasionally given us opportunities of beholding rare celestial phenomena—meteors—falling and shooting stars—the Aurora Borealis, in her shifting splendours—haloes round the moon, variously bright as the rainbow—electrical arches forming themselves on the sky in a manner so wondrously beautiful, that we should be sorry to hear them accounted for by philosophers—one half of the horizon blue, and without a cloud, and the other driving tempestuously like the sea-foam, with waves mountain-high—and divinest show of all for a solitary night-wandering man, who has any thing of a soul at all, far and wide, and high up into the gracious heavens, Planets and Stars all burning as if their urns were newly fed with light, not twinkling as they do in a dewy or a vapoury night, although then, too, are the softened or veiled luminaries beautiful—but large, full, and free over the whole firmament—a galaxy of shining and unanswerable arguments in proof of the Immortality of the Soul.

The whole world is improving, nor can there be a pleasanter proof of that than this very wayside inn—ycleped the SALUTATION. What a miserable pot-house it was long ago, with a rusty-hinged door, that would neither open nor shut—neither let you out nor in—immovable and intractable to foot or hand—or all at once, when you least expected it to yield, slamming to with a bang, a constant puddle in front during rainy weather, and heaped up dust in dry—roof partly thatched, partly slated, partly tiled, and partly open to the elements, with its naked rafters. Broken windows repaired with an old petticoat, or a still older pair of breeches, and walls that had always been plastered and better plastered and worse plastered, in frosty weather—all labour in vain, as crumbling patches told, and variegated streaks, and stains of dismal ochre, meanest of all colours, and still symptomatic of want, mismanagement, bankruptcy, and perpetual flittings from a tenement that was never known to have paid any rent. Then what a pair of drunkards were old Saunders and his spouse! Yet never once were they seen drunk on a Sabbath, or a fast-day—regular kirk-goers, and attentive observers of ordinances. They had not very many children, yet, pass the door when you might, you were sure to hear a squall or a shriek, or the ban of the mother, or the smacking of the palm of the hand on the part of the enemy easiest of access, or you saw one of the ragged fiends pursued by a parent round the corner, and brought back by the hair of the head till its eyes were like those of a Chinese. Now, what decency—what neatness—what order—in this household—this private public! into which customers step like neighbours on a visit, and are served with a heartiness and good-will that deserve the name of hospitality, for they are gratuitous, and can only be repaid in kind. A limited prospect does that latticed-window command—and the small panes cut objects into too many parts—little more than the breadth of the turnpike road, and a hundred yards of the same, to the north and to the south, with a few budding hedgerows, half a dozen trees, and some green braes. Yet could we sit and moralize, and intellectualize, for hours at this window, nor hear the striking clock.

There trips by a blooming maiden of middle degree all alone—the more's the pity—yet perfectly happy in her own society, and one we venture to say who never received a love-letter, valentines excepted, in all her innocent days. A fat man sitting by himself in a gig! somewhat red in the face, as if he had dined early, and not so sure of the road as his horse, who has drunk nothing but a single pailful of water, and is anxious to get to town that he may be rubbed down, and see oats once more. Scamper away, ye joyous schoolboys, and, for your sake, may that cloud breathe forth rain and breeze, before you reach the burn, which you seem to fear may run dry before you can see the Pool where the two-pounders lie. Methinks we know that old woman, and of the first novel we write she shall be the heroine. Ha! a brilliant bevy of mounted maidens, in riding-habits, and Spanish hats, with "swaling feathers"—sisters, it is easy to see, and daughters of one whom we either loved, or thought we loved, but now they say she is fat and vulgar, is the devil's own scold, and makes her servants and her husband lead the lives of slaves. All that we can say is, that once on a time it was *tout une autre chose*, for a smaller foot, and a slimmer ankle, a more delicate waist, arms more lovely, reposing in their gracefulness beneath her bosom, tresses of brighter and more burnished auburn—such

with voice, harp, and dulcimer, till the stars themselves rejoiced!—One morning, Louisa, who loved the dewy dawn, was met bewildered in her mind, and perfectly astray—with no symptom of having been suddenly alarmed or terrified—but with an unrecognising smile, and eyes scarcely changed in their expression, although they knew not—but rarely—on whom they looked. It was but a few months till she died—and Adelaide was laughing carelessly on her sister's funeral day—and asked why mourning should be worn at a marriage, and a plumed hearse sent to take away the bride Fairest of God's creatures! can it be that thou art still alive? Not with cherubs smiling round thy knees—not walking in the free realms of earth and heaven with thy husband—the noble youth, who loved thee from thy childhood when himself a child, but oh! that such misery can be beneath the sun—shut up in some narrow cell perhaps—no one knows where—whether in this thy native kingdom, or in some foreign land—with those hands manacled—a demon-light in eyes once most angelical—and ringing through undistinguishable days and nights imaginary shriekings and yellings in thy poor distracted brain!—Down went the ship with all her crew in which Percy sailed,—the sabre must have been in the hand of a skilful swordsman that in one of the Spanish battles hewed Sholto down, and the gentle Richard, whose soul—while he possessed it clearly—was for ever among the sacred books, although too long he was as a star vainly sought for in a cloudy region, yet did for a short time starlike reappear—and on his death-bed he knew us, and the other mortal creatures weeping beside him, and that there was One who died to save sinners.

Let us away—let us away from this overpowering place—and make our escape from such unendurable sadness Is this fit celebration of merry May-day? Is this the spirit in which we ought to look over the bosom of the earth, all teeming with buds and flowers just as man's heart should be teeming—and why not ours—with hopes and joys? Yet beautiful as this May-day is—and all the country round which it so tenderly illumines, we came not hither, a solitary pilgrim from our distant home, to indulge ourself in a joyful happiness No, hither came we purposely to mourn among the scenes which in boyhood we seldom beheld through tears. And therefore have we chosen the gayest day of all the year, when all life is rejoicing, from the grasshopper among our feet to the lark in the cloud Melancholy, and not mirth, doth he hope to find, who after a life of wandering—and may be not without sorrow—comes back to gaze on the banks and braes whereon, to his eyes, once grew the flowers of Paradise Flowers of Paradise are ye still—for, praise be to Heaven! the sense of beauty is still strong within us—and methinks we could feel the beauty of this scene though our heart were broken

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SACRED POETRY.

CHAPTER I

We have often exposed the narrowness and weakness of that dogma, so pertinaciously adhered to by persons of cold hearts and limited understandings, that Religion is not a fit theme for poetical genius, and that Sacred Poetry is beyond the powers of uninspired man. We do not know that the grounds on which that dogma stands have ever been formally stated by any writer but Samuel Johnson, and therefore with all respect, nay, veneration, for his memory, we shall now shortly examine his statement, which, though, as we think, altogether unsatisfactory and sophistical, is yet a splendid specimen of false reasoning, and therefore worthy of being exposed and overthrown Dr Johnson was not often utterly wrong in his mature and considerate judgments respecting any subject of paramount importance to the virtue and happiness of mankind He was a good and wise being, but sometimes he did grievously err, and never more so than in his vain endeavour to exclude from the province of poetry its noblest, highest, and holiest domain. Shut the gates of heaven against Poetry, and her flights along this earth will be feebler and lower—her wings clogged and heavy by the attraction of matter—and her voice—like that of the caged lark, so different from its hymning when lost to sight in the sky—will fail to call forth the deepest responses from the sanctuary of our spirit

"Let no pious ear be offended," says Johnson, "if I advance in opposition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often please The doctrines of religion may indeed be defended in a didactic poem, and he who has the happy power of arguing in verse, will not lose it because his subject is sacred A poet may describe the beauty and the grandeur of nature, the flowers of spring and the harvests of autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide and the revolutions of the sky, and praise his Maker in lines which no reader shall lay aside The subject of the disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety, that of the description is not God, but the works of God Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer

"The essence of poetry is invention, such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights The topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known, but few as they are, they can be made no more, they can receive no grace from

man for motion and for rest? Confident are we that that obese elderly gentleman beside the coachman—whose ample rotundity is encased in that antique and almost obsolete invention, a *spenser*—needed not to have been so carried in a whirlwind to his comfortable home. Scarcely is there time for pity as we behold an honest man's wife, pale as putty in the face at a tremendous swing, or lounge, or lurch of the Highflier, holding like grim death to the balustrades But umbrellas, parasols, plaids, shawls, bonnets, and great-coats with as many necks as Hydra—the Pile of Life has disappeared in a cloud of dust, and the faint bugle tells that already it has spun and reeled onwards a mile on its destination

But here comes a vehicle at more rational pace Mercy on us—a hearse and six horses returning leisurely from a funeral! Not improbable that the person who has just quitted it, had never, till he was a corpse, got higher than a single-horse Chay—yet no fewer than half-a-dozen hackneys must be hired for his dust But clear the way! "Hurra! hurra! he rides a race, 'tis for a thousand pound!" Another, and another, and another—all working away with legs and knees, arms and shoulders, on cart horses in the Brooze—the Brooze! The hearse-horses take no sort of notice of the cavalry of cart and plough, but each in turn keeps its snorting nostrils deep plunged in the pail of meal and water—for well may they be thirsty—the kirkyard being far among the hills, and *the roads not yet civilized* "May I ask, friend," addressing ourself to the hearseman, "whom you have had inside?" "Only Dr. Sandilands, sir—if you are going my way, you may have a lift for a dram!" We had always thought there was a superstition in Scotland against marrying in the month of May, but it appears that people are wedded and bedded in that month too—some in warm sheets—and some in cold—cold—cold—dripping damp as the grave

But we must up, and off Not many gentlemen's houses in the parish—that is to say, old family seats, for of modern villas, or boxes, inhabited by persons imagining themselves gentlemen, and, for any thing we know to the contrary, not wholly deceived in that belief, there is rather too great an abundance Four family seats, however, there certainly are, of sufficient antiquity to please a lover of the olden time, and of those four, the one which we used to love best to look at was—THE MAINS No need to describe it in many words A Hall on a river side, embosomed in woods—holms and meadows winding away in front, with their low thick hedgerows and stately single trees—on—on—on—as far as the eye can reach, a crowd of grove-tops—elms chiefly, or beeches—and a beautiful boundary of blue hills "Good-day, Sergeant Stewart! farewell, Ma'am—farewell!" And in half an hour we are sitting in the moss-house at the edge of the outer garden, and gazing up at the many windowed gray walls of the MAINS, and its high steep-ridged roof, discoloured by the weather-stains of centuries "The taxes on such a house," quod Sergeant Stewart, "are of themselves enough to ruin a man of moderate fortune—so the Mains, sir, has been uninhabited for a good many years" But he had been speaking to one who knew far more about the Mains than he could do—and who was not sorry that the Old Place was allowed to stand, undisturbed by any rich upstart, in the venerable silence of its own decay And this is the moss-house that we helped to build with our own hands—at least to hang the lichen tapestry, and stud the cornice with shells! We were one of the paviers of that pebbled floor—and that bright scintillating piece of spar, the centre of the circle, came all the way from Derbyshire in the knapsack of a geologist, who died a Professor It is strange the roof has not fallen in long ago, but what a slight ligature will often hold together a heap of ruins from tumbling into nothing! The old moss-house, though somewhat decrepit, is alive, and, if these swallows don't take care, they will be stunning themselves against our face, jerking out and in, through door and window, twenty times in a minute Yet with all that twittering of swallows—and with all that frequent crowing of a cock—and all that cawing of rooks—and cooing of doves—and lowing of cattle along the holms—and bleating of lambs along the braes—it is nevertheless a pensive place; and here sit we like a hermit, world-sick, and to be revived only by hearkening in the solitude to the voices of other years

What more mournful thought than that of a *Decayed Family—a high-born race gradually* worn out, and finally ceasing to be! The remote ancestors of this House were famous men of war—then some no less famous statesmen—then poets and historians—then minds still of fine, but of less energetic mould—and last of all, the mystery of madness breaking suddenly forth from spirits that seemed to have been especially formed for profoundest peace. There were three sons and two daughters, undegenerate from the ancient stateliness of the race—the oldest on his approach to manhood erect as the young cedar, that seems conscious of being destined one day to be the tallest tree in the woods The twin-sisters were ladies indeed! Lovely as often are the low-born, no maiden ever stepped from her native cottage-door, even in a poet's dream, with such an air as that with which those fair beings walked along their saloons and lawns Their beauty no one could at all describe—and no one beheld it who did not say that it transcended all that imagination had been able to picture of angelic and divine As the sisters were, so were the brothers—distinguished above all their mates conspicuously, and beyond all possibility of mistake; so that strangers could single them out at once as the heirs of beauty, that, according to veritable pictures and true traditions, had been an unalienable gift from nature to that family ever since it bore the name For the last three generations none of that house had ever reached even the meridian of life—and those of whom we now speak had from childhood been orphans Yet how joyous and free were they one and all, and how often from this cell did evening hear their holy harmonies, as the Five united together

faith. These sanctities may be too awful for "fiction"—but fiction is not the word here, any more than disputation was the word there. Substitute for it the word poetry; and then, reflecting on that of Isaiah and of David, conversant with the Holy of Holies, we feel that it need not profane those other sanctities, if it be, like its subject, indeed divine. True, that those bards were inspired—with them

> —— the name
> Of prophet and of poet was the same;

but still, the power in the soul of a great poet, not in that highest of senses inspired, is, we may say it, of the same kind—inferior but in degree; for religion itself is always an inspiration. It is felt to be so in the prose of holy men—Why not in their poetry?

If these views be just, and we have expressed them "boldly, yet humbly"—all that remains to be set aside of Dr. Johnson's argument is, "that contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and man, cannot be poetical Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer."

There is something very fine and true in the sentiment here; but the sentiment is only true in some cases, not in all. There are different degrees in the pious moods of the most pious spirit that ever sought communion with its God and its Saviour. Some of these are awe-struck and speechless That line,

> "Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise"

denies the power of poetry to be adequate to adoration, while the line itself is most glorious poetry. The temper even of our fallen spirits may be too divine for any words Then the creature kneels mute before its Maker. But are there not other states of mind in which we feel ourselves drawn near to God, when there is no such awful speechlessness laid upon us—but when, on the contrary, our tongues are loosened, and the heart that burns within will speak? Will speak, perhaps, in song—in the inspiration of our piety breathing forth hymns and psalms—poetry indeed—if there be poetry on this earth? Why may we not say that the spirits of just men made perfect—almost perfect, by such visitations from heaven—will break forth—"rapt, inspired," into poetry, which may be called holy, sacred, divine?

We feel as if treading on forbidden ground—and therefore speak reverently; but still we do not fear to say, that between that highest state of contemplative piety which must be mute, down to that lowest state of the same feeling which evanishes and blends into mere human emotion as between creature and creature, there are infinite degrees of emotion which may be all imbodied, without offence, in words—and if so imbodied, with sincerity and humility, will be poetry, and poetry too of the most beautiful and affecting kind

"Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer." Most true, indeed. But, though poetry did not confer that higher state, poetry may nevertheless, in some measure and to some degree, breathe audibly some of the emotions which constitutes its blessedness; poetry may even help the soul to ascend to those celestial heights; because poetry may prepare it, and dispose it to expand itself, and open itself out to the highest and holiest influences of religion; for poetry there may be inspired directly from the word of God, using the language and strong in the spirit of that word—unexistent but for the Old and New Testament.

We agree with Mr. Montgomery, that the sum of Dr. Johnson's argument amounts to this—that contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, *cannot be poetical.* But here we at once ask ourselves, what does he mean by poetical? "The essence of poetry," he says, "is invention—such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights." Here, again, there is confusion and sophistry. There is much high and noble poetry of which invention, such invention as is here spoken of, is not the essence. Devotional poetry is of that character. Who would require something unexpected and surprising in a strain of thanksgiving, repentance, or supplication? Such feelings as these, if rightly expressed, may exalt or prostrate the soul, without much—without any aid from the imagination—except in as far as the imagination will work under the power of every great emotion that does not absolutely confound mortal beings, and humble them down even below the very dust. There may be "no grace from novelty of sentiment," and "very little from novelty of expression"—to use Dr. Johnson's words—for it is neither grace nor novelty that the spirit of the poet is seeking—"the strain we hear is of a higher mood," and "few as the topics of devotion may be," (but are they few?) and "universally known," they are all commensurate—nay, far more than commensurate with the whole power of the soul—never can they become unaffecting while it is our lot to die, even from the lips of ordinary men, the words that flow on such topics flow effectually, if they are earnest, simple, and sincere; but from the lips of genius, inspired by religion, who shall dare to say that, on such topics, words have not flowed that are felt to be poetry almost worthy of the Celestial Ardours around the throne, and by their majesty to "link us to the radiant angels," than whom we were made but a little lower, and with whom we may, when time shall be no more, be equalled in heaven?

We do not hesitate to say, that Dr Johnson's doctrine of the *effect* of poetry is wholly false. If it do indeed please, by exhibiting an idea more grateful to the mind than things themselves afford, that is only because the things themselves are imperfect—more so than suits the aspirations of a spirit, always aspiring because immortal, to a higher sphere—a higher order of being. But when God himself is, with all awe and reverence, made the subject of song—then it is the office—the sacred office of poetry—not to exalt the subject, but to exalt the soul that contemplates it. That poetry can do, else why does human nature glory in the "Paradise Lost?"

novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression. Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful in the mind than things themselves afford. This effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature which attract, and the concealment of those that repel, the imagination; but religion must be shown as it is; suppression and addition equally corrupt it, and such as it is, it is known already. From poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension and the elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved.

"The employments of pious meditation are *faith, thanksgiving, repentance,* and *supplication.* Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving, though the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed to a Being without passions, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets. Supplication to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion; but supplication to God can only cry for mercy.

"Of sentiments purely religious, it will be found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. All that pious verse can do is to help the memory and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Christian Theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere."

Here Dr Johnson confesses that sacred subjects are not unfit—that they are fit—for didactic and descriptive poetry. Now, this is a very wide and comprehensive admission; and being a right, and natural, and just admission, it cannot but strike the thoughtful reader at once as destructive of the great dogma by which Sacred Poetry is condemned. The doctrines of Religion may be defended, he allows, in a didactic poem—and, pray, how can they be defended unless they are also expounded? And how can they be expounded without being steeped, as it were, in religious feeling? Let such a poem be as didactic as can possibly be imagined, still it must be pervaded by the very spirit of religion—and that spirit, breathing throughout the whole, must also be frequently expressed, vividly, and passionately, and profoundly, in particular passages; and if so, must it not be, in the strictest sense, a Sacred poem?

"But," says Dr Johnson, "the subject of the disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety." Why introduce the word "disputation," as if it characterized justly and entirely all didactic poetry? And who ever heard of an essential distinction between piety, and motives to piety? Mr James Montgomery, in a very excellent Essay prefixed to that most interesting collection, "The Christian Poet," well observes, that "motives to piety must be of the *nature* of piety, otherwise they could never incite to it—the precepts and sanctions of the Gospel might as well be denied to be any part of the Gospel." And for our own parts, we scarcely know what piety is, separated from its motives—or how, so separated, it could be expressed in words at all.

With regard, again, to descriptive poetry, the argument, if argument it may be called, is still more lame and impotent. "A poet," it is said, "may describe the beauty and the grandeur of nature, the flowers of the spring and the harvests of autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide and the revolutions of the sky, and praise his Maker in lines which no reader shall lay aside." Most true he may; but then we are told, "the subject of the description is not God, but the works of God!" Alas! what trifling—what miserable trifling is this! In the works of God, God is felt to be by us his creatures, whom he has spiritually endowed. We cannot look on them, even in our least elevated moods, without some shadow of love or awe; in our most elevated moods, we gaze on them with religion. By the very constitution of our intelligence, the effects speak of the cause. We are led by nature up to nature's God. The Bible is not the only revelation—there is another—dimmer but not less divine—for surely the works are as the words of God. No great poet, in describing the glories and beauties of the external world, is forgetful of the existence and attributes of the Most High. That thought, and that feeling, animate all his strains; and though he dare not to describe Him the Ineffable, he cannot prevent his poetry from being beautifully coloured by devotion, tinged by piety—in its essence it is religious.

It appears, then, that the qualifications or restrictions with which Dr Johnson is willing to allow that there may be didactic and descriptive sacred poetry, are wholly unmeaning, and made to depend on distinctions which have no existence.

Of narrative poetry of a sacred kind, Mr Montgomery well remarks, Johnson makes no mention, except it be implicated with the statement, that "the ideas of Christian Theology are too sacred for fiction—a sentiment more just than the admirers of Milton and Klopstock are willing to admit, without almost plenary indulgence in favour of these great, but not infallible authorities." Here Mr Montgomery expresses himself very cautiously—perhaps rather too much so—for he leaves us in the dark about his own belief. But this we do not hesitate to say, that though there is great danger of wrong being done to the ideas of Christian theology by poetry—a wrong which must be most painful to the whole inner being of a Christian; yet that there seems no necessity of such a wrong, and that a great poet, guarded by awe, and fear, and love, may move his wings unblamed, and to the glory of God, even amongst the most awful sanctities of his

"Supplication to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion, but supplication to God can only cry for mercy." And in that cry we say that there may be poetry; for the God of Mercy suffers his creatures to approach his throne in supplication, with words which they have learned when supplicating one another, and the feeling of being forgiven, which we are graciously permitted to believe may follow supplication, and spring from it, may vent itself in many various and most affecting forms of speech Men will supplicate God in many other words besides those of doubt and of despair, hope will mingle with prayer, and hope, as it glows, and burns, and expands, will speak in poetry—else poetry there is none proceeding from any of our most sacred passions

Dr. Johnson says, "Of sentiments purely religious, it will be found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself" Here he had in his mind the most false notions of poetry, which he had evidently imagined to be an art despising simplicity—whereas simplicity is its very soul Simple expression, he truly says, is in religion most sublime—and why should not poetry be simple in its expression? Is it not always so —when the mood of mind it expresses is simple, concise, and strong, and collected into one great emotion? But he uses—as we see—the terms "lustre" and "decoration"—as if poetry necessarily, by its very nature, was always ambitious and ornate, whereas we all know, that it is often in all its glory direct and simple as the language of very childhood, and for that reason sublime.

With such false notions of poetry, it is not to be wondered at that Dr. Johnson, enlightened man as he was, should have concluded his argument with this absurdity—"The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere" No Simple as they are—on them have been bestowed, and by them awakened, the highest strains of eloquence—and here we hail the shade of Jeremy Taylor alone—one of the highest that ever soared from earth to heaven, sacred as they are, they have not been desecrated by the fictions—so to call them—of John Milton, majestic as are the heavens, their majesty has not been lowered by the ornaments that the rich genius of the old English divines has so profusely hung around them, like dewdrops glistening on the fruitage of the Tree of Life Tropes and figures are nowhere more numerous and refulgent than in the Scriptures themselves, from Isaiah to St John; and, magnificent as are the "sidereal heavens" when the eye looks aloft, they are not to our eyes less so, nor less lovely, when reflected in the bosom of a still lake or the slumbering ocean

This statement of facts destroys at once all Dr Johnson's splendid sophistry—splendid at first sight—but on closer inspection a mere haze, mist, or smoke, illuminated by an artificial lustre. How far more truly, and how far more sublimely, does Milton, "that mighty orb of song," speak of his own divine gift—the gift of Poetry! "These abilities are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, and are of power to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbation of the mind, and set the affections to a right tune, to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's Almightiness, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his Church, to sing victorious agonies of Martyrs and Saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ, to deplore the general relapse of kingdoms and states from virtue and God's true worship Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, and in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion, or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and reflexions of men's thoughts from within, all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe—Teaching over the whole book of morality and virtue, through all instances of example, with such delight to those, especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself unless they see her elegantly dressed, that, whereas the paths of honesty and good life that appear now rugged and difficult, appear to all men easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed"

It is not easy to believe that no great broad lights have been thrown on the mysteries of men's minds since the days of the great poets, moralists, and metaphysicians of the ancient world We seem to feel more profoundly than they—to see, as it were into a new world The things of that world are of such surpassing worth, that in certain awe-struck moods we regard them as almost above the province of Poetry Since the revelation of Christianity, all moral thought has been sanctified by Religion Religion has given it a purity, a solemnity, a sublimity, which, even among the noblest of the heathen, we shall look for in vain The knowledge that shone but by fits and dimly on the eyes of Socrates and Plato, "that rolled in vain to find the light," has descended over many lands into "the huts where poor men lie"—and thoughts are familiar there, beneath the low and smoky roofs, higher far than ever flowed from the lips of Grecian sage meditating among the magnificence of his pillared temples The whole condition and character of the Human Being, in Christian countries, has been raised up to a loftier elevation, and he may be looked at in the face without a sense of degradation, even when he wears the aspect of poverty and distress Since that Religion was given us, and not before, has been felt the meaning of that sublime expression—The Brotherhood of Man

Yet it is just as true, that there is as much misery and suffering in Christendom—nay, far more of them all—than troubled and tore men's hearts during the reign of all those superstitions and idolatries But with what dif-

"Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being Omnipotence cannot be exalted—Infinity cannot be amplified—Perfection cannot be improved" Should not this go to prohibit all speech—all discourse—all sermons concerning the divine attributes? Immersed as they are in matter, our souls wax dull, and the attributes of the Deity are but as mere names Those attributes cannot, indeed, be exalted by poetry "The perfection of God cannot be improved"—nor was it worthy of so wise a man so to speak, but while the Creator abideth in his own incomprehensible Being, the creature, too willing to crawl blind and hoodwinked along the earth, like a worm, may be raised by the voice of the charmer, "some sweet singer of Israel," from his slimy track, and suddenly be made to soar on wings up into the ether.

Would Dr Johnson have declared the uselessness of Natural Theology? On the same ground he must have done so, to preserve consistency in his doctrine Do we, by exploring wisdom, and power, and goodness, in all animate and inanimate creation, exalt Omnipotence, amplify infinity, or improve perfection? We become ourselves exalted by such divine contemplations—by knowing the structure of a rose-leaf or of an insect's wing We are reminded of what, alas! we too often forget, and exclaim, "Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name!" And while science explores, may not poetry celebrate the glories and the mercies of our God?

The argument against which we contend gets weaker and weaker as it proceeds—the gross misconception of the nature of poetry on which it is founded becomes more and more glaring—the paradoxes, dealt out as confidently as if they were self-evident truths, more and more repulsive alike to our feelings and our understandings. "The employments of pious meditation are faith, thanksgiving, repentance, and supplication Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations Thanksgiving, though the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed to a Being superior to us, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed Repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets Supplication to men may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion, but supplication to God can only cry for mercy" What a vain attempt authoritatively to impose upon the common sense of mankind! Faith is not invariably uniform To preserve it unwavering—unquaking—to save it from lingering or from sudden death—is the most difficult service to which the frail spirit—frail even in its greatest strength—is called every day—every hour—of this troubled, perplexing, agitating, and often most unintelligible life! "Liberty of will," says Jeremy Taylor, "is like the motion of a magnetic needle towards the north, full of trembling and uncertainty till it be fixed in the beloved point it wavers as long as it is free, and is at rest when it can choose no more It is humility and truth to allow to man this liberty, and, therefore, for this we may lay our faces in the dust, and confess that our dignity and excellence suppose misery, and are imperfection, but the instrument and capacity of all duty and all virtue" Happy he whose faith is finally "fixed in the beloved point!" But even of that faith, what hinders the poet whom it has blessed to sing? While, of its tremblings, and veerings, and variations, why may not the poet, whose faith has experienced, and still may experience them all, breathe many a melancholy and mournful lay, assuaged, ere the close, by the descent of peace?

Thanksgiving, it is here admitted, is the "most joyful of all holy effusions," and the admission is sufficient to prove that it cannot be "confined to a few modes" "Out of the fulness of the heart the tongue speaketh," and though at times the heart will be too full for speech, yet as often even the coldest lips prove eloquent in gratitude—yea, the very dumb do speak—nor, in excess of joy, know the miracle that has been wrought upon them by the power of their own mysterious and high enthusiasm.

That "repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, should not be at leisure for cadences and epithets," is in one respect true, but nobody supposes that during such moments—or hours—poetry is composed, and surely when they have passed away, which they must do, and the mind is left free to meditate upon them, and to recall them as shadows of the past, there is nothing to prevent them from being steadily and calmly contemplated, and depictured in somewhat softened and altogether endurable light, so as to become proper subjects even of poetry—that is, proper subjects of such expression as human nature is prompted to clothe with all its emotions, as soon as they have subsided, after a swell or a storm, into a calm, either placid altogether, or still bearing traces of the agitation that has ceased, and have left the whole being self-possessed, and both capable and desirous of indulging itself in an after-emotion at once melancholy and sublime. Then, repentance will not only be "at leisure for cadences and epithets," but cadences and epithets will of themselves move harmonious numbers, and give birth, if genius as well as piety be there, to religious poetry Cadences and epithets are indeed often sought for with care, and pains, and ingenuity, but they often come forth unsought, and never more certainly and more easily than when the mind recovers itself from some oppressive mood, and, along with a certain sublime sadness, is restored to the full possession of powers that had for a short severe season been overwhelmed, but afterwards look back, in very inspiration, on the feelings that during their height were nearly unendurable, and then unfit for any outward and palpable form The criminal trembling at the bar of an earthly tribunal, and with remorse and repentance receiving his doom, might, in like manner, be wholly unable to set his emotions to the measures of speech, but when recovered from the shock by pardon, or reprieve, or submission, is there any reason why he should not calmly recall the miseries and the prostation of spirit attendant on that hour, and give them touching and pathetic expression?

awful sanctities before which angels vail their faces with their wings, but mincing in, with red slippers and flowered dressing-gowns—would-be fashionables, with crow-quills in hands like those of milliners, and rings on their fingers—afterwards extending their notes into Sacred Poems for the use of the public—penny-a-liners, reporting the judgments of Providence as they would the proceedings in a police court.

CHAPTER II

The distinctive character of poetry, it has been said, and credited almost universally, is *to please* That they who have studied the laws of thought and passion should have suffered themselves to be deluded by an unmeaning word is mortifying enough, but it is more than mortifying—it perplexes and confounds—to think that poets themselves and poets too of the highest order, have declared the same degrading belief of what is the scope and tendency, the end and aim of their own divine art—forsooth *to please!* Pleasure is no more the end of poetry than it is the end of knowledge, or of virtue, or of religion, or of this world The end of poetry is pleasure, delight, instruction, expansion, elevation, honour, glory, happiness here and hereafter, or it is nothing Is the end of Paradise Lost to please? Is the end of Dante's Divine Comedy to please? Is the end of the Psalms of David to please? Or of the songs of Isaiah? Yet it is probable that poetry has often been injured or vitiated by having been written in the spirit of this creed It relieved poets from the burden of their duty—from the responsibility of their endowments—from the conscience that is in genius. We suspect that this doctrine has borne especially hard on all sacred poetry, disinclined poets to devoting their genius to it—and consigned, if not to oblivion, to neglect, much of what is great in that magnificent walk For if the masters of the Holy Harp are to strike it but to please—if their high inspirations are to be deadened and dragged down by the prevalent power of such a mean and unworthy aim—they will either be contented to awaken a few touching tones of "those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide"—unwilling to prolong and deepen them into the diapason of praise—or they will deposit their lyre within the gloom of the sanctuary, and leave unawakened "the soul of music sleeping on its strings"

All arguments, or rather objections to sacred poetry, dissolve as you internally look at them, like unabiding mist-shapes, or rather like imagined mirage where no mirage is, but the mind itself makes ocular deceptions for its own amusement By sacred poetry, is mostly meant Scriptural, but there are, and always have been conceited and callous critics, who would exclude all religious feelings from poetry, and indeed from prose too, compendiously calling them all cant Had such criticasters been right, all great nations would not have so gloried in their great bards Poetry, it is clear, embraces all we can experience, and every high, impassioned, imaginative, intellectual, and moral state of being becomes religious before it passes away, provided it be left free to seek the empyrean, and not restricted to the glebe by some severe slavery of condition, which destroys the desire of ascent by the same inexorable law that palsies the power, and reconciles the toilers to the doom of the dust. If all the states of being that poetry illustrates do thus tend, of their own accord, towards religious elevation, all high poetry must be religious, and so it is, for it is but language the breathing of a life "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth," and the feelings, impulses, motives, aspirations, obligations, duties, privileges, which it endows forth or embodies, envelopes them in solemn shade or attractive light, are all, directly or indirectly, manifestly or secretly, allied with the sense of the immortality of the soul, and the belief of a future state of reward and retribution Extinguish that sense and that belief in a poet's soul, and he may hang up his harp

Among the great living poets Wordsworth is the one whose poetry is to us the most inexplicable—with all our reverence for his transcendent genius, we do not fear to say the most open to the most serious charge—on the score of its religion From the first line of the Lyrical Ballads to the last of the 'Excursion'—it is avowedly one system of thought and feeling embracing his experiences of human life and his meditations on the moral government of this world The human heart—the human mind—the human soul—to use his own fine words—is "the haunt and main region of his song" There are few, perhaps none of our affections—using that term in its largest sense—which have not been either slightly touched upon, or fully treated, by Wordsworth. In his poetry, therefore, we behold an image of what, to his eye, appears to be human life. Is there, or is there not, some great and lamentable defect in that image marring both the truth and beauty of the representation? We think there is—and that it lies in his Religion

In none of Wordsworth's poetry, previous to his "Excursion," is there any allusion made, except of the most trivial and transient kind, to Revealed Religion He certainly cannot be called a Christian poet The hopes that lie beyond the grave—and the many holy and awful feelings in which on earth these hopes are enshrined and fed, are rarely if ever part of the character of any of the persons—male or female—old or young—brought before us in his beautiful Pastorals Yet all the most interesting and affecting ongoings of this life are exquisitely delineated—and innumerable of course are the occasions on which, had the thoughts and feelings of revealed religion been in Wordsworth's heart during the hours of inspiration—and he often has written like a man inspired—they must have found expression in his strains, and the personages, humble or high, that figure in his representations, would have been, in their joys or their sorrows, their temptations and their trials, Christians But most assuredly this is not the case, the religion of this great Poet—in all his poetry published previous to the "Excursion"—is but the "Religion of the Woods"

ferent feelings is it all thought of—spoken of—looked at—alleviated—repented—expiated—atoned for—now? In the olden time, such was the prostration of the "million," that it was only when seen in high places that even Guilt and Sin were felt to be appalling,—Remorse was the privilege of Kings and Princes—and the Furies shook their scourges but before the eyes of the high-born, whose crimes had brought eclipse across the ancestral glories of some ancient line

But we now know that there is but one origin from which flow all disastrous issues, alike to the king and the beggar It is sin that does "with the lofty equalize the low," and the same deep-felt community of guilt and groans which renders Religion awful, has given to poetry in a lower degree something of the same character—has made it far more profoundly tender, more overpoweringly pathetic, more humane and thoughtful far, more humble as well as more high, like Christian Charity more comprehensive, nay, we may say, like Christian Faith, felt by those to whom it is given to be from on high, and if not utterly destroyed, darkened and miserably weakened by a wicked or vicious life

We may affirm, then, that as human nature has been so greatly purified and elevated by the Christian Religion, Poetry, which deals with human nature in all its dearest and most intimate concerns, must have partaken of that purity and that elevation—and that it may now be a far holier and more sacred inspiration, than when it was fabled to be the gift of Apollo and the Muses We may not circumscribe its sphere. To what cerulean heights shall not the wing of Poetry soar? Into what dungeon-gloom shall she not descend? If such be her powers and privileges, shall she not be the servant and minister of Religion?

If from moral fictions of life Religion be altogether excluded, then it would indeed be a waste of words to show that they must be worse than worthless They must be, not imperfect merely, but false, and not false merely, but calumnious against human nature The agonies of passion fling men down to the dust on their knees, or smite them motionless as stone statues, sitting alone in their darkened chambers of despair But sooner or later, all eyes, all hearts look for comfort to God The coldest metaphysical analyst could not avoid *that*, in his sage enumeration of "each particular hair" that is twisted and untwisted by him into a sort of moral tie, and surely the impassioned and philosophical poet will not, dare not, for the spirit that is within him, exclude *that* from his elegies, his hymns, and his songs, which, whether mournful or exulting, are inspired by the life-long, life-deep conviction, that all the greatness of the present is but for the future—that the praises of this passing earth are worthy of his lyre, only because it is overshadowed by the eternal heavens

But though the total exclusion of Religion from Poetry aspiring to be a picture of the life or soul of man, be manifestly destructive of its very essence—how, it may be asked, shall we set bounds to this spirit—how shall we limit it—measure it—and accustom it to the curb of critical control? If Religion be indeed all-in-all, and there are few who openly deny it, must we, nevertheless, deal with it only in illusion—hint it as if we were half afraid of its spirit, half ashamed—and cunningly contrive to save our credit as Christians, without subjecting ourselves to the condemnation of critics, whose scorn, even in this enlightened age, has—the more is the pity—even by men conscious of their genius and virtue, been feared as more fatal than death?

No let there be no compromise between false taste and true Religion Better to be condemned by all the periodical publications in Great Britain than your own conscience Let the dunce, with diseased spleen, who edits one obscure Review, revile and rail at you to his heart's discontent, in hollow league with his black-biled brother, who, sickened by your success, has long laboured in vain to edit another, still more unpublishable—but do you hold the even tenor of your way, assured that the beauty which nature, and the Lord of nature, have revealed to your eyes and your heart, when sown abroad will not be suffered to perish, but will have everlasting life Your books—humble and unpretending though they be—yet here and there a page, not uninspired by the spirit of Truth, and Faith, and Hope, and Charity—that is, by Religion—will be held up before the ingle light, close to the eyes of the pious patriarch, sitting with his children's children round his knees—nor will any one sentiment, chastened by that fire that tempers the sacred links that bind together the brotherhood of man, escape the solemn search of a soul, simple and strong in its Bible-taught wisdom, and happy to feel and own communion of holy thought with one unknown—even perhaps by name—who although dead yet speaketh—and, without superstition, is numbered among the saints of that lowly household

He who knows that he writes in the fear of God and in the love of man, will not arrest the thoughts that flow from his pen, because he knows that they may—will be—insulted and profaned by the name of cant, and he himself held up as a hypocrite In some hands, ridicule is indeed a terrible weapon It is terrible in the hands of indignant genius, branding the audacious forehead of falsehood or pollution But ridicule in the hands either of cold-blooded or infuriated Malice, is harmless as a birch-rod in the palsied fingers of a superannuated beldam, who in her blear-eyed dotage has lost her school The Bird of Paradise might float in the sunshine unharmed all its beautiful life long, although all the sportsmen of Cockaigne were to keep firing at the star-like plumage during the Christmas holydays of a thousand years

We never are disposed not to enjoy a religious spirit in metrical composition, but when induced to suspect that it is not sincere, and then we turn away from the hypocrite, just as we do from a pious pretender in the intercourse of life Shocking it is indeed, to see "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," nor have we words to express our disgust and horror at the sight of fools, not rushing in among those

mind—*that* being wanting without which the entire representation is vitiated, and necessarily false to nature—to virtue—to resignation—to life—and to death. These may seem strong words—but we are ready to defend them in the face of all who may venture to impugn their truth.

This utter absence of Revealed Religion, where it ought to have been all-in-all—for in such trials in real life it is all-in all, or we regard the existence of sin or sorrow with repugnance—shocks far deeper feelings within us than those of taste, and throws over the whole poem to which the tale of Margaret belongs, an unhappy suspicion of hollowness and insincerity in that poetical religion, which at the best is a sorry substitute indeed for the light that is from heaven. Above all, it flings, as indeed we have intimated, an air of absurdity over the orthodox Church-of-Englandism—for once to quote a not inexpressive barbarism of Bentham—which every now and then breaks out either in passing compliment—amounting to but a bow—or in eloquent laudation, during which the poet appears to be prostrate on his knees. He speaks nobly of cathedrals, and minsters, and so forth, reverendly adorning all the land, but in none—no, not one of the houses of the humble, the hovels of the poor into which he takes us—is the religion preached in those cathedrals and minsters, and chanted in prayer to the pealing organ, represented as the power that in peace supports the roof-tree, lightens the hearth, and is the guardian, the tutelary spirit of the lowly dwelling. Can this be right? Impossible. And when we find the Christian religion thus excluded from Poetry, otherwise as good as ever was produced by human genius, what are we to think of the Poet, and of the world of thought and feeling, fancy and imagination, in which he breathes, nor fears to declare to all men that he believes himself to be one of the order of the High Priests of nature?

Shall it be said, in justification of the poet, that he presents a very interesting state of mind, sometimes found actually existing, and does not pretend to present a model of virtue?—that there are miseries which shut some hearts against religion, sensibilities which, being too severely tried, are disinclined, at least at certain stages of their suffering, to look to that source for comfort?—that this is human nature, and the description only follows it?—that when "in peace and comfort" her best hopes were directed to "the God in heaven," and that her habit in that respect was only broken up by the stroke of her calamity, causing such a derangement of her mental power as should deeply interest the sympathies?—in short, that the poet is an artist, and that the privation of all comfort from religion completes the picture of her desolation?

Would that such defence were of avail! But of whom does the poet so pathetically speak?

> "Of one whose stock
> Of virtues bloom'd beneath this lowly roof.
> She was a woman of a steady mind,
> Tender and deep in her excess of love;
> Not speaking much—pleased rather with the joy
> Of her own thoughts. By some especial care
> Her temper had been framed, as if to make
> A Being who by adding love to fear
> Might live on earth a life of happiness.
> Her wedded partner lack'd not on his side
> The humble worth that satisfied her heart—
> Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal
> Keenly industrious. She with pride would tell
> That he was often seated at his loom
> In summer, ere the mower was abroad
> Among the dewy grass—in early spring,
> Ere the last star had vanish'd. They who pass'd
> At evening, from behind the garden fence
> Might hear his busy spade, which he would ply
> After his daily work, until the light
> Had fail'd, and every leaf and flower were lost
> In the dark hedges. So their days were spent
> In peace and comfort; and a pretty boy
> Was their best hope, next to the God in heaven."

We are prepared by that character, so amply and beautifully drawn, to pity her to the utmost demand that may be made on our pity—to judge her leniently, even if in her desertion she finally gave way to inordinate and incurable grief. But we are not prepared to see her sinking from depth to depth of despair, in wilful abandonment to her anguish, without oft-repeated and long-continued passionate prayers for support or deliverance from her trouble, to the throne of mercy. Alas! it is true that in our happiness our gratitude to God is too often more selfish than we think, and that in our misery it faints or dies. So is it even with the best of us—but surely not all life long—unless the heart has been utterly crushed—the brain itself distorted in its functions, by some calamity, under which nature's self gives way, and falls into ruins like a rent house when the last prop is withdrawn.

> "Nine tedious years
> From their first separation—nine long years
> She linger'd in unquiet widowhood—
> A wife and widow. Needs must it have been
> A sore heart-wasting."

It must indeed, and it is depicted by a master's hand. But even were it granted that sufferings, such as hers, might, in the course of nature, have extinguished all heavenly comfort—all reliance on God and her Saviour—the process and progress of such fatal relinquishment should have been shown, with all its struggles and all its agonies, if the religion of one so good was so unavailing, its weakness should have been exhibited and explained, that we might have known assuredly why, in the multitude of the thoughts within her, there was no solace for her sorrow, and how unpitying Heaven let her die of grief.

This tale, too, is the very first told by the Pedlar to the Poet under circumstances of much solemnity, and with affecting note of preparation. It arises naturally from the sight of the ruined cottage near which they, by appointment, have met, the narrator puts his whole heart into it, and the listener is overcome by its pathos. No remark is made on Margaret's grief, except that

> "I turned aside in weakness, nor had power
> To thank him for the tale which he had told.
> I stood, and leaning o'er the garden wall
> Review'd that woman's sufferings; and it seem'd
> To comfort me, while, with a brother's love,
> I bless'd her in the impotence of grief.
> Then towards the cottage I return'd, and traced
> Fondly, though with an interest more mild,
> The secret spirit of humanity,
> Which, 'mid the calm oblivious tendencies
> Of nature—'mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers,
> And silent overgrowings, still survived."

In the "Excursion," his religion is brought forward—prominently and conspicuously—in many elaborate dialogues between Priest, Pedlar, Poet, and Solitary And a very high religion it often is, but is it Christianity? No—it is not. There are glimpses given of some of the Christian doctrines, just as if the various philosophical disquisitions, in which the Poem abounds, would be imperfect without some allusion to the Christian creed The interlocutors—eloquent as they all are—say but little on that theme, nor do they show—if we except the Priest—much interest in it—any solicitude, they may all, for any thing that appears to the contrary, be deists

Now, perhaps, it may be said that Wordsworth was deterred from entering on such a theme by the awe of his spirit But there is no appearance of this having been the case in any one single passage in the whole poem Nor could it have been the case with such a man—a man privileged, by the power God has bestowed upon him, to speak unto all the nations of the earth, on all themes, however high and holy, which the children of men can feel and understand Christianity, during almost all their disquisitions, lay in the way of all the speakers, as they kept journeying among the hills

> "On man, on nature, and on human life,
> Musing in Solitude!"

But they, one and all, either did not perceive it, or, perceiving it, looked upon it with a cold and indifferent regard, and passed by into the poetry breathing from the dewy woods, or lowering from the cloudy skies Their talk is of "Palmyra central, in the desert," rather than of Jerusalem On the mythology of the Heathen much beautiful poetry is bestowed, but none on the theology of the Christian

Yet there is no subject too high for Wordsworth's muse. In the preface to the "Excursion," he says daringly—we fear too daringly,—

> "Urania, I shall need
> Thy guidance, or a greater muse if such
> Descend to earth, or dwell in highest heaven!
> For I must tread on shadowy ground must sink
> Deep—and aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
> To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil,
> All strength—all terror—single or in bands,
> That ever was put forth in personal form,
> Jehovah with his thunder, and the choir
> Of shouting angels, and the empyreal thrones,
> I pass them unalarm'd!"

Has the poet, who believes himself entitled to speak thus of the power and province given to him to put forth and to possess, spoken in consonance with such a strain, by avoiding, in part of the very work to which he so triumphantly appeals, the Christian Revelation? Nothing could have reconciled us to a burst of such—audacity—we use the word considerately—but the exhibition of a spirit divinely embued with the Christian faith For what else, we ask, but the truths beheld by the Christian Faith, can be beyond those "personal forms," "beyond Jehovah," "the choirs of shouting angels," and the "empyreal thrones?"

This omission is felt the more deeply—the more sadly—from such introduction as there is of Christianity, for one of the books of the "Excursion" begins with a very long, and a very noble eulogy on the Church Establishment in England How happened it that he who pronounced such eloquent panegyric—that they who so devoutly inclined their ear to imbibe it—should have been all contented with

> "That basis laid, these principles of faith
> Announced,"

and yet throughout the whole course of their discussions, before and after, have forgotten apparently that there was either Christianity or a Christian Church in the world?

We do not hesitate to say, that the thoughtful and sincere student of this great poet's works, must regard such omission—such inconsistency or contradiction—with more than the pain of regret, for there is no relief afforded to our defrauded hearts from any quarter to which we can look A pledge has been given, that all the powers and privileges of a Christian poet shall be put forth and exercised for our behoof—for our delight and instruction, all other poetry is to sink away before the heavenly splendour, Urania, or a greater muse, is invoked, and after all this solemn, and more than solemn preparation made for our initiation into the mysteries, we are put off with a well-merited encomium on the Church of England, from Bishop to Curate inclusive, and though we have much fine poetry, and some high philosophy, it would puzzle the most ingenious to detect much, or any, Christian religion

Should the opinion boldly avowed be challenged, we shall enter into further exposition and illustration of it, meanwhile, we confine ourselves to some remarks on one of the most elaborate tales of domestic suffering in the Excursion In the story of Margaret, containing, we believe, more than four hundred lines—a tolerably long poem in itself—though the whole and entire state of a poor deserted wife and mother's heart, for year after year of "hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick,' is described, or rather dissected, with an almost cruel anatomy—not one quivering fibre being left unexposed—all the fluctuating, and finally all the constant agitations laid bare and naked that carried her at last lingeringly to the grave—there is not—except one or two weak lines, that seem to have been afterwards purposely dropped in—one single syllable about Religion Was Margaret a Christian?—Let the answer be yes—as good a Christian as ever kneeled in the small mountain chapel, in whose churchyard her body now waits for the resurrection If she was—then the picture painted of her and her agonies, is a libel not only on her character, but on the character of all other poor Christian women in this Christian land Placed as she was, for so many years, in the clutches of so many passions—she surely must have turned sometimes—ay, often, and often, and often, else had she sooner left the clay—towards her Lord and Saviour But of such "comfort let no man speak," seems to have been the principle of Mr Wordsworth, and the consequence is, that this, perhaps the most elaborate picture he ever painted of any conflict within any one human heart, is, with all its pathos, repulsive to very religious

forming its conceptions of divine things, is prouder of its own power than humbled in the comparison of its personal inferiority, and in enunciating them in verse, more rejoices in the consciousness of the power of its own genius than in the contemplation of Him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift—it has not attained Piety, and its worship is not an acceptable service For it is self-worship—worship of the creature's own conceptions, and an overweening complacency with its own greatness, in being able to form and so to express them as to win or command the praise and adoration of his fellow mortals Those lofty speculations, alternately declaimed among the mountains, with an accompaniment of waterfalls, by men full of fancies and eloquent of speech, elude the hold of the earnest spirit longing for truth; disappointment and impatience grow on the humblest and most reverent mind, and escaping from the multitude of vain words, the neophyte finds in one chapter of a Book forgotten in that babblement, a light to his way and a support to his steps, which, following and trusting, he knows will lead him to everlasting life.

Throughout the poem there is much talk of the light of nature, little of the light of revelation, and they all speak of the theological doctrines of which our human reason gives us assurance Such expressions as these may easily lead to important error, and do, indeed, seem often to have been misconceived and misemployed What those truths are which human reason, unassisted, would discover to us on these subjects, it is impossible for us to know, for we have never seen it left absolutely to itself Instruction, more or less, in wandering tradition, or in express, full, and recorded revelation, has always accompanied it, and we have never had other experience of the human mind than as exerting its powers under the light of imparted knowledge In these circumstances, all that can be properly meant by those expressions which regard the power of the human mind to guide, to enlighten, or to satisfy itself in such great inquiries, is not that it can be the discoverer of truth, but that, with the doctrines of truth set before it, it is able to deduce arguments from its own independent sources which confirm it in their belief, or that, with truth and error proposed to its choice, it has means, to a certain extent, in its own power, of distinguishing one from the other. For ourselves, we may understand easily that it would be impossible for us so to shut out from our minds the knowledge which has been poured in upon them from our earliest years, in order to ascertain what self-left reason could find out Yet this much we are able to do in the speculations of our philosophy We can inquire, in this light, what are the grounds of evidence which nature and reason themselves offer for belief in the same truths A like remark must be extended to the morality which we seem now to inculcate from the authority of human reason We no longer possess any such independent morality The spirit of a higher, purer, moral law than man could discover, has been breathed over the world, and we have grown up in the air and the light of a system so congenial to the highest feelings of our human nature, that the wisest spirits amongst us have sometimes been tempted to forget that its origin is divine.

Had the Excursion been written in the poet's later life, it had not been so liable to such objections as these; for much of his poetry composed since that era is imbued with a religious spirit, answering the soul's desire of the devoutest Christian His Ecclesiastical Sonnets are sacred poetry indeed How comprehensive the sympathy of a truly pious heart! How religion reconciles different forms, and modes, and signs, and symbols of worship, provided only they are all imbued with the spirit of faith! This is the toleration Christianity sanctions—for it is inspired by its own universal love No sectarian feeling here, that would exclude or debar from the holiest chamber in the poet's bosom one sincere worshipper of our Father which is in heaven Christian brethren! By that mysterious bond our natures are brought into more endearing communion—now more than ever, brethren, because of the blood that was shed for us all from His blessed side! Even of that most awful mystery in some prayer-like strains the Poet tremblingly speaks, in many a strain, at once so affecting and so elevating—breathing so divinely of Christian charity to all whose trust is in the Cross! Who shall say what form of worship is most acceptable to the Almighty? All are holy in which the soul seeks to approach him—holy

> "The chapel lurking among trees,
> Where a few villagers on bended knees
> Find solace which a busy world disdains,"

we feel as the poet felt when he breathed to the image of some old abbey—

> "Once ye were holy, ye are holy still!"

And what heart partakes not the awe of his

> "Beneath that branching roof
> Self-poised, and scoop'd into ten thousand cells
> Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
> Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die!"

Read the first of these sonnets with the last—and then once more the strains that come between—and you will be made to feel how various and how vast beneath the sky are the regions set apart by the soul for prayer and worship, and that all places become consecrated—the high and the humble—the mean and the magnificent—in which Faith and Piety have sought to hold communion with Heaven

But they who duly worship God in temples made with hands, meet every hour of their lives "Devotional Excitements" as they walk among his works, and in the later poetry of Wordsworth these abound—age having solemnized the whole frame of his being, that was always alive to religious emotions—but more than ever now, as around his paths in the evening of life longer fall the mysterious shadows More fervid lines have seldom flowed from his spirit in its devoutest mood, than some awakened by the sounds and sights of a happy day in May—to him—though no church-bell was heard—a Sabbath His occasional poems are often felt by us to be linked together by the finest affinities, which perhaps

Such musings receive the Pedlar's approbation, and he says—

"My friend! enough to sorrow you have given
The purposes of wisdom ask no more
Be wise and cheerful, and no longer read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye
She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here"

As the Poet, then, was entirely satisfied with the tale, so ought to be all readers No hint is dropped that there was any thing to blame in the poor woman's nine years' passion—no regret breathed that she had sought not, by means offered to all, for that peace of mind which passeth all understanding—no question asked, how it was that she had not communed with her own afflicted heart, over the pages of that Book where it is written, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give ye rest!" The narrator had indeed said, that on revisiting her during her affliction—

"Her humble lot of books,
Which in her cottage window, heretofore
Had been piled up against the corner panes
In seemly order, now, with straggling leaves,
Lay scatter'd here and there, open or shut,
As they had chanced to fall"

But he does not mention the Bible

What follows has always seemed to us of a questionable character—

"I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
By mist and silent rain-drops silver'd o'er,
As once I pass'd, into my heart convey'd
So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and look'd so beautiful
Amid the uneasy thoughts which fill'd my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the griefs
The passing shows of Being leave behind,
Appear'd an idle dream, that could not live
Where meditation was I turn'd away,
And walk'd along my road in happiness"

These are fine lines, nor shall we dare, in face of them, to deny the power of the beauty and serenity of nature to assuage the sorrow of us mortal beings, who live for awhile on her breast Assuredly, there is sorrow that may be so assuaged and the sorrow here spoken of—for poor Margaret, many years dead—was of that kind But does not the heart of a man beat painfully, as if violence were offered to its most sacred memories, to hear from the lips of wisdom, that "sorrow and despair from ruin and from change, and all the griefs" that we can suffer here below, appear an idle dream among plumes, and weeds, and speargrass, and mists, and raindrops? "Where meditation is!" What meditation? Turn thou, O child of a day! to the New Testament, and therein thou mayest find comfort It matters not whether a spring-bank be thy seat by Rydal Mere, "while heaven and earth do make one imagery," or thou sittest in the shadow of death, beside a tomb

We said, that for the present we should confine our remarks on this subject to the story of Margaret, but they are, more or less, applicable to almost all the stories in the Excursion In many of the eloquent disquisitions and harangues of the Three Friends, they carry along with them the sympathies of all mankind, and the wisest may be enlightened by their wisdom But what we complain of is, that neither in joy nor grief, happiness nor misery, is religion the dominant principle of thought and feeling in the character of any one human being with whom we are made acquainted, living or dead Of not a single one, man or woman, are we made to feel the beauty of holiness—the power and the glory of the Christian Faith Beings are brought before us whom we pity, respect, admire, love. The great poet is high-souled and tender-hearted—his song is pure as the morning, bright as day, solemn as night. But his inspiration is not drawn from the Book of God, but from the Book of Nature Therefore it fails to sustain his genius when venturing into the depths of tribulation and anguish Therefore imperfect are his most truthful delineations of sins and sorrows, and not in his philosophy, lofty though it be, can be found alleviation or cure of the maladies that kill the soul Therefore never will the Excursion become a bosom-book, endeared to all ranks and conditions of a Christian People, like "The Task" or the "Night Thoughts" Their religion is that of revelation—it acknowledges no other source but the word of God To that word, in all difficulty, distress, and dismay, these poets appeal, and though they may sometimes, or often, misinterpret its judgment, that is an evil incident to finite intelligence, and the very consciousness that it is so, inspires a perpetual humility that is itself a virtue found to accompany only a Christian's Faith

We have elsewhere vindicated the choice of a person of low degree as Chief of the "Excursion," and exult to think that a great poet should have delivered his highest doctrines through the lips of a Scottish Pedlar

"Early had he learn'd
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery of life that cannot die"

Throughout the poem he shows that he does reverence it, and that his whole being has been purified and elevated by its spirit But fond as he is of preaching, and excellent in the art or gift, a Christian Preacher he is not—at best a philosophical divine Familiar by his parentage and nurture with all most hallowed round the poor man's hearth, and guarded by his noble nature from all offence to the sanctities there enshrined, yet the truth must be told, he speaks not, he expounds not the Word as the servant of the Lord, as the follower of Him Crucified There is very much in his announcements to his equals wide of the mark set up in the New Testament We seem to hear rather of a divine power and harmony in the universe than of the Living God The spirit of Christianity as connected with the Incarnation of the Deity, the Human-God the link between heaven and earth, between helplessness and omnipotence, ought to be everywhere visible in the religious effusions of a Christian Poet—wonder and awe for the greatness of God, gratitude and love for his goodness, humility and self-abasement for his own unworthiness Passages may perhaps be found in the "Excursion" expressive of that spirit, but they are few and faint, and somewhat professional falling not from the Pedlar but from the Pastor If the mind, in

"O ye, who guard and grace my Home
While in far-distant lands we roam,
Was such a vision given to you?
Or, while we look'd with favour'd eye,
Did sullen mist hide lake and skies
And mountains from your view?

"I ask in vain—and know far less,
If sickness, sorrow, or distress
Have spared my dwelling to this hour,
Sad blindness! but ordained to prove
Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love,
And all controlling power"

Let us fly from Rydal to Sheffield. James Montgomery is truly a religious poet His popularity, which is great, has, by some scribes sitting in the armless chairs of the scorners, been attributed chiefly to the power of sectarianism He is, we believe, a sectary, and, if all sects were animated by the spirit that breathes throughout his poetry, we should have no fears for the safety and stability of the Established Church, for in that selfsame spirit was she built, and by that selfsame spirit were her foundations dug in a rock Many are the lights—solemn and awful all—in which the eyes of us mortal creatures may see the Christian dispensation Friends, looking down from the top of a high mountain on a city-sprinkled plain, have each his own vision of imagination —each his own sinking or swelling of heart. They urge no inquisition into the peculiar affections of each other's secret breasts—all assured, from what each knows of his brother, that every eye there may see God—that every tongue that has the gift of lofty utterance may sing his praises aloud—that the lips that remain silent may be mute in adoration—and that all the distinctions of habits, customs, professions, modes of life, even natural constitution and form of character, if not lost, may be blended together in mild amalgamation under the common atmosphere of emotion, even as the towers, domes, and temples, are all softly or brightly interfused with the huts, cots, and homesteads—the whole scene below harmonious, because inhabited by beings created by the same God—in his own image—and destined for the same immortality

It is base therefore, and false, to attribute, in an invidious sense, any of Montgomery's fame to any such cause No doubt many persons read his poetry on account of its religion, who, but for that, would not have read it, and no doubt, too, many of them neither feel nor understand it But so, too, do many persons read Wordsworth's poetry on account of its religion—the religion of the woods—who, but for that, would not have read it, and so too, many of them neither feel nor understand it So is it with the common manners-painting poetry of Crabbe—the dark passion-painting poetry of Byron—the high-romance-painting poetry of Scott—and so on with Moore, Coleridge, Southey, and the rest. But it is to the *mens divinior*, however displayed, that they owe all their fame Had Montgomery not been a true poet, all the Religious Magazines in the world could not have saved his name from forgetfulness and oblivion He might have flaunted his day like the melancholy Poppy—melancholy in all its ill-scented gaudiness, but as it is, he is like the Rose of Sharon, whose balm and beauty shall not wither, planted on the bank of "that river whose streams make glad the city of the Lord"

Indeed, we see no reason why poetry, conceived in the spirit of a most exclusive sectarianism, may not be of a very high order, and powerfully impressive on minds whose religious tenets are most irreconcilable and hostile to those of the sect Feelings, by being unduly concentrated, are not thereby necessarily enfeebled—on the contrary, often strengthened, and there is a grand austerity which the imagination more than admires—which the conscience scarcely condemns The feeling, the conviction from which that austerity grows, is in itself right, for it is a feeling—a conviction of the perfect righteousness of God—the utter worthlessness of self-left man—the awful sanctity of duty—and the dreadfulness of the judgment-doom, from which no soul is safe till the seals have been broken, and the Archangel has blown his trumpet A religion planted in such convictions as these, may become dark and disordered in its future growth within the spirit, and the tree, though of good seed and in a strong soil, may come to be laden with bitter fruit and the very droppings of its leaves may be pernicious to all who rest within its shade Still such shelter is better in the blast than the trunk of a dead faith, and such food, unwholesome though it be, is not so miserable as famine to a hungry soul

Grant, then, that there may be in Mr Montgomery's poetry certain sentiments, which, in want of a better word, we call Sectarian They are not necessarily false, although not perfectly reconcilable to our own creed, which, we shall suppose, is true On the contrary, we may be made much the better and the wiser men by meditating upon them, for while they may, perhaps, (and we are merely making a supposition,) be too strongly felt by him, they may be too feebly felt by us—they may, perhaps, be rather blots on the beauty of his poetry than of his faith—and if, in some degree, offensive in the composition of a poem, far less so, or not at all, in that of a life

All his shorter poems are stamped with the character of the man Most of them are breathings of his own devout spirit, either delighted or awed by a sense of the Divine goodness and mercy towards itself, or tremblingly alive —not in mere sensibility to human virtues and joys, crimes and sorrows, for that often belongs to the diseased and depraved—but in solemn, moral, and religious thought, to all of good or evil befalling his brethren of mankind. "A sparrow cannot fall to the ground"—a flower of the field cannot wither immediately before his eyes—without awakening in his heart such thoughts as we may believe God intended should be awakened even by such sights as these, for the fall of a sparrow is a scriptural illustration of his providence, and his hand framed the lily, whose array is more royal than was that of Solomon in all his glory Herein he resembles Wordsworth—less profound certainly—less lofty, for in its highest moods the genius of Wordsworth walks by itself—unapproachable—on the earth it beautifies But Montgomery's poetical piety is far more prevalent over his whole character, it

are but affinities between the feelings they inspire Thus we turn from those lines to some on a subject seemingly very different, from a feeling of such fine affinities—which haply are but those subsisting between all things and thoughts that are pure and good We hear in them how the Poet, as he gazes on a Family that holds not the Christian Faith, embraces them in the folds of Christian Love—and how religion as well as nature sanctifies the tenderness that is yearning at his heart towards them—"a Jewish Family"—who, though outcasts by Heaven's decree, are not by Heaven, still merciful to man, left forlorn on earth

How exquisite the stanzas composed in one of the Catholic Chapels in Switzerland—

> "Doom'd as we are our native dust
> To wet with many a bitter shower,
> It ill befits us to disdain
> The Altar, to deride the Fane,
> Where patient sufferers bend, in trust
> To win a happier hour
>
> "I love, where spreads the village lawn,
> Upon some knee-worn Cell to gaze,
> Hail to the firm unmoving Cross,
> Aloft, where pine their branches toss!
> And to the Chapel far withdrawn,
> That lurks by lonely ways!
>
> "Where'er we roam—along the brink
> Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po
> Through Alpine vale, or champaign wide,
> *Whate'er we look on, at our side*
> *Be Charity—to bid us think*
> *And feel, if we would know*"

How sweetly are interspersed among them some of humbler mood, most touching in their simple pathos—such as a Hymn for the boatmen as they approach the Rapids—Lines on hearing the song of the harvest damsels floating homeward on the lake of Brientz—the Italian Itinerant and the Swiss Goatherd—and the Three Cottage Girls, representatives of Italian, of Helvetian, and of Scottish beauty, brought together, as if by magic, into one picture, each breathing in her natural grace the peculiar spirit and distinctive character of her country's charms! Such gentle visions disappear, and we sit by the side of the Poet as he gazes from his boat floating on the Lake of Lugano, on the Church of San Salvador, which was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, while the altar and the image of the patron saint were untouched, and devoutly listen while he exclaims—

> "Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times,
> Let all remind the soul of heaven,
> Our slack devotion needs them all,
> And faith, so oft of sense the thrall,
> While she, by aid of Nature, climbs,
> May hope to be forgiven"

We do not hesitate to pronounce "Eclipse of the Sun, 1820," one of the finest lyrical effusions of combined thought, passion, sentiment, and imagery, within the whole compass of poetry If the beautiful be indeed essentially different from the sublime, we here feel that they may be made to coalesce so as to be in their united agencies one divine power We called it lyrical, chiefly because of its transitions Though not an ode, it is ode-like in its invocations, and it might be set and sung to music if Handel were yet alive, and St Cecilia to come down for an hour from heaven How solemn the opening strain! and from the momentary vision of Science on her speculative Tower, how gently glides Imagination down, to take her place by the Poet's side, in his bark afloat beneath Italian skies—suddenly bedimmed, lake, land, and all, with a something between day and night In a moment we are conscious of Eclipse Our slight surprise is lost in the sense of a strange beauty—solemn not sad—settling on the face of nature and the abodes of men In a single stanza filled with beautiful names of the beautiful, we have a vision of the Lake, with all its noblest banks, and bays, and bowers, and mountains—when in an instant we are wafted away from a scene that might well have satisfied our imagination and our heart—if high emotions were not uncontrollable and omnipotent—wafted away by Fancy with the speed of Fire—lakes, groves, cliffs, mountains, all forgotten—and alight amid an aërial host of figures, human and divine, on a spire that seeks the sky How still those imaged sanctities and purities, all white as snows of Apennine, stand in the heavenly region, circle above circle, and crowned as with a zone of stars! They are imbued with life In their animation the figures of angels and saints, insensate stones no more, seem to feel the Eclipse that shadows them, and look awful in the portentous light In his inspiration he transcends the grandeur even of that moment's vision—and beholds in the visages of that aërial host those of the sons of heaven darkening with celestial sorrow at the Fall of Man—when

> "Throngs of celestial visages,
> Darkening like water in the breeze,
> A holy sadness shared"

Never since the day on which the wondrous edifice, in its consummate glory, first saluted the sun, had it inspired in the soul of kneeling saint a thought so sad and so sublime—a thought beyond the reaches of the soul of him whose genius bade it bear up all its holy adornments so far from earth, that the silent company seem sometimes, as light and shadow move among them, to be in ascension to heaven But the Sun begins again to look like the Sun, and the poet, relieved by the joyful light from that awful trance, delights to behold

> "Town and Tower,
> The Vineyard and the Olive Bower,
> Their lustre re-assume,"

and "breathes there a man with soul so dead," that it burns not within him as he hears the heart of the husband and the father breathe forth its love and its fear, remembering on a sudden the far distant whom it has never forgotten—a love and a fear that saddens, but disturbs not, for the vision he saw had inspired him with a trust in the tender mercies of God? Commit to faithful memory, O Friend! who may some time or other be a traveller over the wide world, the sacred stanzas that brings the Poem to a close—and it will not fail to comfort thee when sitting all alone by the well in the wilderness, or walking along the strange streets of foreign cities, or lying in thy cot at midnight afloat on far-off seas

roost in some obscure corner, and are no more seen among bipeds

Among those, however, who have been unfortunately beguiled by the spirit of imitation and sympathy into religious poetry, one or two—who for the present must be nameless—have shown feeling, and would they but obey their feeling, and prefer walking on the ground with their own free feet, to attempting to fly in the air with borrowed and bound wings, they might produce something really poetical, and acquire a creditable reputation. But they are too aspiring, and have taken into their hands the sacred lyre without due preparation. He who is so familiar with his Bible, that each chapter, open it where he will, teems with household words, may draw thence the theme of many a pleasant and pathetic song. For is not all human nature, and all human life, shadowed forth in those pages? But the heart, to sing well from the Bible, must be embued with religious feelings, as a flower is alternately with dew and sunshine. The study of The Book must have been begun in the simplicity of childhood, when it was felt to be indeed divine—and carried on through all those silent intervals in which the soul of manhood is restored, during the din of life, to the purity and peace of its early being. The Bible must be to such a poet even as the sky—with its sun, moon, and stars—its boundless blue with all its cloud-mysteries—its peace deeper than the grave, because of realms beyond the grave—its tumult louder than that of life, because heard altogether in all the elements. He who begins the study of the Bible late in life, must, indeed, devote himself to it—night and day—and with an humble and a contrite heart as well as an awakened and soaring spirit, ere he can hope to feel what he understands, or to understand what he feels—thoughts and feelings breathing in upon him, as if from a region hanging, in its mystery, between heaven and earth. Nor do we think that he will lightly venture on the composition of poetry drawn from such a source. The very thought of doing so, were it to occur to his mind, would seem irreverent, it would convince him that he was still the slave of vanity, and pride, and the world.

They alone, therefore, to whom God has given genius as well as faith, zeal, and benevolence—will, of their own accord, fix their Pindus either on Lebanon or Calvary—and of these but few. The genius must be high—the faith sure—and human love must coalesce with divine, that the strain may have power to reach the spirits of men, immersed as they are in matter, and with all their apprehensions and conceptions blended with material imagery, and the things of this moving earth and this restless life.

So gifted and so endowed, a great or good poet, having chosen his subject well within religion, is on the sure road to immortal fame. His work, when done, must secure sympathy for ever, a sympathy not dependent on creeds, but out of which creeds spring, all of them manifestly moulded by imaginative affections of religion. Christian Poetry will outlive every other, for the time will come when Christian Poetry will be deeper and higher far than any that has ever yet been known among men. Indeed, the sovereign songs hitherto have been either religious or superstitious, and as "the day-spring from on High that has visited us" spreads wider and wider over the earth, "the soul of the world, dreaming of things to come," shall assuredly see more glorified visions than have yet been submitted to her ken. That Poetry has so seldom satisfied the utmost longings and aspirations of human nature, can only have been because Poetry has so seldom dealt in its power with the only mysteries worth knowing—the greater mysteries of religion, into which the Christian is initiated only through faith, an angel sent from heaven to spirits struggling by supplications and sacrifices to escape from sin and death.

These, and many other thoughts and feelings concerning the "Vision and the Faculty divine," when employed on divine subjects, have arisen within us, on reading—which we have often done with delight—"The Christian Year," so full of Christian poetry of the purest character. Mr Keble is a poet whom Cowper himself would have loved—for in him piety inspires genius, and fancy and feeling are celestialized by religion. We peruse his book in a tone and temper of spirit similar to that which is breathed upon us by some calm day in spring, when all imagery is serene and still—cheerful in the main—yet with a touch and a tinge of melancholy, which makes all the blended bliss and beauty at once more endearing and more profound. We should no more think of criticising such poetry than of criticising the clear blue skies—the soft green earth—the "liquid lapse" of an unpolluted stream, that

> "Doth make sweet music with the enamell'd stone
> Giving a gentle kiss to every flower
> It overtaketh on its pilgrimage."

All is purity and peace, as we look and listen; we partake of the universal calm, and feel in nature the presence of Him from whom it emanated. Indeed, we do not remember any poetry nearly so beautiful as this, which reminds one so seldom of the poet's art. We read it without ever thinking of the place which its author may hold among poets, just as we behold a "lily of the field" without comparing it with other flowers, but satisfied with its own pure and simple loveliness, or each separate poem may be likened, in its unostentatious—unambitious—unconscious beauty—to

> "A violet by a mossy stone,
> Half hidden to the eye."

Of all the flowers that sweeten this fair earth, the violet is indeed the most delightful in itself—form, fragrance, and colour—nor less in the humility of its birthplace, and in its haunts in the "sunshiny shade." Therefore, 'tis a meet emblem of those sacred songs that may be said to blossom on Mount Sion.

The most imaginative poetry inspired by Nature, and dedicated to her praise, is never perfectly and consummately beautiful till it ascends into the religious; but then religion breathes from, and around, and about it, only at last when the poet has been brought, by the

belongs more essentially and permanently to the man. Perhaps, although we shall not say so, it may be more simple, natural, and true. More accordant it certainly is, with the sympathies of ordinary minds The piety of his poetry is far more Christian than that of Wordsworth's It is in all his feelings, all his thoughts, all his imagery, and at the close of most of his beautiful compositions, which are so often avowals, confessions, prayers, thanksgivings, we feel, not the moral, but the religion of his song. He "improves" all the "occasions" of this life because he has an "eye that broods on its own heart," and that heart is impressed by all lights and shadows, like a river or lake whose waters are pure—pure in their sources and in their course He is, manifestly, a man of the kindliest home-affections, and these, though it is to be hoped the commonest of all, preserved to him in unabated glow and freshness by innocence and piety, often give vent to themselves in little hymns and odelike strains, of which the rich and even novel imagery shows how close is the connection between a pure heart and a fine fancy, and that the flowers of poetry may be brought from afar, nor yet be felt to be exotics—to intertwine with the very simplest domestic feelings and thoughts—so simple, so perfectly human, that there is a touch of surprise on seeing them capable of such adornment, and more than a touch of pleasure on feeling how much that adornment becomes them—brightening without changing, and adding admiration to delight—wonder to love

Montgomery, too, is almost as much of an egotist as Wordsworth, and thence, frequently, his power The poet who keeps all the appearances of external nature, and even all the passions of humanity, at arm's length, that he may gaze on, inspect, study, and draw their portraits, either in the garb they ordinarily wear, or in a fancy dress, is likely to produce a strong likeliness indeed, yet shall his pictures be wanting in ease and freedom—they shall be cold and stiff—and both passion and imagination shall desiderate something characteristic in nature, of the mountain or the man But the poet who hugs to his bosom every thing he loves or admires—themselves, or the thoughts that are their shadows—who is himself still the centre of the enchanted circle—who, in the delusion of a strong creative genius, absolutely believes that were he to die, all that he now sees and hears delighted would die with him—who not only sees

"Poetic visions swarm on every bough,"

but the history of all his own most secret emotions written on the very rocks—who gathers up the many beautiful things that in the prodigality of nature lie scattered over the earth, neglected or unheeded, and the more dearly, the more passionately loves them, because they are now appropriated to the uses of his own imagination, who will by her alchymy so further brighten them that the thousands of eyes that formerly passed them by unseen or scorned, will be dazzled by their rare and transcendent beauty—he is the "prevailing Poet!" Montgomery neither seeks nor shuns those dark thoughts that will come and go, night and day, unbidden, forbidden across the minds of all men—fortified although the main entrances may be, but when they do invade his secret, solitary hours, he turns even such visitants to a happy account, and questions them, ghostlike as they are, concerning both the future and the past Melancholy as often his views are, we should not suppose him a man of other than a cheerful mind, for whenever the theme allows or demands it, he is not averse to a sober glee, a composed gayety that, although we cannot say it ever so far sparkles out as to deserve to be called absolutely brilliant, yet lends a charm to his lighter-toned compositions, which it is peculiarly pleasant now and then to feel in the writings of a man whose genius is naturally, and from the course of life, not gloomy indeed, but pensive, and less disposed to indulge itself in smiles than in tears

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CHAPTER III

People now-a-days will write, because they see so many writing; the impulse comes upon them from without, not from within, loud voices from streets and squares of cities call on them to join the throng, but the still small voice that speaketh in the penetralia of the spirit is mute, and what else can be the result, but, in place of the song of lark, or linnet, or nightingale, at the best a concert of mocking-birds, at the worst an oratorio of ganders and bubbleys?

At this particular juncture or crisis, the disease would fain assume the symptoms of religious inspiration The poetasters are all pious—all smitten with sanctity—Christian all over—and crossing and jostling on the Course of Time—as they think, on the high-road to Heaven and Immortality Never was seen before such a shameless set of hypocrites Down on their knees they fall in booksellers' shops, and, crowned with foolscap, repeat to Blue-Stockings prayers addressed in doggerel to the Deity! They bandy about the Bible as if it were an Album They forget that the poorest sinner has a soul to be saved, as well as a set of verses to be damned, they look forward to the First of the Month with more fear and trembling than to the Last Day, and beseech a critic to be merciful upon them with far more earnestness than they ever beseeched their Maker They pray through the press—vainly striving to give some publicity to what must be private for evermore, and are seen wiping away, at tea-parties, the tears of contrition and repentance for capital crimes perpetrated but on paper, and perpetrated thereon so paltrily, that so far from being worthy of hell-fire, such delinquents, it is felt, would be more suitably punished by being singed like plucked fowls with their own unsaleable sheets They are frequently so singed, yet singeing has not the effect upon them for which singeing is designed, and like chickens in a shower that have got the pip, they keep still gasping and shooting out their tongues, and walking on tiptoe with their tails down, till finally they go to

upon glass—we turn to the New Testament, and read of the "Holy Innocents." "They were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb." We look down into the depths of that text—and we then turn again to Keble's lines, which from those depths have flowed over upon the uninspired page! Yet not uninspired—if that name may be given to strains which, like the airs that had touched the flowers of Paradise, "whisper whence they stole those balmy sweets." Revelation has shown us that "we are greater than we know," and who may neglect the Infancy of that Being for whom Godhead died!

They who read the lines on "the Holy Innocents" in a mood of mind worthy of them, will go on, with an equal delight, through those on "The Epiphany." They are separated in the volume by some kindred and congenial strains; but when brought close together, they occupy the still region of thought as two large clear stars do of themselves seem to occupy the entire sky.

How far better than skilfully—how inspiredly does this Christian poet touch upon each successive holy theme—winging his way through the stainless ether like some dove gliding from tree to tree, and leaving one place of rest only for another equally happy, on the folding and unfolding of its peaceful flight! Of late many versifiers have attempted the theme; and some of them with shameful unsuccess. A bad poem on such a subject is a sin. He who is a Christian indeed will, when the star of Bethlehem rises before his closed eyes, be mute beneath the image or he will hail it in strains simple as were those of the shepherds watching their flocks by night when it appeared of old, high as were those of the sages who came from the East bearing incense to the Child in the Manger. Such are this Poet's strains, evolving themselves out of the few words—"Behold, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

The transition from those affecting lines is natural and delightful to a strain further on in the volume, entitled "Catechism." How soon the infant spirit is touched with love—another name for religion—none may dare to say who have watched the eyes of little children. Feeling and thought would seem to come upon them like very inspiration—so strong it often is, and sudden, and clear; yet, no doubt, all the work of natural processes going on within Immortality. The wisdom of age has often been seen in the simplicity of childhood—creatures but five or six years old—soon perhaps about to disappear—astonishing, and saddening, and subliming the souls of their parents and their parents' friends, by a holy precocity of all pitiful and compassionate feelings, blended into a mysterious piety that has made them sing happy hymns on the brink of death and the grave. Such affecting instances of almost infantine unfolding of the spirit beneath spiritual influence should not be rare—nor are they rare—in truly Christian households. Almost as soon as the heart is moved by filial affection, that affection grows reverent even to earthly parents—and, erelong, becomes piety towards the name of God and Saviour. Yet philosophers have said that the child must not be too soon spoken to about religion. Will they fix the time? No—let religion—a myriad-meaning word—be whispered and breathed round about them, as soon as intelligence smiles in their eyes and quickens their ears, while enjoying the sights and sounds of their own small yet multitudinous world.

Let us turn to another strain of the same mood, which will be read with tears by many a grateful heart—on the "Churching of Women." What would become of us without the ceremonies of religion? How they strengthen the piety out of which they spring! How, by concentrating all that is holy and divine around their outward forms, do they purify and sanctify the affections! What a change on his infant's face is wrought before a father's eyes by Baptism! How the heart of the husband and the father yearns, as he sees the wife and mother kneeling in thanksgiving after childbirth!

"Consider the lilies of the field how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." What is all the poetry that genius ever breathed over all the flowers of this earth to that one divine sentence! It has inspired our Christian poet—and here is his heart-felt homily.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports companions gay,
In sorrow, on Life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

"Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stain'd with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions rage and glare!

"But cheerful and unchanged the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of Heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;—
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze we know.

"Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

"Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes;
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

"Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when he paused and own'd you good;
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Yet felt it all renew'd.

leading of his own aroused spirit, to the utmost pitch of his inspiration He begins, and continues long, unblamed in mere emotions of beauty, and he often pauses unblamed, and brings his strain to a close, without having forsaken this earth, and the thoughts and feelings which belong alone to this earth But poetry like that of the "Christian Year" springs at once, visibly and audibly, from religion as its fount If it, indeed, issue from one of the many springs religion opens in the human heart, no fear of its ever being dried up Small indeed may seem the silver line, when first the rill steals forth from its sacred source! But how soon it begins to sing with a clear loud voice in the solitude! Bank and brae—tree, shrub, and flower—grow greener at each successive waterfall—the rains no more disturb that limpid element than the dews—and never does it lose some reflection of the heavens

In a few modest words, Mr Keble states the aim and object of his volume He says truly, that it is the peculiar happiness of the Church of England to possess in her authorized formularies an ample and secure provision, both for a sound rule of faith and a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion The object of his publication will be attained, if any person find assistance from it in bringing his own thoughts and feelings into more entire unison with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer-Book We add, that its object has been attained In England, "The Christian Year" is already placed in a thousand homes among household books People are neither blind nor deaf yet to lovely sights and sounds—and a true poet is as certain of recognition now as at any period of our literature In Scotland we have no prayer-book printed on paper—perhaps it would be better if we had, but the prayer-book which has inspired Mr Keble, is compiled and composed from another Book, which, we believe, is more read in Scotland than in any other country Here the Sabbath reigns in power, that is felt to be a sovereign power over all the land We have, it may be said, no prescribed holydays, but all the events recorded in the Bible, and which in England make certain days holy in outward as well as inward observances, are familiar to our knowledge and our feeling *here*, and therefore the poetry that seeks still more to hallow them to the heart, will find every good heart recipient of its inspiration—for the Christian creed is "wide and general as the casing air," and felt as profoundly in the Highland heather-glen, where no sound of psalms is heard but on the Sabbath, as in the cathedral towns and cities of England, where so often

> "Through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
> The pealing anthem swells the note of praise"

Poetry in our age has been made too much a thing to talk about—to show off upon—as if the writing and the reading of it were to be reckoned among what are commonly called accomplishments Thus, poets have too often sacrificed the austere sanctity of the divine art to most unworthy purposes, of which, perhaps, the most unworthy—for it implies much voluntary self-degradation—is mere popularity Against all such low aims he is preserved, who, with Christian meekness, approaches the muse in the sanctuaries of religion He seeks not to force his songs on the public ear, his heart is free from the fever of fame, his poetry is praise and prayer It meets our ear like the sound of psalms from some unseen dwelling among the woods or hills, at which the wayfarer or wanderer stops on his journey, and feels at every pause a holier solemnity in the silence of nature Such poetry is indeed *got by heart*, and memory is then tenacious to the death, for her hold on what she loves is strengthened as much by grief as by joy, and, when even hope itself is dead—if, indeed, hope ever dies—the trust is committed to despair Words are often as unforgetable as voiceless thoughts, they become very thoughts themselves, and *are* what they represent. How are many of the simply, rudely, but fervently and beautifully rhymed Psalms of David, very part and parcel of the most spiritual treasures of the Scottish peasant's being!

> "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
> He makes me down to lie
> In pastures green he leadeth me
> The quiet waters by"

These four lines sanctify to the thoughtful shepherd on the braes every stream that glides through the solitary places—they have often given colours to the greensward beyond the brightness of all herbage and of all flowers Thrice hallowed is that poetry which makes us mortal creatures feel the union that subsists between the Book of Nature and the Book of Life!

Poetry has endeared childhood by a thousand pictures, in which fathers and mothers behold with deeper love the faces of their own offspring Such poetry has almost always been the production of the strongest and wisest minds Common intellects derive no power from earliest memories, the primal morn, to them never bright, has utterly faded in the smoky day, the present has swallowed up the past, as the future will swallow up the present, each season of life seems to stand by itself as a separate existence, and when old age comes, how helpless, melancholy, and forlorn! But he who lives in the spirit of another creed, sees far into the heart of Christianity He hears a divine voice saying—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!" Thus it is that poetry throws back upon the New Testament the light she has borrowed from it, and that man's mortal brother speaks in accordance with the Saviour of man On a dead, insensible flower—a lily—a rose—a violet—a daisy, Poetry may pour out all its divinest power—just as the sun itself sometimes seems to look with all its light on some one especial blossom, all at once made transparently lustrous And what if the flower be alive in all its leaves—and have in it an immortal spirit? Or what if its leaves be dead, and the immortal spirit gone away to heaven? Genius shall change death into sleep—till the grave, in itself so dark and dismal, shall seem a bed of bright and celestial repose From poetry, in words or marble—both alike still and serene as water

CHAPTER IV

In his Poem, entitled "The Omnipresence of the Deity," Mr. Robert Montgomery writes thus —

"Lo! there, in yonder fancy-haunted room,
What mutter'd curses trembled through the gloom,
When pale, and shiv'ring, and bedew'd with fear,
The dying skeptic felt his hour drew near!
From his parch'd tongue no sainted murmurs fell,
No bright hopes kindled at his faint farewell,
As the last throes of death convulsed his cheek,
He gnash'd, and scowl'd, and raised a hideous shriek
Rounded his eyes into a ghastly glare,
Lock'd his white lips—and all was mute despair!
Go, child of darkness, see a Christian die,
No horror pales his lip, or rolls his eye,
No dreadful doubts, or dreamy terrors, start
The hope Religion pillows on his heart,
When with a dying hand he waves adieu
To all who love so well, and weep so true
Meek, as an infant to the mother's breast
Turns fondly longing for its wonted rest,
He pants for where congenial spirits stray,
Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away."

First, as to the execution of this passage "Fancy-haunted" may do, but it is not a sufficiently strong expression for the occasion In every such picture as this, we demand appropriate vigour in every word intended to be vigorous, and which is important to the effect of the whole

"From his parch'd tongue no sainted murmurs fell,
No bright hopes kindled at his faint farewell."

How could they?—The line but one before is,

"What mutter'd curses trembled through the gloom."

This, then, is purely ridiculous, and we cannot doubt that Mr Montgomery will confess that it is so, but independently of that, he is describing the death-bed of a person who, *ex hypothesi*, could have no bright hopes, could breathe no sainted murmurs. He might as well, in a description of a negress, have told us that she had no long, smooth, shining, yellow locks—no light-blue eyes—no ruddy and rosy cheeks—nor yet a bosom white as snow The execution of the picture of the Christian is not much better—it is too much to use, in the sense here given to them, no fewer than three verbs—"pales"—"rolls"—"starts," in four lines.

"The hope Religion pillows on the heart,"

is not a good line, and it is a borrowed one.

"When with a dying hand he waves adieu,"

conveys an unnatural image Dying men do not act so Not thus are taken eternal farewells The motion in the sea-song was more natural—

"She waved adieu, and kiss'd her lily hand."

"*Weeps so true*," means nothing, nor is it English The grammar is not good of,

"He *pants for where* congenial spirits"—

Neither is the word *pants* by any means the right one, and in such an awful crisis, admire who may the simile of the infant longing for its mother's breast, we never can in its present shape, while there is in the line,

"Turns to his God, *and sighs his soul away*,"

a prettiness we very much dislike—alter one word, and it would be voluptuous—nor do we hesitate to call the passage a puling one altogether, and such as ought to be expunged from all paper

But that is not all we have to say against it—it is radically and essentially bad, because it either proves nothing of what it is meant to prove—or what no human being on earth ever disputed Be fair—be just in all that concerns religion. Take the best, the most moral, if the word can be used, the most enlightened Skeptic, and the true Christian, and compare their death-beds That of the Skeptic will be disturbed or disconsolate—that of the Christian confiding or blessed But to contrast the death-bed of an absolute maniac, muttering curses, gnashing and scowling, and "raising a hideous shriek," and "rounding his eyes with a ghastly glare," and convulsed, too, with severe bodily throes—with that of a convinced, confiding, and conscientious Christian, a calm, meek, undoubting believer, happy in the "hope religion pillows on his heart," and enduring no fleshly agonies, can serve no purpose under the sun Men who have the misery of being unbelievers, are at all times to be pitied—most of all in their last hours, but though theirs be then dim melancholy, or dark despair, they express neither the one state nor the other by mutterings, curses, and hideous shrieks Such a wretch there may sometimes be—like him "who died and made no sign," but there is no more sense in seeking to brighten the character of the Christian by its contrast with that of such an Atheist, than by contrast with a fiend to brighten the beauty of an angel

Finally, are the deathbeds of all good Christians so calm as this—and do they all thus meekly

"Pant for where congenial spirits stray,"

a line, besides its other vice, most unscriptural? Congenial spirit is not the language of the New Testament Alas! for poor weak human nature at the dying hour! Not even can the Christian always then retain unquaking trust in his Saviour! "This is the blood that was shed for thee," are words whose mystery quells not always nature's terror The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is renewed in vain—and he remembers, in doubt and dismay, words that, if misunderstood, would appal all the Christian world—"My God—my God—why hast thou forsaken me?" Perhaps, before the Faith, that has waxed dim and died in his brain distracted by pain, and disease, and long sleeplessness, and a weight of wo—for he is a father who strove in vain to burst those silken ties, that winding all round and about his very soul and his very body, bound him to those dear little ones, who are of the same spirit and the same flesh,—we say, before that Faith could, by the prayers of holy men, be restored and revivified, and the Christian, once more comforted by thinking on Him, who for all human beings did take upon him the rueful burden and agonies of the Cross—Death may have come for his prey, and left the chamber, of late so hushed and silent, at full liberty to weep! Enough to know, that though Christianity be divine, we are human,—that the vessel is weak in which that glorious light may be enshrined—weak as the pot-

> What care ye now, if winter's storm
> Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
> Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
> Ye fear no vexing mood
>
> "Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
> That daily court you and caress,
> How few the happy secret find
> Of your calm loveliness!
> 'Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
> To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight
> Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
> And Heaven thy morn will bless'"

Such poetry as this must have a fine influence on all the best human affections Sacred are such songs to sorrow—and sorrow is either a frequent visiter, or a domesticated inmate, in every household Religion may thus be made to steal unawares, even during ordinary hours, into the commonest ongoings of life Call not the mother unhappy who closes the eyes of her dead child, whether it has smiled lonely in the house, the sole delight of her eyes, or bloomed among other flowers, now all drooping for its sake—nor yet call the father unhappy who lays his sweet son below the earth, and returns to the home where his voice is to be heard never more That affliction brings forth feelings unknown before in his heart, calming all turbulent thoughts by the settled peace of the grave Then every page of the Bible is beautiful—and beautiful every verse of poetry that thence draws its inspiration Thus in the pale and almost ghostlike countenance of decay, our hearts are not touched by the remembrance alone of beauty which is departed, and by the near extinction of loveliness which we behold fading before our eyes—but a beauty, fairer and deeper far, lies around the hollow eye and the sunken cheek, breathed from the calm air of the untroubled spirit that has heard resigned the voice that calls it away from the dim shades of mortality Well may that beauty be said to be religious, for in it speaks the soul, conscious, in the undreaded dissolution of its earthly frame, of a being destined to everlasting bliss With every deep emotion arising from our contemplation of such beauty as this —religious beauty beaming in the human countenance, whether in joy or sadness, health or decay—there is profoundly interfused a sense of the soul's spirituality, which silently sheds over the emotion something celestial and divine, rendering it not only different in degree, but altogether distinct in kind, from all the feelings that things merely perishable can inspire—so that the spirit is fully satisfied, and the feeling of beauty is but a vivid recognition of its own deathless being and ethereal essence This is a feeling of beauty which was but faintly known to the human heart in those ages of the world when all other feelings of beauty were most perfect, and accordingly we find, in the most pathetic strains of their elegiac poetry, lamentations over the beauty intensely worshipped in the dust, which was to lie for ever over its now beamless head But to the Christian who may have seen the living lustre leave the eye of some beloved friend, there must have shone a beauty in his latest smile, which spoke not alone of a brief scene closed, but of an endless scene unfolding, while its cessation, instead of leaving him in utter darkness, seemed to be accompanied with a burst of light

Much of our most fashionable Modern Poetry is at once ludicrously and lamentably unsuitable and unseasonable to the innocent and youthful creatures who shed tears "such as angels weep" over the shameful sins of shameless sinners, crimes which, when perpetrated out of Poetry, and by persons with vulgar surnames, elevate their respective heroes to that vulgar altitude—the gallows The darker—the stronger passions, forsooth! And what hast thou to do—my dove-eyed Margaret —with the darker and stronger passions? Nothing whatever in thy sweet, still, serene, and seemingly almost sinless world Be the brighter and the weaker passions thine—brighter indeed—yet say not *weaker*, for they are strong as death,—Love and Pity, Awe and Reverence, Joy, Grief, and Sorrow, sunny smiles and showery tears—be these all thy own—and sometimes, too, on melancholy nights, let the heaven of thy imagination be spanned in its starriness by the most celestial Evanescence—a Lunar Rainbow

There is such perfect sincerity in the "Christian Year," such perfect sincerity, and consequently such simplicity, that though the production of a fine and finished scholar, we cannot doubt that it will some day or other find its way into many of the dwellings of humble life Such descent, if descent it be, must be of all receptions the most delightful to the heart of a Christian poet As intelligence spreads more widely over the land, why fear that it will deaden religion? Let us believe that it will rather vivify and quicken it, and that in time true poetry, such as this, of a character somewhat higher than probably can be yet felt, understood, and appreciated by the people, will come to be easy and familiar, and blended with all the other benign influences breathed over their common existence by books Meanwhile the "Christian Year" will be finding its way into many houses where the inmates read from the love of reading—not for mere amusement only, but for instruction and a deeper delight, and we shall be happy if our recommendation causes its pages to be illumined by the gleams of a few more peaceful hearths, and to be rehearsed by a few more happy voices in the "parlour twilight"

We cannot help expressing the pleasure it has given us to see so much true poetry coming from Oxford It is delightful to see that classical literature, which sometimes, we know not how, certainly has a chilling effect on poetical feeling, there warming it as it ought to do, and causing it to produce itself in song Oxford has produced many true poets, Collins, Warton, Bowles, Heber, Milman, and now Keble—are all her own—her inspired sons Their strains are not steeped in "port and prejudice," but in the—Isis Heaven bless Iffley and Godstow—and many another sweet old ruined place—secluded, but not far apart from her own inspiring Sanctities And those who love her not, never may the Muses love!

spairing—the *good*. At their death-beds, too, may the Christian poet, in imagination, take his stand—and there may he even hear

> "The still sad music of humanity,
> Not harsh nor grating, but of ampliest power
> To soften and subdue."

Oftener all the sounds and sights there will be full of most rueful anguish, and that anguish will groan in the poet's lays when his human heart, relieved from its load of painful sympathies, shall long afterwards be inspired with the pity of poetry, and sing in elegies, sublime in their pathos, the sore sufferings and the dim distress that clouded and tore the dying spirit, longing, but all unable—profound though its longings be—as life's daylight is about to close upon that awful gloaming, and the night of death to descend in oblivion—to believe in the Redeemer.

Why then turn but to such death-bed, if indeed religion, and not superstition, described that scene—as that of Voltaire? Or even Rousseau, whose dying eyes sought, in the last passion, the sight of the green earth, and the blue skies, and the sun shining so brightly, when all within the brain of his worshipper was fast growing dimmer and more dim—when all the unsatisfied spirit, that scarcely hoped a future life, knew not how it could ever take farewell of the present with tenderness enough, and enough of yearning and craving after its disappearing beauty, and when as if the whole earth were at that moment beloved even as his small peculiar birthplace—

> "Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."

The Christian poet, in his humane wisdom, will, for instruction's sake of his fellow-men, and for the discovery and the revealment of ever-sacred truth, keep aloof from such death-beds as these, or take his awful stand beside them to drop the perplexed and pensive tear For we know not what it is that we either hear or see, and holy Conscience, hearing through a confused sound, and seeing through an obscure light, fears to condemn, when perhaps she ought only to pity—to judge another, when perhaps it is her duty but to use that inward eye for her own delinquencies He, then, who designs to benefit his kind by strains of high instruction, will turn from the death-bed of the famous Wit, whose brilliant fancy hath waxed dim as that of the clown—whose malignant heart is quaking beneath the Power it had so long derided, with terrors over which his hated Christian triumphs—and whose intellect, once so perspicacious that it could see but too well the motes that are in the sun, the specks and stains that are on the flowing robe of nature herself—prone, in miserable contradiction to its better being, to turn them as proofs against the power and goodness of the Holy One who inhabiteth eternity—is now palsy-stricken as that of an idiot, and knows not even the sound of the name of its once vain and proud possessor—when crowded theatres had risen up with one rustle to honour, and then, with deafening acclamations,

> "Raised a mortal to the skies."

There he is—it matters not now whether on down or straw—stretched, already a skeleton, and gnashing—may it be in senselessness, for otherwise what pangs are these!—gnashing his teeth, within lips once so eloquent, now white with foam and slaver, and the whole mouth, of yore so musical, grinning ghastly, like the fleshless face of fear-painted death! Is that Voltaire? He who, with wit, thought to shear the Son of God of all his beams—with wit, to loosen the dreadful fastenings of the Cross?—with wit, to scoff at Him who hung thereon, while the blood and water came from the wound in his blessed side?—with wit to drive away those Shadows of Angels, that were said to have rolled off the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre of the resurrection?—with wit, to deride the ineffable glory of transfigured Godhead on the Mount, and the sweet and solemn semblance of the Man Jesus in the garden?—with wit, to darken all the decrees of Providence?—and with wit,

> "To shut the gates of Mercy on mankind?"

Nor yet will the Christian poet long dwell in his religious strains, though awhile he may linger there, "and from his eyelids wipe the tears that sacred pity hath engendered," beside the dying couch of Jean Jaques Rousseau—a couch of turf beneath trees—for he was ever a lover of Nature, though he loved all things living or dead as madmen love His soul, while most spiritual, was sensual still, and with tendrils of flesh and blood embraced—even as it did embrace the balm-breathing form of voluptuous woman—the very phantoms of his most etherealized imagination Vice stained all his virtues—as roses are seen, in some certain soils, and beneath some certain skies, always to be blighted, and their fairest petals to bear on them something like blots of blood Over the surface of the mirror of his mind, which reflected so much of the imagery of man and nature, there was still, here and there, on the centre or round the edges, rust-spots, that gave back no image, and marred the proportions of the beauty and the grandeur that yet shone over the rest of the circle set in the rich carved gold His disturbed, and distracted, and defeated friendships, that all vanished in insane suspicions, and seemed to leave his soul as well satisfied in its fierce or gloomy void, as when it was filled with airy and glittering visions, are all gone for ever now. Those many thoughts and feelings—so melancholy, yet still fair, and lovely, and beautiful—which, like bright birds encaged, with ruffled and drooping wings, once so apt to soar, and their music mute, that used to make the wide woods to ring, were confined within the wires of his jealous heart—have now all flown away, and are at rest! Who sits beside the wild and wondrous genius, whose ravings entranced the world? who wipes the death-sweat from that capacious forehead, once filled with such a multitude of disordered but aspiring fancies? Who, that his beloved air of heaven may kiss and cool it for the last time, lays open the covering that hides the marble sallowness of Rousseau's sin-and-sorrow-haunted breast? One of Nature's least gifted children—to whose eyes nor earth nor heaven ever beamed with beauty—

ter's clay—and that though Christ died to save sinners, sinners who believe in Him, and therefore shall not perish, may yet lose hold of the belief when their understandings are darkened by the shadow of death, and, like Peter losing faith and sinking in the sea, feel themselves descending into some fearful void, and cease here to be, ere they find voice to call on the name of the Lord—"Help, or I perish!"

What may be the nature of the thoughts and feelings of an Atheist, either when in great joy or great sorrow, full of life and the spirit of life, or in mortal malady and environed with the toils of death, it passes the power of our imagination even dimly to conceive, nor are we convinced that there ever was an utter Atheist The thought of a God will enter in, barred though the doors be, both of the understanding and the heart, and all the windows supposed to be blocked up against the light The soul, blind and deaf as it may often be, cannot always resist the intimations all life long, day and night, forced upon it from the outer world, its very necessities, nobler far than those of the body, even when most degraded, importunate when denied their manna, are to it oftentimes a silent or a loud revelation Then, not to feel and think as other beings do with "discourse of reason," is most hard and difficult indeed, even for a short time, and on occasions of very inferior moment. Being men, we are carried away, willing or unwilling, and often unconsciously, by the great common instinct, we keep sailing with the tide of humanity, whether in flow or ebb—fierce as demons and the sons of perdition, if that be the temper of the congregating hour—mild and meek as Pity, or the new-born babe, when the afflatus of some divine sympathy has breathed through the multitude, nor one creature escaped its influence, like a spring-day that steals through a murmuring forest, till not a single tree, even in the darkest nook, is without some touch of the season's sunshine Think, then, of one who would fain be an Atheist, conversing with the "sound, healthy children of the God of heaven!" To this reason, which is his solitary pride, arguments might in vain be addressed, for he exults in being "an Intellectual All in All," and is a bold-browed sophist to daunt even the eyes of Truth—eyes which can indeed "outstare the eagle" when their ken is directed to heaven, but which are turned away in aversion from the human countenance that would dare to deny God Appeal not to the intellect of such a man, but to his heart, and let not even that appeal be conveyed in any fixed form of words—but let it be an appeal of the smiles and tears of affectionate and loving lips and eyes—of common joys and common griefs, whose contagion is often felt, beyond prevention or cure, where two or three are gathered together—among families thinly sprinkled over the wilderness, where, on God's own day, they repair to God's own house, a lowly building on the brae, which the Creator of suns and systems despiseth not, nor yet the beatings of the few contrite hearts therein assembled to worship him—in the cathedral's "long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults"—in mighty multitudes all crowded in silence, as beneath the shadow of a thunder-cloud, to see some one single human being die—or swaying and swinging backwards and forwards, and to and fro, to hail a victorious armament returning from the war of Liberty, with him who hath "taken the start of this majestic world" conspicuous from afar in front, encircled with music, and with the standard of his unconquered country afloat above his head Thus, and by many thousand other potent influences for ever at work, and from which the human heart can never make its safe escape—let it flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, to the loneliest of the multitude of the isles of the sea—are men, who vainly dream that they are Atheists, forced to feel God Nor happens this but rarely—nor are such "angel-visits few and far between" As the most cruel have often, very often, thoughts tender as dew, so have the most dark often, very often, thoughts bright as day The sun's golden finger writes the name of God on the clouds, rising or setting, and the Atheist, falsely so called, starts in wonder and in delight, which his soul, because it is immortal, cannot resist, to behold that Bible suddenly opened before his eyes on the sky Or some old, decrepit, grayhaired crone, holds out her shrivelled hand, with dim eyes patiently fixed on his, silently asking charity—silently, but in the holy name of God, and the Atheist, taken unawares, at the very core of his heart bids "God bless her," as he relieves her uncomplaining miseries

If then Atheists do exist, and if their death-beds may be described for the awful or melancholy instruction of their fellow-men, let them be such Atheists as those whom, let us not hesitate to say it, we may blamelessly love with a troubled affection, for our Faith may not have preserved us from sins from which they are free—and we may give even to many of the qualities of their most imperfect and unhappy characters almost the name of virtues No curses on their death-beds will they be heard to utter No black scowlings—no horrid gnashing of teeth—no hideous shriekings will there appal the loving ones who watch and weep by the side of him who is dying disconsolate He will hope, and he will fear, now that there is a God indeed everywhere present—visible now in the tears that fall, audible now in the sighs that breathe for his sake—in the still small voice That Being forgets not those by whom he has been forgotten, least of all, the poor "Fool who has said in his heart there is no God," and who knows at last that a God there is, not always in terror and trembling, but as often perhaps in the assurance of forgiveness, which undeserved by the best of the good, may not be withheld even from the worst of the bad, if the thought of a God and a Saviour pass but for a moment through the darkness of the departing spirit—like a dove shooting swiftly, with its fair plumage, through the deep but calm darkness that follows the subsided storm

So, too, with respect to Deists Of unbelievers in Christianity there are many kinds—the reckless, the ignorant, the callous, the confirmed, the melancholy, the doubting, the de-

"auld clay bigging" in the window-corner, he cannot mistake Mistress Swallow, yet when flitting in fly-search over the stream, and ever and anon dipping her wing-tips in the lucid coolness, 'tis an equal chance that he misnames her Miss Marten.

What constant caution is necessary during the naturalist's perusal even of the very best books! From the very best we can only obtain knowledge at second-hand, and this, like a story circulated among village gossips, is more apt to gain in falsehood than in truth, as it passes from one to another; but in field study we go at once to the fountain-head, and obtain our facts pure and unalloyed by the theories and opinions of previous observers. Hence it is that the utility of books becomes obvious. You witness with your own eyes some puzzling, perplexing, strange, and unaccountable—fact; twenty different statements of it have been given by twenty different ornithologists; you consult them all, and getting a hint from one, and a hint from another, here a glimmer of light to be followed, and there a gloom of darkness to be avoided—why, who knows but that in the end you do yourself solve the mystery, and absolutely become not only happy but illustrious? People sitting in their own parlour with their feet on the fender, or in the sanctum of some museum, staring at stuffed specimens, imagine themselves naturalists; and in their presumptuous and insolent ignorance, which is often total, scorn the wisdom of the wanderers of the woods, who have for many studious and solitary years been making themselves familiar with all the beautiful mysteries of instinctive life. Take two boys, and set them respectively to pursue the two plans of study. How puzzled and perplexed will be the one who pores over the "interminable terms" of a system in books, having meanwhile no access to, or communion with nature! The poor wretch is to be pitied—nor is he any thing else than a slave. But the young naturalist who takes his first lessons in the fields, observing the unrivalled scene which creation everywhere displays, is perpetually studying in the power of delight and wonder, and laying up knowledge which can be derived from no other source. The rich boy is to be envied, nor is he any thing else than a king. The one sits bewildered among words, the other walks enlightened among things; the one has not even the shadow, the other more than the substance—the very essence and life of knowledge; and at twelve years old he may be a better naturalist than ever the mere bookworm will be, were he to outlive old Tommy Balmer.

In education—late or early—for heaven's sake let us never separate things and words! They are married in nature; and what God hath put together let no man put asunder—'tis a fatal divorce. Without things, words accumulated by misery in the memory, had far better die than drag out an useless existence in the dark; without words, their stay and support, things unaccountably disappear out of the storehouse, and may be for ever lost. But bind a thing with a word, a strange link, stronger than any steel, and softer than any silk, and the captive remains for ever happy in its bright prison-house. On this principle, it is indeed surprising at how early an age children can be instructed in the most interesting parts of natural history—ay, even a babe in arms. Remember Coleridge's beautiful lines to the Nightingale:—

> "That strain again!
> Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
> Who, capable of no articulate sound,
> Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
> How he would place his hand beside his ear,
> His little hand, the small forefinger up,
> And bid us listen! *and I deem it wise*
> *To make him Nature's child.*"

How we come to love the Birds of Bewick, and White, and the two Wilsons, and Montagu, and Mudie, and Knapp, and Selby, and Swainson, and Audubon, and many others familiar with their haunts and habits, their affections and their passions, till we feel that they are indeed our fellow-creatures, and part of one wise and wonderful system! If there be sermons in stones, what think ye of the hymns and psalms, matin and vesper, of the lark, who at heaven's gate sings—of the wren, who pipes her thanksgivings as the slant sunbeam shoots athwart the mossy portal of cave, in whose fretted roof she builds her nest above the waterfall! In cave-roof? Yea—we have seen it so—just beneath the cornice. But most frequently we have detected her procreant cradle on old mossy stump, mouldering walls or living rock—sometimes in cleft of yew-tree or hawthorn—for hang the globe with its imperceptible orifice in the sunshine or the storm, and St Catharine sits within heedless of the outer world, counting her beads with her sensitive breast that broods in bliss over the priceless pearls.

Ay, the men we have named, and many other blameless idolaters of Nature, have worshipped her in a truly religious spirit, and have taught us their religion. All our great poets have loved the *Minnesingers* of the woods—Thomson, and Cowper, and Wordsworth, as dearly as Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Milton. From the inarticulate language of the groves, they have inhaled the enthusiasm that inspired some of the finest of their own immortal strains. "Lonely wanderer of Nature" must every poet be—and though often self-wrapt his wanderings through a spiritual world of his own, yet as some fair flower silently asks his eye to look on it, some glad bird his ear solicits with a song, how intense is then his perception—his emotion how profound—while his spirit is thus appealed to, through all its human sensibilities, by the beauty and the joy perpetual even in the most solitary places!

Our moral being owes deep obligation to all who assist us to study nature aright; for believe us, it is high and rare knowledge to know and to have the true and full use of our eyes. Millions go to the grave in old age without ever having learned it; they were just beginning, perhaps, to acquire it, when they sighed to think that "they who look out of the windows were darkened," and that while they had been instructed how to look, sad shadows had fallen on the whole face of Nature, and that the time for those intuitions was gone for ever. But the

to whose heart were known but the meanest charities of nature, yet mean as they were, how much better in such an hour, than all his imaginings most magnificent! For had he not suffered his own offspring to pass away from his eyes, even like the wood-shadows, only less beloved and less regretted? And in the very midst of the prodigality of love and passion, which he had poured out over the creations of his ever-distempered fancy, let his living children, his own flesh and blood, disappear as paupers in a chance governed world!—A world in which neither parental nor filial love were more than the names of nonentities—Father, Son, Daughter, Child, but empty syllables, which philosophy heeded not—or rather loved them in their emptiness, but despised, hated, or feared them, when for a moment they seemed pregnant with a meaning from heaven, and each in its holy utterance signifying God!

No great moral or religious lesson can well be drawn, or say rather so well, from such anomalous death-beds, as from those of common unbelievers. To show, in all its divine power, the blessedness of the Christian's faith, it must be compared, rather than contrasted, with the faith of the best and wisest of Deists. The ascendency of the heavenly over the earthly will then be apparent—as apparent as the superior lustre of a star to that of a lighted-up window in the night. For above all other things in which the Christian is happier than the Deist—with the latter, the life beyond the grave is but a dark hope—to the former, "immortality has been brought to light by the Gospel." That difference embraces the whole spirit. It may be less felt—less seen when life is quick and strong for this earth alone has much and many things to embrace and enchain our being—but in death the difference is as between night and day.

CHRISTOPHER IN HIS AVIARY.

FIRST CANTICLE.

The present Age, which, after all, is a very pretty and pleasant one, is feelingly alive and widely awake to the manifold delights and advantages with which the study of Natural History swarms, and especially that branch of it which unfolds the character and habits, physical, moral, and intellectual, of those most interesting and admirable creatures—Birds. It is familiar not only with the shape and colour of beak, bill, claw, talon, and plume, but with the purposes for which they are designed, and with the instincts which guide their use in the beautiful economy of all-gracious Nature. We remember the time when the very word Ornithology would have required interpretation in mixed company, when a naturalist was looked on as a sort of out-of-the-way but amiable monster. Now, one seldom meets with man, woman, or child, who does not know a hawk from a handsaw, or even, to adopt the more learned reading, from a heron-shew, a black swan is no longer erroneously considered a *rara avis* any more than a black sheep, while the Glasgow Gander himself, no longer apocryphal, has taken his place in the national creed, belief in his existence being merely blended with wonder at his magnitude, and some surprise perhaps among the scientific, that he should be as yet the sole specimen of that enormous Anser.

The chief cause of this advancement of knowledge in one of its most delightful departments, has been the gradual extension of its study from stale books written by men, to that book ever fresh from the hand of God. And the second—another yet the same—has been the gradual change wrought by a philosophical spirit in the observation, delineation, and arrangement of the facts and laws with which the science is conversant, and which it exhibits in the most perfect harmony and order. Neophytes now range for themselves, according to their capacities and opportunities, the fields, woods, rivers, lakes, and seas, and proficients, no longer confining themselves to mere nomenclature, enrich their works with anecdotes and traits of character, which, without departure from truth have imbued bird-biography with the double charm of reality and romance.

Compare the intensity and truth of any natural knowledge insensibly acquired by observation in very early youth, with that corresponding to it picked up in later life from books! In fact, the habit of distinguishing between things as different, or of similar forms, colours, and characters, formed in infancy, and childhood, and boyhood, in a free intercourse and communion with Nature, while we are merely seeking and finding the divine joy of novelty and beauty, perpetually occurring before our eyes in all her haunts, may be made the foundation of an accuracy of judgment of inappreciable value as an intellectual endowment. So entirely is this true, that we know many observant persons, that is, observant in all things intimately related with their own pursuits, and with the experience of their own early education, who, with all the pains they could take in after-life, have never been able to distinguish by name, when they saw them, above half-a-dozen, if so many, of our British singing-birds, while as to knowing them by their song, that is wholly beyond the reach of their uninstructed ear, and a shilfa chants to them like a yellow yoldrin. On seeing a small bird peeping out of a hole in the eaves, and especially on hearing him chatter, they shrewdly suspect him to be a sparrow, though it does not by any means follow that their suspicions are always verified, and though, when sitting with her white breast so lovely out of the

science of seeing has now found favour in our eyes, and blessings be with them who can discover, discern, and describe the least as the greatest of nature's works—who can see as distinctly the finger of God in the lustre of the humming-bird murmuring round a rose-bush, as in that of the star of Jove shining sole in heaven!

Take up now almost any book you may on any branch of Natural History, and instead of the endless, dry details of imaginary systems and classifications, in which the ludicrous littlenesses of man's vain ingenuity used to be set up as a sort of symbolical scheme of revelation of the sublime varieties of the inferior—as we choose to call it—creation of God, you find high attempts in an humble spirit rather to illustrate tendencies and uses, and harmonies, and order, and design. With some glorious exceptions, indeed, the naturalists of the day gone by showed us a science that was but a skeleton—little but dry bones; with some inglorious exceptions, indeed, the naturalists of the day that is now, have been desirous to show us a living, breathing, and moving body—to explain, as far as they might, its mechanism and its spirit. Ere another century elapse, how familiar may men be with all the families of the flowers of the field, and the birds of the air, with all the interdependencies of their characters and their kindreds, perhaps even with the mystery of that instinct which is now seen working wonders, not only beyond the power of reason to comprehend, but of imagination to conceive!

How deeply enshrouded are felt to be the mysteries of nature, when, thousands of years after Aristotle, we hear Audubon confess his utter ignorance of what migrations and non-migrations mean—that 'tis hard to understand why such general laws as these should be—though their benign operation is beautifully seen in the happiness provided alike for all—whether they reside in their own comparatively small localities, nor ever wish to leave them—or at stated seasons instinctively fly away over thousands of miles, to drop down and settle for a while on some spot adapted to their necessities, of which they had prescience afar off, though seemingly wafted thither like leaves upon the wind! Verily, as great a mystery is that Natural Religion by the theist studied in woods and on mountains and by sea-shores, as that Revelation which philosophers will not believe because they do not understand—"the blinded bigot's scorn" deriding man's highest and holiest happiness—Faith!

We must not now go a bird-nesting, but the first time we do we shall put Bishop Mant's "Months" in our pocket. The good Bishop—who must have been an indefatigable bird-nester in his boyhood—though we answer for him that he never stole but one egg out of four, and left undisturbed the callow young—treats of those beauteous and wondrous structures in a style that might make Professor Rennie jealous, who has written like a Vitruvius on the architecture of birds. He expatiates with uncontrolled delight on the unwearied activity of the architects, who, without any apprenticeship to the trade, are journeymen, nay, master-builders, the first spring of their full-fledged lives, with no other tools but a bill, unless we count their claws, which however seem, and that only in some kinds, to be used but in carrying materials. With their breasts and whole bodies, indeed, most of them round off the soft insides of their procreant cradles, till they fit each brooding bunch of feathers to a hair's-breadth, as it sits close and low on eggs or eyeless young, a *leetle* higher raised up above their gaping babies, as they wax from downy infancy into plumier childhood, which they do how swiftly, and how soon have they flown! You look some sunny morning into the bush, and the abode in which they seemed so *cozey* the day before is utterly forsaken by the joyous ingrates—now feebly fluttering in the narrow grove, to them a wide world filled with delight and wonder—to be thought of never more. With all the various materials used by them in building their different domiciles, the Bishop is as familiar as with the sole material of his own wig—though, by the by, last time we had the pleasure of seeing and sitting by him, he wore his own hair—"but that not much," for, like our own, his sconce was bald, and, like it, showed the organ of constructiveness as fully developed as Christopher or a Chaffinch. He is perfectly well acquainted, too, with all the diversities of their modes of building—their orders of architecture—and eke with all those of situation chosen by the kinds—whether seemingly simple, in cunning that deceives by a show of carelessness and heedlessness of notice, or with craft of concealment that baffles the most searching eye—hanging their beloved secret in gloom not impervious to sun and air—or, trustful in man's love of his own home, affixing the nest beneath the eaves, or in the flowers of the lattice, kept shut for their sakes, or half-opened by fair hands of virgins whose eyes gladden with heartborn brightness as each morning they mark the growing beauty of the brood, till they smile to see one almost as large as its parents sitting on the rim of the nest, when all at once it hops over, and, as it flutters away like a leaf, seems surprised that it can fly!

Yet there are still a few wretched quacks among us whom we may some day perhaps drive down into the dirt. There are idiots who will not even suffer sheep, cows, horses, and dogs, to escape the disgusting perversions of their anile anecdotage—who, by all manner of drivelling lies, libel even the common domestic fowl, and impair the reputation of the bantam. Newspapers are sometimes so infested by the trivial trash, that in the nostrils of a naturalist they smell on the breakfast table like rotten eggs, and there are absolutely volumes of the slaver bound in linen, and lettered with the names of the expectorators on the outside, resembling annuals—we almost fear with prints. In such hands, the ass loses his natural attributes, and takes the character of his owner, and as the anecdote-monger is seen astride on his cuddy, you wonder what may be the meaning of the apparition, for we defy you to distinguish the one donk from the other, the rider from the ridden, except by the more inexpressive countenance of the one, and

being into the undistinguishable elements of their original nothing

What is there below the skies like the place of mighty and departed cities? the vanishing or vanished capitals of renowned empires? There is no other such desolation. The solitudes of nature may be wild and drear, but they are not like the solitude from which human glory is swept away. The overthrow or decay of mighty human power is, of all thoughts that can enter the mind, the most overwhelming. The whole imagination is at once stirred by the prostration of that, round which so many high associations have been collected for so many ages. Beauty seems born but to perish, and its fragility is seen and felt to be inherent in it by a law of its being. But power gives stability, as it were, to human thought, and we forget our own perishable nature in the spectacle of some abiding and enduring greatness. Our own little span of years—our own confined region of space—are lost in the endurance and far-spread dominion of some mighty state, and we feel as if we partook of its deep-set and triumphant strength. When, therefore, a great and ancient empire falls into pieces, or when fragments of its power are heard rent asunder, like column after column disparting from some noble edifice, in sad conviction, we feel as if all the cities of men were built on foundations beneath which the earthquake sleeps. The same doom seems to be imminent over all the other kingdoms that still stand, and in the midst of such changes, and decays, and overthrows—or as we read of them of old—we look, under such emotions, on all power as foundationless, and in our wide imagination embrace empires covered only with the ruins of their desolation. Yet such is the pride of the human spirit, that it often unconsciously, under the influence of such imagination, strives to hide from itself the utter nothingness of its mightiest works. And when all its glories are visibly crumbling into dust, it creates some imaginary power to overthrow the fabrics of human greatness—and thus attempts to derive a kind of mournful triumph even in its very fall. Thus, when nations have faded away in their sins and vices, rotten at the heart and palsied in all their limbs, we strive not to think of that sad internal decay, but imagine some mighty power smiting empires and cutting short the records of mortal magnificence. Thus, Faith and Destiny are said in our imagination to lay our glories low. Thus, even the calm and silent air of Oblivion has been thought of as an unsparing Power. Time, too, though in moral sadness wisely called a shadow, has been clothed with terrific attributes, and the sweep of his scythe has shorn the towery diadem of cities. Thus the mere sigh in which we expire, has been changed into active power—and all the nations have with one voice called out "Death!" And while mankind have sunk, and fallen, and disappeared in the helplessness of their own mortal being, we have still spoken of powers arrayed against them—powers that are in good truth only another name for their own weaknesses. Thus imagination is for ever fighting against truth—and even when humbled, her visions are sublime—conscious even amongst saddest ruin of her own immortality.

Higher and higher than ever rose the tower of Belus, uplifted by ecstasy, soars the Lark, the lyrical poet of the sky. Listen, listen! and the more remote the bird the louder seems his hymn in heaven. He seems, in such altitude, to have left the earth for ever, and to have forgotten his lowly nest. The primroses and the daisies, and all the sweet hill-flowers, must be unremembered in that lofty region of light. But just as the Lark is lost—he and his song together—as if his orisons had been accepted—both are seen and heard fondly wavering earthwards, and in a little while he is walking with his graceful crest contented along the furrows of the brairded corn, or on the clover lea that in man's memory has not felt the ploughshare, or after a pause, in which he seems dallying with a home-sick passion, dropping down like one dead, beside his mate in her shallow nest.

Of all birds to whom is given dominion over the air, the Lark alone lets loose the power that is in his wings only for the expression of love and gratitude. The eagle sweeps in passion of hunger—poised in the sky his ken is searching for prey on sea or sward—his flight is ever animated by destruction. The dove seems still to be escaping from something that pursues—afraid of enemies even in the dangerless solitudes where the old forests repose in primeval peace. The heron high over houseless moors, seems at dusk fearful in her laborious flight, and weariedly gathers her long wings on the tree-top, as if thankful that day is done, and night again ready with its rest. "The blackening trains o' craws to their repose" is an image that affects the heart of "mortal man who liveth here by toil," through sympathy with creatures partaking with him a common lot. The swallow, for ever on the wing, and wheeling fitfully before fancy's eyes in element adapted for perpetual pastime, is flying but to feed—for lack of insects prepares to forsake the land of its nativity, and yearns for the blast to bear it across the sea. Thou alone, O Lark! hast wings given thee that thou mayest be perfectly happy—none other bird but thou can at once soar and sing—and heavenward thou seemest to be borne, not more by those twinkling pinions than by the ever-varying, ever-deepening melody effusing from thy heart.

How imagination unifies! then most intensive when working with and in the heart. Who thinks, when profoundly listening with his eyes shut to the warbling air, that there is another lark in creation? *The* lark—sole as the season—or the rainbow. We can fancy he sings to charm our own particular ear—to please us descends into silence—for our sakes erects his crest as he walks confidingly near our feet. Not till the dream-circle, of which ourselves are the centre, dissolves or subsides, do the fairest sights and sweetest sounds in nature lose their relationship to us the beholder and hearer, and relapse into the common property of all our kind. To self appertains the whole sensuous as well as the whole spiritual world. Egoism is the creator of all beauty

bird Where a Thrush is, we defy you to anticipate his song in the morning He is indeed an early riser By the way, Chanticleer is far from being so You hear him crowing away from shortly after midnight, and, in your simplicity, may suppose him to be up and strutting about the premises Far from it,—he is at that very moment perched in his polygamy, between two of his fattest wives The sultan will perhaps not stir a foot for several hours to come, while all the time the Thrush, having long ago rubbed his eyes, is on his topmast twig, broad awake, and charming the ear of dawn with his beautiful vociferation During mid-day he disappears, and is mute, but again, at dewy even, as at dewy morn, he pours his pipe like a prodigal, nor ceases sometimes when night has brought the moon and stars

Best beloved, and most beautiful of all Thrushes that ever broke from the blue-spotted shell!—thou who, for five springs, hast "hung thy procreant cradle" among the roses and honeysuckles, and ivy, and clematis that embower in bloom the lattice of our Cottage-study—how farest thou now in the snow? Consider the whole place as your own, my dear bird, and remember, that when the gardener's children sprinkle food for you and yours all along your favourite haunts, that it is done by our orders And when all the earth is green again, and all the sky blue, you will welcome us to our rural domicile, with light feet running before us among the winter leaves, and then skim away to your new nest in the old spot, then about to be somewhat more cheerful in the undisturbing din of the human life within the flowery walls

Nay—how can we forget what is for ever before our eyes! Blessed be Thou—on thy shadowy bed, belonging equally to earth and heaven—O Isle! who art called the Beautiful! and who of thyself canst make all the Lake one floating Paradise—even were her shore-hills silvan no more—groveless the bases of all her remoter mountains—effaced that loveliest splendour, sun-painted on their sky-piercing cliffs And can it be that we have forsaken Thee! Fairy-land and Love-land of our youth! Hath imagination left our brain, and passion our heart, so that we can bear banishment from Thee and yet endure life! Such loss not yet is ours—witness these gushing tears. But Duty, "stern daughter of the voice of God," dooms us to breathe our morning and evening orisons far from hearing and sight of Thee, whose music and whose light continue gladdening other ears and other eyes—as if ours had there never listened—and never gazed As if thy worshipper—and sun! moon! and stars! he asks ye if he loved not you and your images—as if thy worshipper—O Windermere! were—dead! And does duty dispense no reward to them who sacrifice at her bidding what was once the very soul of life? Yes! an exceeding great reward—ample as the heart's desire—for contentment is born of obedience—where no repinings are, the wings of thought are imped beyond the power of the eagle's plumes, and happy are we now—with the human smiles and voices we love even more than thine, thou fairest region of nature! happier than when we rippled in our pinnace through the billowy moonlight—than when we sat alone on the mountain within the thunder-cloud

Why do the songs of the Blackbird and Thrush make us think of the songless STARLING? It matters not We do think of him, and see him too—a loveable bird, and his abode is majestic. What an object of wonder and awe is an old Castle to a boyish imagination! Its height how dreadful! up to whose mouldering edges his fear carries him, and hangs him over the battlements! What beauty in those unapproachable wall-flowers, that cast a brightness on the old brown stones of the edifice, and make the horror pleasing? That sound so far below, is the sound of a stream the eye cannot reach—of a waterfall echoing for ever among the black rocks and pools The school-boy knows but little of the history of the old Castle—but that little is of war, and witchcraft, and imprisonment, and bloodshed The ghostly glimmer of antiquity appals him—he visits the ruin only with a companion, and at mid-day There and then it was that we first saw a Starling We heard something wild and wonderful in their harsh scream, as they sat upon the edge of the battlements, or flew out of the chinks and crannies There were Martens too, so different in their looks from the pretty House-Swallows—Jack-daws clamouring afresh at every time we waved our caps, or vainly slung a pebble towards their nests—and one grove of elms, to whose top, much lower than the castle, came, ever and anon, some noiseless Heron from the Muirs

Ruins! Among all the external objects of imagination, surely they are most affecting! Some sumptuous edifice of a former age, still standing in its undecayed strength, has undoubtedly a great command over us, from the ages that have flowed over it, but the mouldering edifice which Nature has begun to win to herself, and to dissolve into her own bosom, is far more touching to the heart, and more awakening to the spirit It is beautiful in its decay—not merely because green leaves, and wild flowers, and creeping mosses soften its rugged frowns, but because they have sown themselves on the decay of greatness, they are monitors to our fancy, like the flowers on a grave, of the untroubled rest of the dead Battlements riven by the hand of time, and cloistered arches reft and rent, speak to us of the warfare and of the piety of our ancestors, of the pride of their might, and the consolations of their sorrow they revive dim shadows of departed life, evoked from the land of forgetfulness, but they touch us more deeply when the brightness which the sun flings on the broken arches, and the warbling of birds that are nestled in the chambers of princes, and the moaning of winds through the crevices of towers, round which the surges of war were shattered and driven back, lay those phantoms again to rest in their silent bed, and show us, in the monuments of human life and power, the visible footsteps of Time and Oblivion coming on in their everlasting and irresistible career, to sweep down our perishable race, and to reduce all the forms of our momentary

furze brake, or on the briery knoll. You often find the lintie's nest in the most solitary places—in some small self-sown clump of trees by the brink of a wild hill-stream, or on the tangled edge of a forest, and just as often you find it in the hedgerow of the cottage garden or in a bower within, or even in an old gooseberry bush that has grown into a sort of tree

One wild and beautiful place we well remember—ay, the very bush in which we first found a gray lintie's nest—for in our parish, from some cause or other, it was rather a rarish bird That far-away day is as distinct as the present Now Imagine, friend, first, a little well surrounded with wild cresses on the moor, something like a rivulet flows from it, or rather you see a deep tinge of verdure, the line of which, you believe, must be produced by the oozing moisture—you follow it, and by and by there is a descent palpable to your feet—then you find yourself between low broomy knolls, that, heightening every step, become erelong banks, and braes, and hills You are surprised now to see a stream, and look round for its source—and there seem now to be a hundred small sources in fissures and spring on every side—you hear the murmurs of its course over beds of sand and gravel—and hark, a waterfall! A tree or two begins to shake its tresses on the horizon—a birch or a rowan You get ready your angle—and by the time you have panniered three dozen, you are at a wooden bridge—you fish the pool above it with the delicate dexterity of a Boaz, capture the monarch of the flood, and on lifting your eyes from his starry side as he gasps his last on the silvery shore, you behold a Cottage at one gable-end an ash, at the other a sycamore, and standing perhaps at the lonely door, a maiden like a fairy or an angel

This is the Age of Confessions, and why, therefore, may we not make a confession of first-love? We had finished our sixteenth year—and we were almost as tall as we are now, for our figure was then straight as an arrow, and almost like an arrow in its flight We had given over bird-nesting—but we had not ceased to visit the dell where first we found the Gray Lintie's brood Tale-writers are told by critics to remember that the young shepherdesses of Scotland are not beautiful as the fiction of a poet's dream But SHE was beautiful beyond poetry. She was so then, when passion and imagination were young—and her image, her undying, unfading image, is so now, when passion and imagination are old, and when from eye and soul have disappeared much of the beauty and glory both of nature and life We loved her from the first moment that our eyes met—and we see their light at this moment—the same soft, burning light, that set body and soul on fire She was but a poor shepherd's daughter; but what was that to us, when we heard her voice singing one of her old plaintive ballads among the braes?—When we sat down beside her—when the same plaid was drawn over our shoulders in the rain-storm—when we asked her for a kiss, and was not refused—for what had she to fear in her beauty, and her innocence, and her filial piety?—and were we not a mere boy, in the bliss of passion, ignorant of deceit or dishonour, and with a heart open to the eyes of all as to the gates of heaven? What music was in that stream! Could "Sabean odours from the spicy shores of Araby the Blest" so penetrate our soul, as that breath, balmier than the broom on which we sat, forgetful of all other human life! Father, mother, brothers, sisters, uncles, and aunts, and cousins, and all the tribe of friends that would throw us off—if we should be so base and mad as to marry a low-born, low-bread, ignorant, uneducated, crafty, ay, crafty and designing beggar—were all forgotten in our delirium—if indeed it were delirium—and not an everlastingly-sacred devotion to nature and to truth For in what were we deluded? A voice—a faint and dewy voice—deadened by the earth that fills up her grave, and by the turf that, at this very hour, is expanding its primroses to the dew of heaven—answers, "In nothing!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" exclaims some reader in derision "Here's an attempt at the pathetic!—a miserable attempt indeed, for who cares about the death of a mean hut girl?—we are sick of low life" Why, as to that matter, who cares for the death of any one mortal being? Who weeps for the death of the late Emperor of all the Russias? Who wept over Napoleon the Great? When Chatham or Burke, Pitt or Fox died—don't pretend to tell lies about a nation's tears And if yourself, who, perhaps, are not in low life, were to die in half an hour, (don't be alarmed,) all who knew you—except two or three of your bosom friends, who, partly from being somewhat dull, and partly from wishing to be decent, might whine—would walk along George's Street, at the fashionable hour of three, the very day after your funeral. Nor would it ever enter their heads to abstain from a dinner at the Club, ordered perhaps by yourself a fortnight ago, at which time you were in rude health, merely because you had foolishly allowed a cold to fasten upon your lungs, and carry you off in the prime and promise of your professional life In spite of all your critical slang, therefore, Mr Editor, or Master Contributor to some Literary Journal, SHE though a poor *Scottish Herd*, was most beautiful, and when, but a week after taking farewell of her, we went, according to our tryst, to fold her in our arms, and was told by her father that she was dead,—ay, dead—that she had no existence—that she was in a coffin,—when we awoke from the dead-fit in which we had lain on the floor of that cottage, and saw her in her grave-clothes within an hour to be buried—when we stood at her burial—and knew that never more were we or the day to behold her presence—we learned then how immeasurably misery can surpass happiness—that the soul is ignorant of its own being, till all at once a thunder-stone plunges down its depths, and groans gurgle upwards upbraiding Heaven

How easily can the heart change its mood from the awful to the solemn—from the solemn to the sweet—and from the sweet to the gay—while the mirth of this careless moment is unconsciously tempered by the influence of that holy hour that has subsided but not died, and

and all bliss, of all hope and of all faith Even thus doth imagination unify Sabbath worship All our beloved Scotland is to the devout breast on that day one House of God Each congregation—however far apart—hears but one hymn—sympathy with all is an all-comprehensive self—and Christian love of our brethren is evolved from the conviction that we have ourselves a soul to be saved or lost.

Yet, methinks, imagination loveth just as well to pursue an opposite process, and to furnish food to the heart in separate picture after separate picture, one and all imbued not with the same but congenial sentiment, and therefore succeeding one another at her will, be her will intimated by mild bidding or imperial command In such mood imagination, in still series, visions a thousand parish-kirks, each with its own characteristic localities, Sabbath-sanctified, distributes the beauty of that hallowed day in allotments all over the happy land—so that in one Sabbath there are a thousand Sabbaths

Keep caroling, then, altogether, ye countless Larks, till heaven is one hymn! Imagination thinks she sees each particular field that sends up its own singer to the sky—that the spot of each particular nest And of the many hearts all over loveliest Scotland in the sweet vernal season a-listening your lays, she is with the quiet beatings of the happy, with the tumult in them that would wish to break! The little maiden by the well in the brae-side above the cottage, with the Bible on her knees, left in tendance of an infant—the palsied crone placed safely in the sunshine till after service—the sickly student meditating in the shade, and somewhat sadly thinking that these spring flowers are the last his eyes may see—lovers walking together on the Sabbath before their marriage to the house of God—life-wearied wanderers without a home—remorseful men touched by the innocent happiness they cannot help hearing in heaven—the skeptic—the unbeliever—the atheist to whom "hope comes not that comes to all" What different meanings to such different auditors hath the same music at the same moment filling the same sky!

Does the Lark ever sing in winter? Ay, sometimes January is visited with a May-day hour, and in the genial glimpse, though the earth be yet barer than the sky, the Lark, mute for months, feels called on by the sun to sing, not so near to heaven's gate, and a shorter than vernal lyric, or during that sweetest season when neither he nor you can say whether it is summer or but spring Unmated yet, nor of mate solicitous, in pure joy of heart he cannot refrain from ascent and song, but the snow-clouds look cold, and ere he has mounted as high again as the church-spire, the aimless impulse dies, and he comes wavering down silently to the yet unprimrosed brae

In our boyish days, we never felt that the Spring had really come till the clear-singing Lark went careering before our gladdened eyes away up to heaven Then all the earth wore a vernal look, and the ringing sky said, "winter is over and gone" As we roamed, on a holiday, over the wide pastoral moors, to angle in the lochs and pools, unless the day were very cloudy the song of some lark or other was still warbling aloft, and made a part of our happiness The creature could not have been more joyful in the skies than we were on the greensward We, too, had our wings, and flew through our holiday Thou soul of glee! who still leddest our flight in all our pastimes—representative child of Erin!—wildest of the wild—brightest of the bright—boldest of the bold!—the lark-loved vales in their stillness were no home for thee The green glens of ocean, created by swelling and subsiding storms, or by calms around thy ship transformed into immeasurable plains, they filled thy fancy with images dominant over the memories of the steadfast earth. The petterel and the halcyon were the birds the sailor loved, and he forgot the songs of the inland woods in the moanings that haunt the very heart of the tumultuous sea Of that ship nothing was ever known but that she perished. He, too, the grave and thoughtful English boy, whose exquisite scholarship we all so enthusiastically admired, without one single particle of hopeless envy—and who accompanied us on all our wildest expeditions, rather from affection to his playmates than any love of their sports—he who, timid and unadventurous as he seemed to be, yet rescued little Marian of the Brae from a drowning death when so many grown-up men stood aloof in selfish fear—gone, too, for ever art thou, our beloved Edward Harrington! and, after a few brilliant years in the oriental clime,

> ——"on Hoogley's banks afar,
> Looks down on thy lone tomb the Evening Star"

How genius shone o'er thy fine features, yet how pale thou ever wast! thou who sat'st then by the Sailor's side, and listened to his sallies with a mournful smile—friend! dearest to our soul! loving us far better than we deserved, for though faultless thou, yet tolerant of all our frailties—and in those days of hope from thy lips how elevating was praise! Yet how seldom do we think of thee! For months—years—not at all—not once—sometimes not even when by some chance we hear your name! It meets our eyes written on books that once belonged to you and that you gave us—and yet of yourself it recalls no image Yet we sank down to the floor on hearing thou wast dead—ungrateful to thy memory for many years we were not—but it faded away till we forgot thee utterly, except when sleep showed thy grave!

Methinks we hear the song of the Gray Lintie, the darling bird of Scotland None other is more tenderly sung of in our old ballads When the simple and fervent love-poets of our pastoral times first applied to the maiden the words, "my bonnie burdie," they must have been thinking of the Gray Lintie—its plumage ungaudy and soberly pure—its shape elegant yet unobtrusive—and its song various without any effort—now rich, gay, sprightly, but never rude nor riotous—now tender, almost mournful, but never gloomy or desponding So, too, are all its habits, endearing and delightful It is social, yet not averse to solitude, singing often in groups, and as often by itself in the

confinement—the closest, most unaccompanied confinement—make one of ourselves unhappy? Is the shoemaker, sitting with his head on his knees, in a hole in the wall from morning to night, in any respect to be pitied? Is the solitary orphan, that sits all day sewing in a garret, while the old woman for whom she works is out washing, an object of compassion? or the widow of fourscore, hurkling over the embers, with a stump of a pipe in her toothless mouth? Is it so sad a thing indeed to be alone? or to have one's motions circumscribed within the narrowest imaginable limits? Nonsense all!

Then, gentle reader, were you ever in a Highland shieling? Often since you read our Recreations. It is built of turf, and is literally alive, for the beautiful heather is blooming, wild-flowers and walls and roof are one sound of bees. The industrious little creatures must have come several long miles for their balmy spoil. There is but one human creature in that shieling, but he is not at all solitary. He no more wearies of that lonesome place than do the sunbeams or the shadows. To himself alone he chaunts his old Gaelic songs, or frames wild ditties of his own to the raven or the red-deer. Months thus pass on, and he descends again to the lower country. Perhaps he goes to the wars—fights—bleeds—and returns to Badenoch or Lochaber, and once more, blending in his imagination the battles of his own regiment, in Egypt, Spain, or Flanders, with the deeds done of yore by Ossian sung, sits contented by the door of the same shieling, restored and beautified, in which he had dreamt away the summers of his youth.

What has become—we wonder—of Dartmoor Prison? During that long war its huge and hideous bulk was filled with Frenchmen—ay—

"Men of all climes—attach'd to none—were there,"

—a desperate race—robbers and reavers, and ruffians and rapers, and pirates and murderers mingled with the heroes who, fired by freedom, had fought for the land of lilies, with its vine-vales and "hills of sweet myrtle"—doomed to die in captivity, immured in that doleful mansion on the sullen moor. There thousands pined and wore away and wasted—and when not another groan remained within the bones of their breasts, they gave up the ghost. Young heroes prematurely old in baffled passions—life's best and strongest passions, that scorned to go to sleep but in the sleep of death. These died in their golden prime. With them went down into unpitied and unhonoured graves—for pity and honour dwell not in houses so haunted—veterans in their iron age—some self-smitten with ghastly wounds that let life finally bubble out of sinewy neck or shaggy bosom—or the poison-bowl convulsed their giant limbs unto unquivering rest. Yet there you saw a wild strange tumult of troubled happiness—which, as you looked into his heart, was transfigured into misery. Their volatile spirits fluttered in their cage, like birds that seem not to hate nor to be happy in confinement; but, hanging by beak or claws, to be often playing with the glittering wires—to be amusing themselves, so it seems, with drawing up, by small enginery, their food and drink, which soon sickens, however, on their stomachs, till, with ruffled plumage, they are often found in the morning lying on their backs, with clenched feet, and neck bent as if twisted, on the scribbled sand, stone-dead. There you saw pale youths—boys almost like girls, so delicate looked they in that hot infected air which ventilate it as you will, is never felt to breathe on the face like the fresh air of liberty—once bold and bright midshipmen in frigate or first-rater, and saved by being picked up by the boats of the ship that had sunk her by one double-shotted broadside, or sent her in one explosion splintering into the sky, and splashing into the sea, in less than a minute the thunder silent, and the fiery shower over and gone—there you saw, such lads as these, who used almost to weep if they got not duly the dear-desired letter from sister or sweetheart, and when they did duly get it, opened it with trembling fingers, and even then let drop some natural tears—there we saw them leaping and dancing, with gross gesticulations and horrid oaths obscene, with grim outcasts from nature, whose mustached mouths were rank with sin and pollution—monsters for whom hell was yawning—their mortal mire already possessed with a demon. There, wretched, wo-begone, and wearied out with recklessness and desperation, many wooed Chance and Fortune, who they hoped might yet listen to their prayers—and kept rattling the dice—cursing them that gave the indulgence—even in their cells of punishment for disobedience or mutiny. There you saw some, who in the crowded courts "sat apart retired,"—bringing the practised skill that once supported, or the native genius that once adorned life, to bear on beautiful contrivances and fancies elaborately executed with meanest instruments, till they rivalled or outdid the work of art assisted by all the ministries of science. And thus won they a poor pittance wherewithal to purchase some little comfort or luxury, or ornament to their persons, for vanity had not forsaken some in their rusty squalor, and they sought to please her, their mistress or their bride. There you saw accomplished men conjuring before their eyes, on the paper or the canvas, to feed the longings of their souls, the lights and the shadows of the dear days that far away were beautifying some sacred spot of "*la belle France*"—perhaps some festal scene, for love in sorrow is still true to remembered joy—where once with youths and maidens

"They led the dance beside the murmuring Loire."

There you heard—and hushed then was all the hubbub—some clear silver voice, sweet almost as woman's, yet full of manhood in its depths, singing to the gay guitar, touched, though the musician was of the best and noblest blood of France, with a master's hand, "La belle Gabrielle!" And there might be seen, in the solitude of their own abstractions, men with minds that had sounded the profounds of science, and, seemingly undisturbed by all that clamour, pursuing the mysteries of lines and numbers—conversing with the harmonious

continues to colour the most ordinary emotion as the common things of earth look all lovelier in imbibed light, even after the serene moon that had yielded it is no more visible in her place! Most gentle are such transitions in the calm of nature and of the heart, all true poetry is full of them, and in music how pleasant are they or how affecting! Those alternations of tears and smiles, of fervent aspirations and of quiet thoughts! The organ and the Æolian harp! As the one has ceased pealing praise, we can list the other whispering it—nor feels the soul any loss of emotion in the change—still true to itself and its wondrous nature—just as it is so when from the sunset clouds it turns its eyes to admire the beauty of a dew-drop or an insect's wing.

Now, we hear many of our readers crying out against the barbarity of confining the free denizens of the air in wire or wicker Cages. Gentle readers, do, we pray, keep your compassion for other objects. Or, if you are disposed to be argumentative with us, let us just walk down stairs to the larder, and tell the public truly what we there behold—three brace of partridges, two ditto of moorfowl, a cock pheasant, poor fellow,—a man and his wife of the aquatic or duck kind and a woodcock, vainly presenting his long Christmas bill—

> "Some sleeping kill'd—
> All murder'd!"

Why, you are indeed a most logical reasoner, and a most considerate Christian, when you launch out into an invective against the cruelty exhibited in our Cage. Let us leave this den of murder, and have a glass of our home-made frontignac in our own Sanctum. Come, come, sir—look on this newly-married couple of CANARIES.—The architecture of their nest is certainly not of the florid order, but my Lady Yellowlees sits on it a well satisfied bride. Come back in a day or two, and you will see her nursing triplets. Meanwhile, hear the ear-piercing fife of the bridegroom!—Where will you find a set of happier people, unless perhaps it be in our parlour, or our library, or our nursery? For, to tell you the truth, there is a cage or two in almost every room of the house. Where is the cruelty—here, or in your blood-stained larder? But you must eat, you reply. We answer—not necessarily birds. The question is about birds—cruelty to birds; and were that sagacious old wild-goose, whom one single moment of heedlessness brought last Wednesday to your hospitable board, at this moment alive, to bear a part in our conversation, can you dream that, with all your ingenuity and eloquence, you could persuade him—the now defunct and dissected—that you had been under the painful necessity of eating him with stuffing and apple sauce?

It is not in nature that an ornithologist should be cruel—he is most humane. Mere bird-stuffers are not ornithologists—and we have known more than one of that tribe who would have had no scruple in strangling their own mothers, or reputed fathers. Yet if your true ornithologist cannot catch a poor dear bird alive, he must kill it—and leave [illegible] to weep for its death. There [illegible] a few [illegible] [illegible] Birds—and thousands and tens of thousands are few; but the ornithologist knows the seasons when death is least afflictive—he is merciful in his wisdom—for the spirit of knowledge is gentle—and "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," reconcile him to the fluttering and ruffled plumage blood-stained by death. 'Tis hard, for example, to be obliged to shoot a Zenaida dove! Yet a Zenaida dove must die for Audubon's Illustrations. How many has he loved in life, and tenderly preserved! And how many more pigeons of all sorts, cooked in all styles, have you devoured—ay twenty for his one—you being a glutton and epicure in the same inhuman form, and he being contented at all times with the plainest fare—a salad perhaps of water cresses plucked from a spring in the forest glade, or a bit of pemmican, or a wafer of portable soup melted in the pot of some squatter—and shared with the admiring children before a drop has been permitted to touch his own abstemious lips.

The intelligent author of the "Treatise on British Birds" does not condescend to justify the right we claim to encage them; but he shows his genuine humanity in instructing us how to render happy and healthful their imprisonment. He says very prettily, "What are town gardens and shrubberies in squares, but an attempt to ruralize the city? So strong is the desire in man to participate in country pleasures, that he tries to bring some of them even to his room. Plants and birds are sought after with avidity, and cherished with delight. With flowers he endeavours to make his apartments resemble a garden, and thinks of groves and fields, as he listens to the wild sweet melody of his little captives. Those who keep and take an interest in song-birds, are often at a loss how to treat their little warblers during illness, or to prepare the proper food best suited to their various constitutions; but that knowledge is absolutely necessary to preserve these little creatures in health, for want of it young amateurs and bird fanciers have often seen, with regret, many of their favourite birds perish."

Now, here we confess is a good physician. In Edinburgh we understand there are about five hundred medical practitioners on the human race—and we have dog-doctors and horse-doctors, who come out in numbers—but we have no bird-doctors. Yet often, too often, when the whole house rings, from garret to cellar, with the cries of children teething, or in the hooping-cough, the little linnet sits silent on his perch, a moping bunch of feathers, and then falls down dead, when his life, I fear, might have been saved by the simplest medicinal food skilfully administered. Surely if we have physicians to attend our treadmills, and regulate the diet and day's work of merciless ruffians, we should not suffer our innocent and useful prisoners thus to die unattended. Why do not the Ladies of Edinburgh form themselves into a Society for the purpose? [illegible]

Not one of all the philosophers [illegible] has been able to tell us [illegible] Sweet Starling [illegible] been [illegible] Pretty [illegible] contented bird [illegible] Dear [illegible]

and heart—there she is new-lighted on the ledge of a precipice, and fancy hears her yell and its echo. Beak and talons, all her life long, have had a stain of blood, for the murderess observes no Sabbath, and seldom dips them in loch or sea, except when dashing down suddenly among the terrified water-fowl from her watch-tower in the sky. The week-old fawn had left the doe's side but for a momentary race along the edge of the coppice; a rustle and a shadow—and the burden is borne off to the cliffs of Benevis. In an instant the small animal is dead—after a short exultation torn into pieces, and by eagles and eaglets devoured, its unswallowed or undigested bones mingle with those of many other creatures, encumbering the eyrie, and strewed around it over the bloody platform on which the young demons crawl forth to enjoy the sunshine.

Oh for the Life of an Eagle written by himself! It would outsell the Confessions even of the English Opium-Eater. Proudly would he, or she, write of birth and parentage. On the rock of ages he first opened his eyes to the sun, in noble instinct affronting and outstaring the light. The Great Glen of Scotland—hath it not been the inheritance of his ancestors for many thousand years? No polluting mixture of ignoble blood, from intermarriages of necessity or convenience with kite, buzzard, hawk, or falcon. No, the Golden Eagle of Glen-Falloch, surnamed the Sun-starers, have formed alliances with the Golden Eagles of Cruachan, Benlawers, Shehallion, and Lochnagair—the Lightning-Glints, the Flood-fallers, the Storm-wheelers, the Cloud-cleavers, ever since the deluge. The education of the autobiographer had not been intrusted to a private tutor. Parental eyes, beaks, and talons, provided sustenance for his infant frame, and in that capacious eyrie, year after year repaired by dry branches from the desert, parental advice was yelled into him, meet for the expansion of his instinct, as wide and wonderful as the reason of earth-crawling man. What a noble naturalist did he, in a single session at the College of the Cliff, become! Of the customs, and habits, and haunts of all inferior creatures, he speedily made himself master—ours included. Nor was his knowledge confined to theory, but reduced to daily practice. He kept himself in constant training—taking a flight of a couple of hundred miles before breakfast—paying a forenoon visit to the farthest of the Hebride Isles, and returning to dinner in Glenco. In one day he has flown to Norway on a visit to his uncle by the mother's side, and returned the next to comfort his paternal uncle, lying sick at the Head of the Cambrian Dee. He soon learned to despise himself for having once yelled for food, when food was none, and to sit or sail, on rock or through ether, athirst and an hungered, but mute. The virtues of patience, endurance, and fortitude, have become with him, in strict accordance with the Aristotelian Moral Philosophy—habits. A Peripatetic Philosopher he could hardly be called—properly speaking, he belongs to the Solar School—an airy sect, who take very high ground, indulge in lofty flights, and are often lost in the clouds. Now and then a light chapter might be introduced, setting forth how he and other youngsters of the Blood Royal were wont to take an occasional game at High-Jinks, or tourney in air lists, the champions on opposite sides flying from the Perthshire and from the Argyleshire mountains, and encountering with a clash in the azure common, six thousand feet high. But the fever of love burned in his blood, and flying to the mountains of another continent, in obedience to the yell of an old oral tradition, he wooed and won his virgin bride—a monstrous beauty, wider-winged than himself, to kill or caress, and bearing the proof of her noble nativity in the radiant Iris that belongs in perfection of fierceness but to the Sun-starers, and in them is found, unimpaired by cloudiest clime, over the uttermost parts of the earth. The bridegroom and his bride, during the honey-moon, slept on the naked rock—till they had built their eyrie beneath its cliff-canopy on the mountain-brow. When the bride was "as Eagles wish to be who love their lords"—devoted unto her was the bridegroom, even as the cushat murmuring to his brooding mate in the central pine-grove of a forest. Tenderly did he drop from his talons, close beside her beak, the delicate spring lamb, or the too early leveret, owing to the hurried and imprudent marriage of its parents before March, buried in a living tomb on April's closing day. Through all thy glens, Albin! hadst thou reason to mourn, at the bursting of the shells that Queen-bird had been cherishing beneath her bosom. Aloft in heaven wheeled the Royal Pair, from rising to setting sun. Among the bright-blooming heather they espied the tartan'd shepherd, or hunter creeping like a lizard, and from behind the vain shadow of a rock watching with his rifle the flight he would fain see shorn of its beams. The flocks were thinned—and the bleating of desolate dams among the woolly people heard from many a brae. Poison was strewn over the glens for their destruction, but the Eagle, like the lion, preys not on carcasses, and the shepherd dogs howled in agony over the carrion in which they devoured death. Ha! was not that a day of triumph to the Sun-starers of Cruachan, when sky-hunting in couples, far down on the greensward before the ruined gateway of Kilchurn Castle, they saw, left all to himself in the sunshine, the infant heir of the Campbell of Breadalbane, the child of the Lord of Glenorchy and all its streams! Four talons in an instant were in his heart. Too late were the outcries from all the turrets, for ere the castle-gates were flung open, the golden head of the royal babe was lying in gore, in the Eyrie on the iron ramparts of Ben Slarive—his blue eyes dug out—his rosy cheeks torn—and his brains dropping from beaks that revelled yelling within the skull!—Such are a few hints for "Some Passages in the Life of the Golden Eagle, written by Himself,"—in one volume crown octavo—Blackwoods, Edinburgh and London.

O heavens and earth!—forests and barnyards! what a difference with a distinction between a GOLDEN EAGLE and a GREEN GOOSE! There, all neck and bottom, splay-footed, and hissing in miserable imitation of a serpent,

and lofty stars of heaven, deaf to all the discord and despair of earth. Or religious still even more than they—for those were mental, these spiritual—you beheld there men, whose heads before their time were becoming gray, meditating on their own souls, and in holy hope and humble trust in their Redeemer, if not yet prepared perpetually preparing themselves for the world to come!

To return to Birds in Cages,—they are, when well, uniformly as happy as the day is long. What else could oblige them, whether they will or no, to burst out into song—to hop about so pleased and pert—to play such fantastic tricks, like so many whirligigs—to sleep so soundly, and to awake into a small, shrill, compressed twitter of joy at the dawn of light? So utterly mistaken was Sterne, and all the other sentimentalists, that his Starling, who he absurdly opined was wishing to get out, would not have stirred a peg had the door of his cage been flung wide open, but would have pecked like a very game-cock at the hand inserted to give him his liberty. Depend upon it that Starling had not the slightest idea of what he was saying, and had he been up to the meaning of his words, would have been shocked at his ungrateful folly. Look at Canaries, and Chaffinches, and Bullfinches, and "the rest," how they amuse themselves for a while flitting about the room, and then, finding how dull a thing it is to be citizens of the world, bounce up to their cages, and shut the door from the inside, glad to be once more at home. Begin to whistle or sing yourself, and forthwith you have a duet or a trio. We can imagine no more perfectly tranquil and cheerful life than that of a Goldfinch in a cage in spring, with his wife and his children. All his social affections are cultivated to the utmost. He possesses many accomplishments unknown to his brethren among the trees,—he has never known what it is to want a meal in times of the greatest scarcity, and he admires the beautiful frost-work on the windows, when thousands of his feathered friends are buried in the snow, or, what is almost as bad, baked up into pies, and devoured by a large supper-party of both sexes, who fortify their flummery and flirtation by such viands, and, remorseless, swallow dozens upon dozens of the warblers of the woods.

Ay, ay, Mr. Goldy! you are wondering what we are now doing, and speculating upon the scribbler with arch eyes and elevated crest, as if you would know the subject of his lucubrations. What the wiser or better wouldst thou be of human knowledge? Sometimes that little heart of thine goes pit-a-pat, when a great ugly, staring contributor thrusts his inquisitive nose within the wires—or when a strange cat glides round and round the room, fascinating thee with the glare of his fierce fixed eyes, but what is all that to the woes of an Editor?—Yes, sweet simpleton! do you not know that we are the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine—Christopher North! Yes, indeed, we are that very man—that selfsame much-calumniated man-monster and Ogre. There, there!—perch on our shoulder, and let us laugh together at the whole world.

SECOND CANTICLE

The Golden Eagle leads the van of our Birds of Prey—and there she sits in her usual carriage when in a state of rest. Her hunger and her thirst have been appeased—her wings are folded up in a dignified tranquillity—her talons, grasping a leafless branch, are almost hidden by the feathers of her breast—her sleepless eye has lost something of its ferocity—and the Royal Bird is almost serene in her solitary state on the cliff. The gorcock unalarmed crows among the moors and mosses—the blackbird whistles in the birken shaw—and the cony erects his ears at the mouth of his burrow, and whisks away frolicsome among the whins or heather.

There is no index to the hour—neither light nor shadow—no cloud. But from the composed aspect of the Bird, we may suppose it to be the hush of evening after a day of successful foray. The imps in the eyrie have been fed, and their hungry cry will not be heard till the dawn. The mother has there taken up her watchful rest, till in darkness she may glide up to her brood—the sire is somewhere sitting within her view among the rocks—a sentinel whose eye, and ear, and nostril are true, in exquisite fineness of sense, to their trust, and on whom rarely, and as if by a miracle, can steal the adventurous shepherd or huntsman, to wreak vengeance with his rifle on the spoiler of sheep-walk and forest-chase.

Yet sometimes it chanceth that the yellow lustre of her keen, wild, fierce eye is veiled, even in daylight, by the film of sleep. Perhaps sickness has been at the heart of the dejected bird, or fever wasted her wing. The sun may have smitten her, or the storm driven her against a rock. Then hunger and thirst—which, in pride of plumage she scorned, and which only made her fiercer on the edge of her unfed eyrie, as she whetted her beak on the flint-stone, and clutched the strong heather-stalks in her talons, as if she were anticipating prey—quell her courage, and in famine she eyes afar off the fowls she is unable to pursue, and with one stroke strike to earth. Her flight is heavier and heavier each succeeding day—she ventures not to cross the great glens with or without lochs—but flaps her way from rock to rock, lower and lower down along the same mountain-side—and finally, drawn by her weakness into dangerous descent, she is discovered at gray dawn far below the region of snow, assailed and insulted by the meanest carrion, till a bullet whizzing through her heart, down she topples, and soon is despatched by blows from the rifle-butt, the shepherd stretching out his foe's carcass on the sward, eight feet from wing tip to wing tip, with leg thick as his own wrist, and foot broad as his own hand.

But behold the Golden Eagle, as she has pounced, and is exulting over her prey! With her head drawn back between the crescent of her uplifted wings, which she will not fold till that prey be devoured, eye glaring cruel joy, neck-plumage bristling, tail-feathers fan-spread, and talons driven through the victim's entrails

tory, in telling us that the said lion, in roaring, "laid his *monstrous mouth close to the floor*" We believe he does so, but did Mr. Atherstone learn the fact from Cuvier or from Wombwell? It is always dangerous to a poet to be too picturesque; and in this case, you are made, whether you will or no, to see an old, red, lean, mangy monster, called a lion, in his unhappy den in a menagerie, bathing his beard in the saw-dust, and from his toothless jaws "breathing hot roarings out," to the terror of servant-girls and children, in fierce reply to a man in a hairy cap and full suit of velveteen, stirring him up with a long pole, and denominating *him by the sacred name of the great asserter* of Scottish independence

Sir Humphry Davy—in his own science the first man of his age—does not shine in his "Salmonia"—pleasant volume though it be—as an ornithologist Let us see

"POIET —The scenery improves as we advance nearer the lower parts of the lake The mountains become higher, and that small island or peninsula presents a bold craggy outline; and the birch-wood below it, and the *pines above, make a scene* somewhat Alpine in character But what is that large bird soaring above the pointed rock, towards the end of the lake? Surely it is an eagle!

"HAL —You are right, it is an eagle, and of a rare and peculiar species—the gray or silver eagle, a noble bird! From the size of the animal, it must be the female, and her eyrie is that high rock I dare say the male is not far off"

Sir Humphry speaks in his introductory pages of Mr Wordsworth as a lover of fishing and fishermen, and we cannot help thinking and feeling that he intends Poietes as an image of that great Poet What! William Wordsworth, the very high-priest of nature, represented to have seen an eagle for the first time in his life only then, and to have boldly ventured on a conjecture that such was the name and nature of the bird! "But what is that large bird soaring above the pointed rock, towards the end of the lake? Surely it is an eagle!" "*Yes, you are right—it is an eagle*" Ha—ha—ha—ha—ha—ha! Sir Humphry—Sir Humphry—that guffaw was not ours—it came from the Bard of Rydal—albeit unused to the laughing mood—in the haunted twilight of that beautiful—that solemn Terrace

Poietes having been confirmed, by the authority of Halieus, in his belief that the bird is an eagle, exclaims, agreeably to the part he plays, "Look at the bird! She dashes into the water, *falling like a rock* and raising a column of spray—she has *fallen from a great height* And now she rises again into the air—*what an extraordinary sight!*" Nothing is so annoying as to be ordered to look at a sight which, unless you shut your eyes, it is impossible for you not to see A person behaving in a boat like Poietes, deserved being flung overboard "Look at the bird!" Why, every eye was already upon her, and if Poietes had had a single spark of poetry in his composition, he would have been struck mute by such a sight, instead of bawling out, open-mouthed and goggle-eyed, like a Cockney to a rocket at Vauxhall Besides, an eagle does not, when *descending on her prey, fall like a rock* There is nothing like the "*vis inertiæ*" in her precipitation You still see the self-willed energy of the ravenous bird, as the mass of plumes flashes in the spray—of which, by the by, there never was, nor will be, a column so raised She is as much the queen of birds as she sinks as when she soars—her trust and her power are still seen and felt to be in her pinions, whether she shoots to or from the zenith—to a falling star she might be likened—just as any other devil—either by Milton or Wordsworth—for such a star seems to our eye and *our imagination ever instinct with spirit,* not to be impelled by exterior force, but to be self-shot from heaven

Upon our word, we begin to believe that we ourselves deserve the name of Poietes much better than the gentleman who at threescore had never seen an eagle "She has fallen from a great height," quoth the gentleman—"What an extraordinary sight!" he continueth —while we are mute as the oar suspended by the up-gazing Celt, whose quiet eye brightens as it pursues the Bird to her *eyrie in the cliff* over the cove where the red-deer feed

Poietes having given vent to his emotions in such sublime exclamations—"Look at the bird!" "What an extraordinary sight!" might have thenceforth held his tongue, and said no more about eagles But Halieus cries, "There! you see her rise with a fish in her talons"—and Poietes, very simply, or rather like a simpleton, returns for answer, "She *gives an interest which I hardly expected to have found in this scene* Pray, are there *many of these animals* in this country?" A poet hardly expecting to find interest in such a scene as a great Highland loch—Loch Maree! "Pray, are there many *of these hanimals in this country?*" Loud cries of Oh! oh! oh! No doubt an eagle is an animal, like Mr Cobbett or Mr. O'Connell "a very fine animal," but we particularly, and earnestly, and anxiously, request Sir Humphry Davy not to call her so again—but to use the term bird, or any other term he chooses, except animal Animal, a living creature, is too general, too vague by far, and somehow or other it offends our ear shockingly when applied to an eagle We may be wrong, but in a trifling matter of this kind Sir Humphry surely will not refuse our supplication Let him call a horse an animal, if he chooses—or an ass—or a cow—but not an eagle—as he loves us, not an eagle,—let him call it a bird —the Bird of Jove—the Queen or King of the Sky—or any thing else he chooses—but not an animal—no—no—no—not an animal, as he hopes to prosper, to be praised in Maga, embalmed and immortalized

Neither ought Poietes to have asked if there were "*many* of these animals" in this country. He ought to have known that there are not *many* of these animals in any country Eagles are proud—apt to hold their heads very high —and to make themselves scarce A great many eagles all flying about together would look most absurd They are aware of that, and fly in "ones and twos"—a couple perhaps to a county. Poietes might as well have asked

lolling from side to side, up and down like an ill-trimmed punt, the downy gosling waddles through the green mire, and, imagining that King George the Fourth is meditating mischief against him, cackles angrily as he plunges into the pond. No swan that "on still St Mary's lake floats double, swan and shadow," so proud as he! He prides himself on being a gander, and never forgets the lesson instilled into him by his parents, soon as he chipt the shell in the nest among the nettles, that his ancestors saved the Roman Capitol. In process of time, in company with swine, he grazes on the common, and insults the Egyptians in their roving camp. Then comes the season of plucking—and this very pen bears testimony to his tortures. Out into the houseless winter is he driven—and, if he escapes being frozen into a lump of fat ice, he is crammed till his liver swells into a four-pounder—his cerebellum is cut by the cruel knife of a phrenological cook, and his remains buried with a cerement of apple sauce in the paunches of apoplectic aldermen, eating against each other at a civic feast! Such are a few hints for "Some Passages in the Life of a Green Goose," written by himself—in foolscap octavo—published by Quack and Co, Ludgate Lane, and sold by all booksellers in town and country.

Poor poets must not meddle with eagles. In the *Fall of Nineveh*, Mr Atherstone describes a grand review of his army by Sardanapalus. Two million men are put into motion by the moving of the Assyrian flag-staff in the hand of the king, who takes his station on a mount conspicuous to all the army. This flag-staff, though "tall as a mast"—Mr Atherstone does not venture to go on to say with Milton, "hewn on Norwegian hills," or "of some tall ammiral," though the readers' minds supply the deficiency—this mast was, we are told, for "*two strong men* a task," but it must have been so for twenty. To have had the least chance of being all at once seen by two million of men, it could not have been less than fifty feet high—and if Sardanapalus waved the royal standard of Assyria round his head, Samson or O'Doherty must have been a joke to him. However, we shall suppose he did, and what was the result? Such shouts arose that the solid walls of Nineveh were shook, "and the firm ground made tremble." But this was not all.

> "At his height,
> A speck scarce visible, the eagle heard,
> And felt his strong wing falter. terror struck,
> Fluttering and wildly screaming, down he sank—
> Down through the quivering air. another shout,—
> His talons droop—his sunny eye grows dark—
> His strengthless pennons fail—plump down he falls,
> Even like a stone. Amid the far-off hills
> With eye of fire, and shaggy mane uprear'd,
> The *sleeping lion in his den sprang up*,
> Listened awhile—then laid his monstrous mouth
> Close to the floor, and breath'd hot roarings out
> In fierce reply."

What think ye of that, John Audubon, Charles Bonaparte, J. Prideaux Selby, James Wilson, Sir William Jardine, and ye other European and American ornithologists? Pray, Mr Atherstone, did you ever see an eagle—a speck in the sky? Never again suffer yourself, oh, dear sir! to believe old women's tales of men on earth shooting eagles with their mouths, because the thing is impossible, even had their mouthpieces had percussion-locks—had they been crammed with ammunition to the muzzle. Had a stray sparrow been fluttering in the air, he would certainly have got a fright, and probably a fall—nor would there have been any hope for a tom-tit. But an eagle—an eagle ever so many thousand feet aloft—poo, poo!—he would merely have muted on the roaring multitude, and given Sardanapalus an additional epaulette. Why, had a string of wild-geese at the time been warping their way on the wind, they would merely have shot the wedge firmer and sharper into the air, and answered the earth-born shout with an air-born gabble—clangour to clangour. Where were Mr Atherstone's powers of ratiocination, and all his acoustics? Two shouts slew an eagle. What became of all the other denizens of air—especially crows, ravens, and vultures, who, seeing two millions of men, must have come flocking against a day of battle? Every mother's son of them must have gone to pot. Then what scrambling among the allied troops! And what was one eagle doing by himself "up-by yonder?" Was he the only eagle in Assyria—the secular bird of ages? Who was looking at him, first a speck—then faltering—then fluttering and wildly screaming—then plump down like a stone? Mr Atherstone talks as if he saw it. In the circumstances he had no business with his "sunny eye growing dark." That is entering too much into the medical, or rather anatomical symptoms of his apoplexy, and would be better for a medical journal than an epic poem. But to be done with it—two shouts that slew an eagle a mile up the sky, must have cracked all the tympana of the two million shouters. The entire army must have become as deaf as a post. Nay, Sardanapalus himself, on the mount, must have been blown into the air as by the explosion of a range of gunpowder-mills, the campaign taken a new turn, and a revolution been brought about, of which, at this distance of place and time, it is not easy for us to conjecture what might have been the fundamental features on which it would have hinged—and thus an entirely new aspect given to all the histories of the world.

What is said about the lion, is to our minds equally picturesque and absurd. He was among the "far-off hills." How far, pray? Twenty miles? If so then, without a silver ear-trumpet he could not have heard the huzzas. If the far-off hills were so near Nineveh as to allow the lion to hear the huzzas even in his sleep, the epithet "far-off" should be altered, and the lion himself brought from the interior. But we cannot believe that lions were permitted to live in dens within ear-shot of Nineveh. Nimrod had taught them "never to come there no more"—and Semiramis looked sharp after the suburbs. But, not to insist unduly upon a mere matter of police, is it the nature of lions, lying in their dens among far-off hills, to start up from their sleep, and "breathe hot roarings out" in fierce reply to the shouts of armies? All stuff! Mr Atherstone shows off his knowledge of natural his-

venture into the next parish, why then the old people would be forced, on the old principle of self-preservation, to pack off their progeny to bed and board beyond Benevis. But an eagle is a Citizen of the World. He is friendly to the views of Mr Huskisson on the Wool Trade, the Fisheries, and the Colonies—and acts upon the old adage,

"Every bird for himself, and God for us all!"

To conclude, for the present, this branch of our subject, we beg leave humbly to express our belief, that Sir Humphry Davy never saw the Eagle, by him called the Gray or Silver, hunting for fish in the style described in Salmonia. It does not dislike fish—but it is not its nature to keep hunting for them so, not in the Highlands at least, whatever it may do on American continent or isles. Sir Humphry talks of the bird dashing down repeatedly upon a pool within shot of the anglers. We have angled fifty times in the Highlands for Sir Humphry's once, but never saw nor heard of such a sight. He has read of such things, and introduced them into this dialogue for the sake of effect—all quite right to do—had his reading lain among trustworthy Ornithologists. The common Eagle—which he ignorantly, as we have seen, calls so rare—is a shy bird, as all shepherds know—and is seldom within range of the rifle. Gorged with blood, they are sometimes run in upon and felled with a staff or club. So perished, in the flower of his age, that Eagle whose feet now form handles to the bell-ropes of our Sanctum at Buchanan Lodge—and are the subject of a clever copy of verses by Mullion, entitled "All the Talons."

We said in "The Moors," that we envied not the eagle or any other bird his wings, and showed cause why we preferred our own feet. Had Puck wings? If he had, we retract, and would sport Puck.

Oberon

"Fetch me this herb—and be thou here again,
Ere the Leviathan can swim a league."

Puck

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes."

How infinitely more poetical are wings like these than seven-league boots! We declare, on our conscience, that we would not accept the present of a pair of seven-league boots to-morrow—or, if we did, it would be out of mere politeness to the genie who might press them on us, and the wisest thing we could do would be to lock them up in a drawer out of the reach of the servants. Suppose, that we wished to walk from Clovenford to Innerleithen—why, with seven-league boots on, one single step would take us up to Posso, seven miles above Peebles! That would never do. By mincing one's steps, indeed, one might contrive to stop at Innerleithen, but suppose a gad-fly were to sting one's hip at the Pirn—one unintentional stride would deposit Christopher at Drummelzier, and another over the Cruik, and far away down Annan water! Therefore, there is nothing like wings. On wings you can flutter—and glide—and float and soar—now like a humming-bird among the flowers—now like a swan, half rowing, half sailing, and half flying adown a river—now like an eagle afloat in the blue ocean of heaven, or shooting sunwards, invisible in excess of light—and bidding farewell to earth and its humble shadows. "O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest!" Who hath not, in some heavy hour or other, from the depth of his very soul, devoutly—passionately—hopelessly—breathed that wish to escape beyond the limits of wo and sin—not into the world of dreamless death, for weary though the immortal pilgrim may have been, never desired he the doom of annihilation, untroubled although it be, shorn of all the attributes of being—but he has prayed for the wings of the dove, because that fair creature, as she wheeled herself away from the sight of human dwellings, has seemed to disappear to his imagination among old glimmering forests, wherein she foldeth her wing and falleth gladly asleep—and therefore, in those agitated times when the spirits of men acknowledge kindred with the inferior creatures, and would fain interchange with them powers and qualities, they are willing even to lay down their intelligence, their reason, their conscience itself, so that they could but be blessed with the faculty of escaping from all the agonies that intelligence, and reason, and conscience alone can know, and beyond the reach of this world's horizon to flee away and be at rest!

Puck says he will put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. At what rate is that per second, taking the circumference of the earth at 27,000 miles, more or less? There is a question for the mechanics, somewhat about as difficult of solution as Lord Brougham's celebrated one of the Smuggler and the Revenue Cutter—for the solution of which he recommended the aid of algebra. It is not so quick as you would imagine. We forget the usual rate of a cannon-ball in good condition, when he is in training—and before he is at all blown. So do we forget, we are sorry to confess, the number of centuries that it would take a good, stout, well-made, able-bodied cannon-ball, to accomplish a journey to our planet from one of the fixed stars. The great difficulty, we confess, would be to get him safely conveyed thither. If that could be done, we should have no fear of his finding his way back, if not in our time, in that of our posterity. However red-hot he might have been on starting, he would be cool enough, no doubt, on his arrival at the goal, yet we should have no objection to back him against Time for a trifle—Time, we observe, in almost all matches being beat, often indeed by the most miserable hacks, that can with difficulty raise a gallop. Time, however, possibly runs booty, for when he does make play, it must be confessed that he is a spanker, and that nothing has been seen with such a stride since Eclipse.

O beautiful and beloved Highland Parish! in whose dashing glens our beating heart first felt the awe of solitude, and learned to commune (alas! to what purpose?) with the tumult of its own thoughts! The circuit of thy skies was indeed a glorious arena spread over the mountain-tops for the combats of the great

Mungo Park if there were a great many lions in Africa Mungo, we think, saw but one, and that was one too much There were probably a few more between Sego and Timbuctoo—but there are not a "great many of those animals in that country"—though quite sufficient for the purpose How the Romans contrived to get at hundreds for a single show, perplexes our power of conjecture

Halieus says—with a smile on his lip surely —in answer to the query of Poietes—"Of this species I have seen but these two, and, I believe, the young ones migrate as soon as they can provide for themselves, for this solitary bird requires a large space to move and feed in, and does not allow its offspring to partake its reign, or to live near it" This is all pretty true, and known to every child rising or risen six, except poor Poietes He had imagined that there were "many of these animals in this country," that they all went a-fishing together amicably as five hundred sail of Manksmen among a shoal of herrings

Throughout these Dialogues we have observed that Ornither rarely opens his mouth Why so taciturn? On the subject of birds he ought, from his name, to be well informed, and how could he let slip an opportunity, such as will probably never be afforded him again in this life, of being eloquent on the Silver Eagle? Ornithology is surely the department of Ornither Yet there is evidently something odd and peculiar in his idiosyncrasy, for we observe that he never once alludes to "these animals," birds, during the whole excursion He has not taken his gun with him into the Highlands, a sad oversight indeed in a gentleman who "is to be regarded as generally fond of the sports of the field" Flappers are plentiful over all the moors about the middle of July, and hoodies, owls, hawks, ravens, make all first-rate shooting to sportsmen not over anxious about the pot It is to be presumed, too, that he can stuff birds What noble specimens might he not have shot for Mr Selby! On one occasion, "the Silver Eagle" is preying in a pool within slug range, and there is some talk of shooting him—we suppose with an oar, or the butt of a fishing-rod, for the party have no fire-arms—but Poietes insists on sparing his life, because "these animals" are a picturesque accompaniment to the scenery, and "give it an interest which he had not expected to find" in mere rivers, lochs, moors, and mountains Genus Falco must all the while have been laughing in his sleeve at the whole party—particularly at Ornither—who, to judge from his general demeanour, may be a fair shot with number five at an old newspaper expanded on a barn-door twenty yards off, but never could have had the audacity to think in his most ambitious mood of letting off his gun at an Eagle

But further, Halieus, before he took upon him to speak so authoritatively about eagles, should have made himself master of their names and natures He is manifestly no scientific ornithologist We are The general question concerning Eagles in Scotland may now be squeezed into very small compass Exclusive of the true Osprey, (Falco Haliætus,) which is rather a large fishing-hawk than an eagle, there are two kinds, viz—the Golden Eagle, (F Chrysaetos,) and the White-Tailed or Cinereous Eagle, (F Albicilla) The other two *nominal* species are disposed of in the following manner —First, the Ring-Tailed Eagle (F Fulvus) is the young of the Golden Eagle, being distinguished in early life by having the basal and central portion of the tail white, which colour disappears as the bird attains the adult state Second, the Sea Eagle, (F Ossifragus,) commonly so called, is the young of the White-tailed Eagle above named, from which it differs in having a brown tail, for in this species the white of the tail becomes every year more apparent as the bird increases in age, whereas, in the Golden Eagle, the white altogether disappears in the adult

It is to the Ring-Tailed Eagle, and, by consequence, to the Golden Eagle, that the name of Black Eagle is applied in the Highlands

The White-tailed or Sea Eagle, as it becomes old, attains, in addition to the pure tail, a pale or bleached appearance, from which it may merit and obtain the name of Gray or Silver Eagle, as Sir Humphry Davy chooses to call it, but it is not known among naturalists by that name There is no other species, however, to which the name can apply; and, therefore, Sir Humphry has committed the very gross mistake of calling the Gray or Silver Eagle (to use his own nomenclature) a very rare Eagle, since it is the most common of all the Scots, and also—*a fortiori*—of all the English Eagles—being in fact the Sea Eagle of the Highlands

It preys often on fish dead or alive, but not exclusively, as it also attacks young lambs, and drives off the ravens from carrion prey, being less fastidious in its diet than the Golden Eagle, which probably kills its own meat—and has been known to carry off children, for a striking account of one of which hay-field robberies you have but a few minutes to wait

As to its driving off its young, its habits are probably similar in this respect to other birds of prey, none of which appear to keep together in families after the young can shift for themselves, but we have never met with any one who has seen them in the act of driving It is stated vaguely, in all books, of all eagles

As to its requiring a large range to feed in —we have only to remark that, from the powerful flight of these birds, and the wild and barren nature of the countries which they inhabit, there can be no doubt that they fly far, and "prey in distant isles"—as Thomson has it, but Halieus needed not have stated this circumstance as a character of this peculiar eagle —for an eagle with a small range does not exist, and therefore it is to be presumed that they require a large one

Further, all this being the case, there seems to be no necessity for the old eagles giving themselves the trouble to drive off the young ones, who by natural instinct will fly off of their own accord, as soon as their wings can bear them over the sea If an eagle were so partial to his native vale, as never on any account, hungry or thirsty, drunk or sober, to

and fiercer and more furious than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that with their heavy wing would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance?

No stop—no stay—she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear, then, but once crossed her heart, as up—up—up—to the little image made of her own flesh and blood. "The God who holds me now from perishing—will not the same God save me when my child is at my breast?" Down came the fierce rushing of the Eagles' wings—each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once they quailed, and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract, and the Christian mother, falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—dead—dead—no doubt—but unmangled and untorn—and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay in a nook of the harvest-field. Oh! what pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint, feeble cry—"It lives! it lives! it lives!" and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the fount of life and love. "O, thou great and thou dreadful God! whither hast thou brought me—one of the most sinful of thy creatures! Oh! save me lest I perish, even for thy own name's sake! O Thou, who died to save sinners, have mercy upon me!" Cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees—far—far down—and dwindled into specks a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath?—and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die—and when her breast is exhausted—her baby too. And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead arms that can protect it no more.

Where, all this while, was Mark Steuart, the sailor? Halfway up the cliffs. But his eyes had got dim, and his head dizzy, and his heart sick—and he who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights. "And who will take care of my poor bedridden mother?" thought Hannah, who, through exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in her grasp the hope she had clutched in despair. A voice whispered "God." She looked round expecting to see a spirit, but nothing moved except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye—by some secret sympathy with the inanimate object—watched its fall, and it seemed to stop, not far off, on a small platform. Her chil[d] was bound upon her shoulders—she knew not how or when—but it was safe—and scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier, and broom, and heather, and dwarf-birch. There, a loosened stone leapt over a ledge, and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the screes, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff. Steep as the wall of a house was now the side of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy centuries old—long ago dead, and without a single green leaf—but with thousands of arm-thick stems petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellice. She felt her baby on her neck, and with hands and feet clung to that fearful ladder. Turning round her head, and looking down, she saw the whole population of the parish—so great was the multitude—on their knees. She heard the voice of psalms—a hymn breathing the spirit of one united prayer. Sad and solemn was the strain—but nothing dirge-like—sounding not of death, but deliverance. Often had she sung that tune—perhaps the very words—but them she heard not—in her own hut, she and her mother—or in the kirk, along with all the congregatio[n]. An unseen hand seemed fastening her finge[rs] to the ribs of ivy, and in sudden inspiratio[n] believing that her life was to be saved, she be[came] almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth—the psalm was hushed—but a tremulous sobbing voice was close beside her, and a she-goat with two little kids at her feet. "Wild heights," thought she, "do these creatures climb—but the dam will lead down her kids by the easiest paths, for in the brute creatures holy is the power of a mother's love!" and turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept.

Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never touched before by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamt of scaling it, and the Golden Eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings. But the downwards part of the mountain-side, though scared, and seamed, and chasmed, was yet accessible—and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Glead's Cliff. Many were now attempting it—and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, through among dangers that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another, and she knew that God had delivered her and her child into the care of their fellow-creatures. Not a word was spoken—she hushed her friends with her hands—and with uplifted eyes pointed to the guides sent to her by Heaven. Small green plats, where

birds of prey? One wild cry or another was in the lift—of the hawk, or the glead, or the raven, or the eagle—or when those fiends slept, of the peaceful heron, and sea-bird by wandering boys pursued in its easy flight, till the snow-white child of ocean wavered away far inland, as if in search of a steadfast happiness unknown on the restless waves. Seldom did the eagle stoop to the challenge of the inferior fowl, but when he did, it was like a mailed knight treading down unknown men in battle The hawks, and the gleads, and the ravens, and the carrion-crows, and the hooded-crows, and the rooks, and the magpies, and all the rest of the rural militia, forgetting their own feuds, sometimes came sallying from all quarters, with even a few facetious jackdaws from the old castle, to show fight with the monarch of the air Amidst all that multitude of wings winnowing the wind, was heard the sough and whizz of those mighty vans, as the Royal Bird, himself an army, performed his majestic evolutions with all the calm confidence of a master in the art of aerial war, now shooting up half-a-thousand feet perpendicular, and now suddenly plumb-down into the rear of the croaking, cawing, and chattering battalions, cutting off their retreat to the earth Then the rout became general, the missing, however, far outnumbering the dead Keeping possession of the field of battle, hung the eagle for a short while motionless—till with one fierce yell of triumph he seemed to seek the sun, and disappear like a speck in the light, surveying half of Scotland at a glance, and a thousand of her isles

Some people have a trick of describing incidents as having happened within their own observation, when in fact they were at the time lying asleep in bed, and disturbing the whole house with the snore of their dormitory Such is too often the character of the eye-witnesses of the present age Now, we would not claim personal acquaintance with an incident we had not seen—no, not for a hundred guineas per sheet, and, therefore, we warn the reader not to believe the following little story about an eagle and child (by the way, that is the Derby crest, and a favourite sign of inns in the north of England) on our authority "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me," by the schoolmaster of Naemanslaws, in the shire of Ayr, and if the incident never occurred, then must he have been one of the greatest liars that ever taught the young idea how to shoot. For our single selves, we are by nature credulous Many extraordinary things happen in this life, and though "seeing is believing," so likewise "believing is seeing," as every one must allow who reads these our Recreations

Almost all the people in the parish were leading in their meadow-hay (there were not in all its ten miles square twenty acres of rye-grass) on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind,—and huge heaped-up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward, beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions towards the snug farmyards Never had the parish seemed before so populous Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song. But the Tree-gnomons threw the shadow of "one o'clock" on the green dial-face of the earth—the horses were unyoked, and took instantly to grazing—groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children collected under grove, and bush, and hedge-row—graces were pronounced, some of them rather too tedious in presence of the mantling milk-cans, bullion-bars of butter, and crackling cakes, and the great Being who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his Eternal Throne, well-pleased with the piety of his thankful creatures

The great Golden Eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and away with something in his talons One single sudden female shriek—and then shouts and outcries as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a sacrament "Hannah Lamond's bairn! Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud fast-spreading cry "The Eagle's ta'en aff Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying towards the mountain Two miles of hill and dale, and copse and shingle, and many intersecting brooks, lay between, but in an incredibly short time the foot of the mountain was alive with people The eyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock-ledge But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Steuart the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, once attempted in vain? All kept gazing, or weeping, or wringing of hands, rooted to the ground, or running back and forwards, like so many ants essaying their new wings, in discomfiture "What's the use—what's the use o' ony puir human means? We have nae power but in prayer!" And many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies—as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a stone, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie Nobody noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the Eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eyesight "Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized in the name o' the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death—fearless as a goat playing among the precipices No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, clomb the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated stair-cases deep as draw-wells or coal-pits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds at midnight? It is all the work of the soul to whom the body is a slave, and shall not the agony of a mother's passion—who sees her baby, whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death—bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den,

proclaim that innocence. I deserve death, and I am willing here, on this spot, to deliver myself into the hands of justice. Allan Calder —I call on you to seize your prisoner."

The moral sense of the people, when instructed by knowledge and enlightened by religion, what else is it but the voice of God! Then anger subsided into a stern satisfaction —and that soon softened, in sight of her who, alone aggrieved, alone felt nothing but forgiveness, into a confused compassion for the man who, bold and bad as he had been, had undergone many solitary torments, and nearly fallen in his uncompanioned guilt, into the power of the Prince of Darkness. The old clergyman, whom all reverenced, put the contrite man's hand in hers, whom he swore to love and cherish all his days. And, ere summer was over, Hannah was the mistress of a family, in a house not much inferior to a Manse. Her mother, not that not only her daughter's reputation was freed from stain, but her innocence also proved, renewed her youth. And although the worthy schoolmaster, who told us the tale so much better than we have been able to repeat it, confessed that the stranger never became altogether a saint—nor acquired the edifying habit of pulling down the corners of his mouth, and turning up the white of his eyes—yet he assured us, that he never afterwards heard anything very seriously to his prejudice—that he became in due time an elder of the kirk—gave his children a religious education—erring only in making rather too much of a pet of his eldest born, whom, even when grown up to manhood, he never called by any other name than the Eaglet.

THIRD CANTICLE

THE RAVEN! In a solitary glen sits down on a stone the roaming pedestrian, beneath the hush and gloom of a thundery sky that has not yet begun to growl, and hears no sounds but that of an occasional big rain-drop plashing on the bare bent, the crag high overhead sometimes utters a sullen groan—the pilgrim, starting, listens, and the noise is repeated, but instead of a groan, a croak—croak—croak! manifestly from a thing with life. A pause of silence! and hollower and hoarser the croak is heard from the opposite side of the glen. Eyeing the black sultry heaven, he feels the warm plash on his face, but sees no bird on the wing. By and by, something black lifts itself slowly and heavily up from a precipice, in deep shadow, and before it has cleared the rock-range, and entered the upper region of air, he knows it to be a Raven. The creature seems wroth to be disturbed in his solitude, and in his strong straight-forward flight aims at the head of another glen, but he wheels round at the iron barrier, and, alighting among the heather, folds his huge massy wings, and leaps about as if in anger, with the same savage croak—croak—croak! No other bird so like a demon—and should you chance to break a leg in the desert, and be unable to crawl to a hut, your life is not worth twenty-four hours' purchase. Never were there a single [illegible] in all [illegible], only [illegible], since he [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], with no tails so fine as those of that feathered fiend, covered though they be with eternal stains or [illegible], that [illegible] a bill of fare [illegible] [illegible], and apt for digging out great eye and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] or [illegible]. [illegible] in [illegible] like the [illegible] [illegible] powerful to smite as to eat [illegible]—but a better [illegible] [illegible]—[illegible], eyes, and [illegible]—the [illegible] [illegible] to another [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] need the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] this quiet [illegible] earth, turns to the [illegible]—and [illegible] the [illegible] of his own [illegible] [illegible] in his eyes, yet [illegible] seem [illegible] with [illegible] more [illegible] than [illegible] of Araby the Blest."

The Raven doubtless [illegible] that his not a deathly [illegible]. It seems [illegible] only, that he has [illegible] tests of life. [illegible] but [illegible] the dying [illegible] of a [illegible] or sheep. [illegible] him [illegible] the raven keeps aloof—hopping in a circle that narrows [illegible] no tails like [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] eyes grow dimmer and more dim. When the prey is in the last moments, croaking, he leaps upon the breast of the carcass, and whets his bill upon his own [illegible] [illegible] claws in the fleece, yet not so fiercely inserted as to get entangled and fast. With his large [illegible] head bobbing up and down, and turned a little first to one side and then to another, all the while a self-contented [illegible] in his eye, he unfolds his wings, and then folds them again, twenty or thirty times, as if dubious how to begin to gratify his lust of blood, and frequently, when just on the brink of consummation, jumps off side, back, or throat, and [illegible] dallying about, round and round and off to a small safe distance, seeming almost snorting, the smell of the blood running cold, colder, and more cold. At last the poor wretch is still, and then, without waiting till it is stiff, he goes to work earnestly and passionately, and taught by horrid instinct how to reach the entrails, revels in obscene gluttony, and preserves, it may be, eye, lip, palate, and brain, for the last course of his meal, gorged to the throat, incapacitated to return thanks, and with difficulty able either to croak or to fly.

The Raven, it is thought, is in the habit of living upwards of a hundred years, perhaps a couple of centuries. Children grow into girls, girls into maidens, maidens into wives, wives into widows, widows into old decrepit crones, and crones into dust, and the Raven who wons at the head of the glen, is aware of all the births, baptisms, marriages, death-beds, and funerals. Certain it is—at least so men

those creatures nibble the wild-flowers, became now more frequent—trodden lines, almost as plain as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger, and now the brushwood dwindled away into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs—sublime was the shout that echoed afar the moment she reached the eyrie—then had succeeded a silence deep as death—in a little while arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication—the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway—and now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor humble creature, unknown to many even by name—one who had had but few friends, nor wished for more—contented to work all day, here—there—anywhere—that she might be able to support her aged mother and her child—and who on Sabbath took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the kirk

"Fall back, and give her fresh air," said the old minister of the parish, and the ring of close faces widened round her lying as in death "Gie me the bonny bit bairn into my arms," cried first one mother and then another, and it was tenderly handed round the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears "There's no a single scratch about the puir innocent, for the Eagle, you see, maun hae struck its talons into the lang claes and the shawl Blin', blin' maun they be who see not the finger o' God in this thing!"

Hannah started up from her swoon—and, looking wildly round cried, "Oh! the Bird—the Bird!—the Eagle—the Eagle!—The Eagle has carried off my bonny wee Walter—is there nane to pursue?" A neighbour put her baby into her breast, and shutting her eyes, and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said in a low voice, "Am I wauken—oh! tell me if I'm wauken—or if a' this be but the wark o' a fever"

Hannah Lamond was not yet twenty years old, and although she was a mother—and you may guess what a mother—yet—frown not, fair and gentle reader—frown not, pure and stainless as thou art—to her belonged not the sacred name of wife—and that baby was the child of sin and shame—yes—"the child of misery, baptized in tears!" She had loved—trusted—been betrayed—and deserted In sorrow and solitude—uncomforted and despised—she bore her burden Dismal had been the hour of travail—and she feared her mother's heart would have broken, even when her own was cleft in twain But how healing is forgiveness—alike to the wounds of the forgiving and the forgiven! And then Hannah knew that, although guilty before God, her guilt was not such as her fellow-creatures deemed it—for there were dreadful secrets which should never pass her lips against the father of her child. So she bowed down her young head, and soiled it with the ashes of repentance—walking with her eyes on the ground as she again entered the kirk—yet not fearing to lift them up to heaven during the prayer Her sadness inspired a general pity—she was excluded from no house she had heart to visit—no coarse comment, no ribald jest accompanied the notice people took of her baby—no licentious rustic presumed on her frailty, for the pale, melancholy face of the nursing mother, weeping as she sung the lullaby, forbade all such approach—and an universal sentiment of indignation drove from the parish the heartless and unprincipled seducer—if all had been known, too weak word for his crime—who left thus to pine in sorrow, and in shame far worse than sorrow, one who till her unhappy fall had been held up by every mother as an example to her daughters

Never had she striven to cease to love her betrayer—but she had striven—and an appeased conscience had enabled her to do so—to think not of him now that he had deserted her for ever Sometimes his image, as well in love as in wrath, passed before the eye of her heart—but she closed it in tears of blood, and the phantom disappeared Thus all the love towards him that slept—but was not dead—arose in yearnings of still more exceeding love towards her child Round its head was gathered all hope of comfort—of peace—of reward of her repentance One of its smiles was enough to brighten up the darkness of a whole day In her breast—on her knee—in its cradle, she regarded it with a perpetual prayer. And this feeling it was, with all the overwhelming tenderness of affection, all the invigorating power of passion, that, under the hand of God, bore her up and down that fearful mountain's brow, and after the hour of rescue and deliverance, stretched her on the greensward like a corpse

The rumour of the miracle circled the mountain's base, and a strange story without names had been told to the Wood-ranger of the Cairn-Forest, by a wayfaring man Anxious to know what truth there was in it, he crossed the hill, and making his way through the sullen crowd, went up to the eminence, and beheld her whom he had so wickedly ruined, and so basely deserted Hisses, and groans, and hootings, and fierce eyes, and clenched hands assailed and threatened him on every side

His heart died within him, not in fear, but in remorse What a worm he felt himself to be! And fain would he have become a worm, that, to escape all that united human scorn, he might have wriggled away in slime into some hole of the earth But the meek eye of Hannah met his in forgiveness—an un-upbraiding tear—a faint smile of love All his better nature rose within him, all his worse nature was quelled "Yes, good people, you do right to cover me with your scorn But what is your scorn to the wrath of God? The Evil One has often been with me in the woods, the same voice that once whispered me to murder her—but here I am—not to offer retribution—for that may not—will not—must not be—guilt must not mate with innocence But here I

say—that he is aware of the death-beds and the funerals. Often does he flap his wings against door and window of hut, when the wretch within is in extremity, or, sitting on the heather-roof, croaks horror into the dying dream. As the funeral winds its way towards the mountain cemetery he hovers aloft in the air—or, swooping down nearer to the bier, precedes the corpse like a sable sauley. While the party of friends are carousing in the house of death, he, too, scorning funeral-baked meats, croaks hoarse hymns and dismal dirges as he is devouring the pet-lamb of the little grandchild of the deceased. The shepherds maintain that the Raven is sometimes heard to laugh. Why not, as well as the hyena? Then it is that he is most diabolical, for he knows that his laughter is prophetic of human death. True it is, and it would be injustice to conceal the fact, much more to deny it, that Ravens of old fed Elijah, but that was the punishment of some old sin committed by Two who before the Flood bore the human shape, and who, soon as the ark rested on Mount Ararat, flew off to the desolation of swamped forests and the disfigured solitude of the drowned glens. Dying Ravens hide themselves from daylight in burial-places among the rocks, and are seen hobbling into their tombs, as if driven thither by a flock of fears, and crouching under a remorse that disturbs instinct, even as if it were conscience. So sings and says the Celtic superstition—muttered to us in a dream—adding that there are Raven ghosts, great black bundles of feathers, for ever in the forest, night-hunting in famine for prey, emitting a last feeble croak at the blush of dawn, and then all at once invisible.

There can be no doubt that that foolish Quaker, who some twenty years ago perished at the foot of a crag near Red Tarn, "far in the bosom of Helvellyn," was devoured by ravens. We call him foolish, because no adherent of that sect was ever qualified to find his way among mountains when the day was shortish, and the snow, if not very deep, yet wreathed and pit-falled. In such season and weather, no place so fit for a Quaker as the fireside. Not to insist, however, on that point, with what glee the few hungry and thirsty old Ravens belonging to the Red Tarn Club must have flocked to the Ordinary! Without asking each other to which part this, that, or the other croaker chose to be helped, the maxim which regulated their behaviour at table was doubtless, "First come, first served." Forthwith each bill was busy, and the scene became animated in the extreme. There must have been great difficulty to the most accomplished of the carrion in stripping the Quaker of his drab. The broad-brim had probably escaped with the first intention, and after going before the wind half across the unfrozen Tarn, capsized, filled, and sunk. Picture to yourself so many devils, all in glossy black feather coats and dark breeches, with waistcoats inclining to blue, pully-hawlying away at the unresisting figure of the follower of Fox, and getting first vexed and then irritated with the pieces of choking soft armour in which, five or six ply thick, his inviting carcass was so provokingly insheathed! First a drab duffle cloak—then a drab wraprascal—then a drab broad-cloth coat, made in the oldest fashion—then a drab waistcoat of the same—then a drab under-waistcoat of thinner mould—then a linen-shirt, somewhat drabbish—then a flannel-shirt, entirely so, and most odorous to the nostrils of the members of the Red Tarn Club. All this must have taken a couple of days at the least; so, supposing the majority of members assembled about eight A. M. on the Sabbath morning, it must have been well on to twelve o'clock on Monday night before the club could have comfortably sat down to supper. During these two denuding days, we can well believe that the President must have been hard put to it to keep the secretary, treasurer, chaplain, and other office-bearers, ordinary and extraordinary members, from giving a sly dig at Obadiah's face, so tempting in the sallow hue and rank smell of first corruption. Dead bodies keep well in frost, but the subject had in this case probably fallen from a great height, had his bones broken to smash, his flesh bruised and mangled. The President, therefore, we repeat it, even though a raven of great age and authority, must have had inconceivable difficulty in controlling the Club. The croak of "Order!—order!—Chair!—chair!"—must have been frequent, and had the office not been hereditary, the old gentleman would no doubt have thrown it up, and declared the chair vacant. All obstacles and obstructions having been by indefatigable activity removed, no attempt, we may well believe, was made by the seneschal to place the guests according to their rank, above or below the salt, and the party sat promiscuously down to a late supper. Not a word was uttered during the first half hour, till a queer-looking mortal, who had spent several years of his prime of birdhood at old Calgarth, and picked up a tolerable command of the Westmoreland dialect by means of the Hamiltonian system, exclaimed, "I'se weel nee brussen—there be's Mister Wudsworth—Ho, ho, ho!" It was indeed the bard, benighted in the Excursion from Patterdale to Jobson's Cherry-Tree, and the Red Tarn Club, afraid of having their orgies put into blank verse, sailed away in floating fragments beneath the moon and stars.

But over the doom of one true Lover of Nature let us shed a flood of rueful tears, for at what tale shall mortal man weep, if not at the tale of youthful genius and virtue shrouded suddenly in a winding-sheet wreathed of snow by the pitiless tempest! Elate in the joy of solitude, he hurried like a fast travelling shadow into the silence of the frozen mountains, all beautifully encrusted with pearls, and jewels, and diamonds, beneath the resplendent night-heavens. The din of populous cities had long stunned his brain, and his soul had sickened in the presence of the money-hunting eyes of selfish men, all madly pursuing their multifarious machinations in the great mart of commerce. The very sheeted masts of ships, bearing the flags of foreign countries, in all their pomp and beauty sailing homeward or outward-bound, had become hateful to his spirit—for what were they but the floating enginery of Mammon? Truth, integrity, honour,

with such heartless levity? The man who wrote that description, sir, of the Ordinary of the Red Tarn Club, would not scruple to commit murder!" Why, if killing a scribbler be murder, the writer of that—this—article confesses that he has more than once committed that capital crime But no intelligent jury, taking into consideration the law as well as the fact—and it is often their duty to do so, let high authorities say what they will—would for a moment hesitate, in any of the cases alluded to, to bring in a verdict of "Justifiable homicide" The gentleman or lady who has honoured us so far with perusal, knows enough of human life, and of their own hearts, to know also that there is no other subject which men of genius—and who ever denied that we are men of genius?—have been accustomed to view in so many ludicrous lights as this same subject of death, and the reason is at once obvious—yet *recherche*—videlicet, Death is, in itself and all that belongs to it, such a sad, cold, wild, dreary, dismal, distracting, and dreadful thing, that at times men talking about it cannot choose but laugh!

Too-hoo — too-hoo — too-whit-too-hoo!—we have got among the Owls Venerable personages, in truth, they are—perfect Solomons! The spectator, as in most cases of very solemn characters, feels himself at first strongly disposed to commit the gross indecorum of bursting out a-laughing in their face One does not see the absolute necessity either of man or bird looking at all times so unaccountably wise Why will an Owl persist in his stare? Why will a Bishop never lay aside his wig?

People ignorant of Ornithology will stare like the Bird of Wisdom himself on being told that an Owl is an Eagle Yet, bating a little inaccuracy, it is so Eagles, kites, hawks, and owls, all belong to the genus Falco We hear a great deal too much in poetry of the moping Owl, the melancholy Owl, the boding Owl whereas he neither mopes nor bodes, and is no more melancholy than becomes a gentleman We also hear of the Owl being addicted to spirituous liquors, and hence the expression, as drunk as an Owl All this is mere Whig personality, the Owl being a Tory of the old school, and a friend of the ancient establishments of church and state Nay, the same political party, although certainly the most short-sighted of God's creatures, taunt the Owl with being blind As blind as an Owl is a libel in frequent use out of ornithological society Shut up Lord Jeffrey himself in a hay-barn with a well-built mow, and ask him in the darkness to catch you a few mice, and he will tell you whether or not the Owl be blind This would be just as fair as to expect the Owl to see, like Lord Jeffrey, through a case in the Parliament House during daylight Nay, we once heard a writer in Taylor and Hessey call the Owl stupid, he himself having longer ears than any species of Owl extant What is the positive character of the Owl may perhaps appear by and by, but we have seen that, describing his character by negations, we may say that, he resembles Napoleon Bonaparte much more than Joseph Hume or Alderman Wood He is not moping—not boding—not melancholy—not a drunkard—not blind—not stupid, as much as it would be prudent to say of any man, whether editor or contributor, in her Majesty's dominions.

We really have no patience with people who persist in all manner of misconceptions regarding the character of birds Birds often appear to such persons, judging from, of, and by themselves, to be in mind and manners the reverse of their real character They judge the inner bird by outward circumstances inaccurately observed There is the owl How little do the people of England know of him—even of him the barn-door and domestic owl—yea, even at this day—we had almost said the Poets! Shakspeare, of course, and his freres, knew him to be a merry fellow—quite a madcap—and so do now all the Lakers But Cowper had his doubts about it, and Gray, as every schoolboy knows speaks of him like an old wife The force of folly can go no further, than to imagine an owl complaining to the moon of being disturbed by people walking in a country churchyard And among all our present bardlings, the owl is supposed to be constantly on the eve of suicide If it were really so, he ought in a Christian country to be pitied, not pelted, as he is sure to be when accidentally seen in sunlight—for melancholy is a misfortune especially when hereditary and constitutional, as it is popularly believed to be in the Black-billed Bubo, and certainly was in Dr Johnson In young masters and misses we can pardon any childishness, but we cannot pardon the antipathy to the owl entertained by the manly minds of grown-up English clodhoppers, ploughmen, and threshers They keep terriers to kill rats and mice in barns, and they shoot the owls, any one of whom we would cheerfully back against the famous Billy "The very commonest observation teaches us," says the author of the "Gardens of the Menagerie," "that they are in reality the best and most efficient protectors of our cornfields and granaries from the devastating pillage of the swarms of mice and other small *rodents*" Nay, by their constant destruction of these petty but dangerous enemies, the owls, he says, "earn an unquestionable title to be regarded as among the *most active of the friends of man*, a title which only one or two among them occasionally forfeit by their aggressions on the defenceless poultry" Roger or Dolly beholds him in the act of murdering a duckling, and, like other light-headed, giddy, unthinking creatures, they forget all the service he has done the farm, the parish, and the state; he is shot *in the act*, and nailed, wide-extended in cruel spread-eagle, on the barn-door Others again call him dull and short-sighted—nay, go the length of asserting that he is stupid—as stupid as an owl Why, our excellent fellow, when you have the tithe of the talent of the common owl, and know half as well how to use it, you may claim the medal

The eagles, kites, and hawks, hunt by day The Owl is the Nimrod of the Night Then, like one who shall be nameless, he sails about seeking those whom he may devour To do him justice, he has a truly ghost-like head and shoulders of his own What horror to the

FOURTH CANTICLE.

Welcome then the Ring-Dove—the Queest—or Cushat, for that is the very bird we have had in our imagination. There is his full-length portrait, stealthily sketched as the Solitary was sitting on a tree. You never catch him napping, indeed, before he will allow you an opportunity of colouring him on the spot from nature. It is not that he is more jealous or suspicious of man's approach than other birds; for never shall we suffer ourselves to believe that any tribe of the descendants of the Dove that brought to the Ark the olive-token of reappearing earth, can in their hearts hate or fear the race of the children of men. But Nature has made the Cushat a lover of the still forest-gloom; and therefore, when his lone haunts are disturbed or intruded on, he flies to some yet profounder, some more central solitude, and tells his woes in the hermitage of a Yew, even as in the time of the ancient Britons.

It is the Stock-Dove, we believe, not the Ring-Dove, from whom are descended all the varieties of the races of Doves. What tenderest praise can we give them all, than that the Dove is the emblem of Innocence, and that the name is a precious—most true?—We doubt? When Hamlet said the lover, he was thinking, you know, of the Queen—not of Ophelia. Is not woman beautiful as the Dove—as the Dove faithful? Sitteth she not always with her babe in her bosom as she nurses? Dove, devoted to her own nest? Murmureth she not a pleasant welcome to her wearied home-returned husband, even like the Dove among the woodlands when her mate re-alights on the pine? Should her spouse be taken from her and disappear, doth not her heart sometimes break, as they say it happens to the Dove? But oftener far, so doth not the widow that her orphans are still fed by her own hand, that is filled with good things by Providence till grown up, and able to shift for themselves, away they go—just as the Dove lamenteth for her mate in the snare of the fowler, yet feedeth her young continually through the whole day, till away too go they—alas, in neither case, perhaps, ever more to return!

We dislike all favouritism, all foolish and capricious partiality for particular bird or beast, but dear, old, sacred associations will *tell* upon all one thinks or feels toward any place or person in this world of ours, near or remote. God forbid we should criticise the Cushat! We desire to speak of him as tenderly as of a friend buried in our early youth. Too true it is, that often and oft, when schoolboys, have we striven to steal upon him in his solitude, and to shoot him to death. In morals, and in religion, it would be heterodox to deny that the will is as the deed. Yet in cases of high and low-way robbery and murder, there does seem, treating the subject not in philosophical but popular style, to be some little difference between the two; at least we hope so, for otherwise we can with difficulty imagine one person not deserving to be ordered for execution, on Wednesday next, between the hours of eight and [illegible]. Happily, however, for our future peace [illegible] improbably for the [illegible] character, our Gun [illegible] school and play [illegible] for the [illegible] perfect [illegible] our [illegible] a Cushat. Many a [illegible] have we [illegible] [illegible] for a Cushat, [illegible] The Blackbird [illegible] of [illegible] melancholy [illegible] Once [illegible] of our [illegible] that had ever [illegible] we must have been either [illegible] We [illegible] and kicking up his heels doubtless in fright but as it then seemed to us, derision and disappointment much rather in frolic—nay, absolute derision—away bounced Master Rabbit to his burrow without one pinch of soft silvery wool on sward or bush, to bear witness to our unerring aim. As if the branch on which he had been sitting were broken, away then went the crashing Cushat through the intertangling sprays. The free flapping of his wings was soon heard in the air above the tree-tops, and ere we could recover from our almost bitter amazement, the creature was murmuring to his mate on her shallow nest—a far-off murmur, solitary and profound—to reach unto which, through the tangled mazes of the forest would have required a separate sense, instinct or faculty, which we did not possess. So, skulking out of our hiding-place, we made no comment on the remark of a homeward-plodding labourer, who had heard the report, and

inspired with the joyous spirit of the Owls in their revelry—and answers to their mirth and merriment through all her clouds The Moping Owl, indeed!—the Boding Owl, forsooth!—the Melancholy Owl, you blockhead!—why, they are the most cheerful—joy-portending—and exulting of God's creatures! Their flow of animal spirits is incessant—crowing-cocks are a joke to them—blue devils are to them unknown—not one hypochondriac in a thousand barns—and the Man-in-the-Moon acknowledges that he never heard one of them utter a complaint

But what say ye to an Owl, not only like an eagle in plumage, but equal to the largest eagle in size—and therefore named, from the King of Birds, the EAGLE OWL Mr Selby! you have done justice to the monarch of the Bubos We hold ourselves to be persons of tolerable courage, as the world goes—but we could not answer for ourselves showing fight with such a customer, were he to waylay us by night in a wood In comparison, Jack Thurtell looked harmless No—that bold, bright-eyed murderer, with Horns on his head like those on Michael Angelo's statue of Moses, would never have had the cruel cowardice to cut the weasand, and smash out the brains of such a miserable wretch as Weare! True he is fond of blood—and where's the harm in that? It is his nature But if there be any truth in the science of Physiognomy—and be that of Phrenology what it will, most assuredly there is truth in it—the original of that Owl, for whose portrait the world is indebted to Mr Selby, and Sir Thomas Lawrence never painted a finer one of Prince or Potentate of any Holy or Unholy Alliance, must have despised Probert from the very bottom of his heart No prudent Eagle but would be exceedingly desirous of keeping on good terms with him—devilish shy, i' faith, of giving him any offence by the least hauteur of manner, or the slightest violation of etiquette An Owl of this character and calibre, is not afraid to show his horns at mid-day on the mountain The Fox is not over and above fond of him—and his claws can kill a cub at a blow The Doe sees the monster sitting on the back of her fawn, and maternal instinct overcome by horror, bounds into the brake, and leaves the pretty creature to its fate Thank Heaven, he is, in Great Britain, a rare bird! Tempest-driven across the Northern Ocean from his native forests in Russia, an occasional visitant he "frightens this Isle from its propriety," and causes a hideous screaming through every wood he haunts Some years ago, one was killed on the upland moors in the county of Durham—and, of course, paid a visit to Mr Bullock's Museum Eagle-like in all its habits, it builds its nest on high rocks—sometimes on the loftiest trees—and seldom lays more than two eggs One is one more than enough—and we who fly by night trust never to fall in with a live specimen of the Strix-Bubo of Linnæus

But largest and loveliest of all the silent night-gliders—the SNOWY OWL! Gentle reader—if you long to see his picture, we have told you where it may be found,—and in the College Museum, within a glass vase on the central table in the Palace of Stuffed Birds, you may admire his outward very self—the semblance of the Owl he was when he used to eye the moon shining over the Northern Sea—but if you would see the noble and beautiful Creature himself, in all his living glory, you must seek him through the long summer twilight among the Orkney or the Shetland Isles The Snowy Owl dearly loves the snow—and there is, we believe, a tradition among them, that their first ancestor and ancestress rose up together from a melting snow-wreath on the very last day of a Greenland winter, when all at once the bright fields re-appear The race still inhabits that frozen coast—being common, indeed, through all the regions of the Arctic Circle It is numerous on the shores of Hudson's Bay, in Norway, Sweden, and Lapland—but in the temperate parts of Europe and America, "rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno"

We defy all the tailors on the face of the habitable globe, and what countless cross-legged fractional parts of men—who, like the beings of whom they are constituents, are thought to double their numbers every thirty years—must not the four quarters of the earth, in their present advanced state of civilization, contain!—we defy, we say, all the tailors on the face of the habitable globe to construct such a surtout as that of the Snowy Owl, covering him, with equal luxury and comfort, in summer's heat and winter's cold The elements, in all their freezing fury, cannot reach the body of the bird through that beautiful down-mail Well guarded are the openings of those great eyes Neither the driving dust, nor the searching sleet, nor the sharp frozen snow-stoure, give him the ophthalmia Gutta Serena is to him unknown—no snowy Owl was ever couched for cataract—no need has he for an oculist, should he live an hundred years, and were they to attempt any operation on his lens or iris, how he would hoot at Alexander and Wardrope!

Night, doubtless, is the usual season of his prey, but he does not shun the day, and is sometimes seen hovering unhurt in the sunshine The red or black grouse flies as if pursued by a ghost, but the Snowy Owl, little slower than the eagle, in dreadful silence overtakes his flight, and then death is sudden and sure Hawking is, or was, a noble pastime—and we have now prevented our eyes from glancing at Jer-falcon, Peregrine, or Goshawk, but Owling, we do not doubt, would be noways inferior sport, and were it to become prevalent in modern times, as Hawking was in times of old, why, each lady, as Venus already fair, with an Owl on her wrist, would look as wise as Minerva

But our soul sickens at all those dreams of blood! and fain would turn away from fierce eye, cruel beak, and tearing talon—war-weapons of them that delight in wounds and death—to the contemplation of creatures whose characteristics are the love of solitude—shy gentleness of manner—the tender devotion of mutual attachment—and, in field or forest, a lifelong passion for peace

now smelt the powder—"Cushats are gay an' kittle birds to kill"—but returned, with our shooting-bag as empty as our stomach, to the Manse

"Why do the birds sing on Sunday?" said once a little boy to us—and we answered him in a lyrical ballad, which we have lost But although the birds certainly do sing on Sunday—behaviour that with our small gentle Calvinist, who dearly loved them, caused some doubts of their being so innocent as during the week-days they appeared to be—we cannot set down their fault to the score of ignorance Is it in the holy superstition of the world-wearied heart that man believes the inferior creatures to be conscious of the calm of the Sabbath, and that they know it to be the day of our rest? Or is it that we transfer the feeling of our inward calm to all the goings-on of Nature, and thus imbue them with a character of reposing sanctity, existing only in our own spirits? Both solutions are true The instincts of those creatures we know only in their symptoms and their effects, in the wonderful range of action over which they reign Of the instincts themselves—as feelings or ideas—we know not any thing, nor ever can know, for an impassable gulf separates the nature of those that may be to perish, from ours that are to live for ever But their power of memory, we must believe is not only capable of minutest retention, but also stretches back to afar—and some power or other they do possess, that gathers up the past experience into rules of conduct that guide them in their solitary or gregarious life Why, therefore, should not the birds of Scotland know the Sabbath day? On that day the Water-Ouzel is never disturbed by angler among the murmurs of his own water-fall, and as he flits down the banks and braes of the burn, he sees no motion, he hears no sound about the cottage that is the boundary of his furthest flight—for "the dizzying mill-wheel rests" The merry-nodding rooks, that in spring-time keep following the very heels of the ploughman—may they not know it to be Sabbath, when all the horses are standing idle in the field, or taking a gallop by themselves round the head-rigg? Quick of hearing are birds—one and all—and in every action of their lives are obedient to sounds May they not, then—do they not connect a feeling of perfect safety with the tinkle of the small kirk-bell? The very jay himself is not shy of people on their way to worship The magpie, that never sits more than a minute at a time in the same place on a Saturday, will on the Sabbath remain on the kirkyard wall with all the composure of a dove The whole feathered creation know our hours of sleep They awake before us, and ere the earliest labourer has said his prayers, have not the woods and valleys been ringing with their hymns? Why, therefore, may not they, who know, each week-day, the hour of our lying down and our rising up know also the day of our general rest? The animals whose lot is labour, shall they not know it? Yes, the horse on that day sleeps in shade or sunshine without fear of being disturbed—his neck forgets the galling collar, "and there are forty feeding like one," all well knowing that their fresh meal on the tender herbage will not be broken in upon before the dews of next morning, ushering in a new day to them of toil or travel

So much for our belief in the knowledge, instinctive or from a sort of reason, possessed, by the creatures of the inferior creation, of the heaven-appointed Sabbath to man and beast But it is also true that we transfer our inward feelings to their outward condition, and with our religious spirit imbue all the ongoings of animated and even inanimated life There is always a shade of melancholy, a tinge of pensiveness, a touch of pathos, in all profound rest Perhaps because it is so much in contrast with the turmoil of our ordinary being Perhaps because the soul, when undisturbed, will, from the impulse of its own divine nature, have high, solemn, and awful thoughts In such state it transmutes all things into a show of sympathy with itself The church-spire, rising high above the smoke and stir of a town, when struck by the sun-fire, seems, on market-day, a tall building in the air, that may serve as a guide to people from a distance flocking into bazaars The same church-spire, were its loud-tongued bell to call from aloft on the gathering multitude below, to celebrate the anniversary of some great victory, Waterloo or Trafalgar, would appear to stretch up its stature triumphantly into the sky—so much the more triumphantly, if the standard of England were floating from its upper battlements But to the devout eye of faith doth it not seem to express its own character, when on the Sabbath it performs no other office than to point to heaven?

So much for the second solution But independently of both, no wonder that all nature seems to rest on the Sabbath, for it doth rest—all of it, at least, that appertains to man and his condition If the Fourth Commandment be kept—at rest is all the household—and all the fields round it are at rest Calm flows the current of human life, on that gracious day, throughout all the glens and valleys of Scotland, as a stream that wimples in the morning sunshine, freshened but not flooded with the soft-falling rain of a summer-night The spiral smoke-wreath above the cottage is not calmer than the motion within True, that the wood-warblers do not cease their songs, but the louder they sing, the deeper is the stillness And what perfect blessedness, when it is only joy that is astir in rest!

Loud-flapping Cushat! it was thou that inspiredst these solemn fancies; and we have only to wish thee, for thy part contributed to our Recreations, now that the acorns of autumn must be wellnigh consumed, many a plentiful repast, amid the multitude of thy now congregated comrades in the cleared stubble lands—as severe weather advances, and the ground becomes covered with snow, regales undisturbed by fowler, on the tops of turnip, rape, and other cruciform plants, which all of thy race affect so passionately—and soft blow the sea-breezes on thy unruffled plumage, when thou takest thy winter's walk with kindred myriads on the shelly shore, and for a season minglest with gull and seamew—apart every

It cannot even believe the p[illegible] of it, which yet it may darkly dread. Its love—it[illegible] pa[illegible]—its joy—it[illegible] are its[illegible]. They may perish, but it is imperishable. [illegible] it of all it has [illegible], touched, enjoyed, or suffered—till it [illegible] to [illegible]—there all it knew, or could know in the grave—but it[illegible] cannot be trodden down into the corruption. [illegible] nothing like itself [illegible] but [illegible] except in dim [illegible] that [illegible] last profound self-meditation—[illegible] parts with it [illegible] mortal [illegible] at last, [illegible] garment, [illegible] at last to [illegible] not even incompatible with the death of the body, but to [illegible] life and blood, that [illegible] still to [illegible] after it has entered into the unseen solitude of [illegible]

[illegible]

If intellect be, indeed, doomed utterly to perish, why may not we ask God, in that deep despair which, in that case, must inevitably flow from the consciousness of those powers with which He has at once blessed and cursed us,—why that intellect whose final doom is death, and that final doom [illegible], finds no thought that can satisfy it but that of [illegible] Life, and no idea in which it [illegible] be lost but that of Eternity? If the earth were at once the soul's cradle and her tomb, why should that cradle have been hung amid the stars, and that tomb illumined by their eternal light? If, indeed, a child of the clay, was not the earth, with all its plains, forests, mountains, and seas, capacious enough for the dreams of that creature whose course was finally to be extinguished in the darkness of its bosom? What had we to do with planets and suns, and spheres, "and all the dread magnificence of heaven?" Were we framed merely that we might for a few years rejoice in the beauty of the stars, as in that of the flowers beneath our feet? And ought we to be grateful for those transitory glimpses of the heavens, as for the fading splendour of the earth? But the heavens are not an idle show, hung out for the gaze of that idle dreamer Man. They are the work of the Eternal God, and he has given us power therein to read and to understand his glory. It is not our eyes only that are dazzled by the face of heaven—our souls can comprehend the laws by which that face is overspread by its celestial smiles. The dwelling-place of our spirits is already in the heavens. Well are we entitled to give names unto the stars, for we know the moment of their rising and their setting, and can be with them at every part of their shining journey through the boundless ether. While generations of men have lived, died, and are buried, the astronomer thinks of the golden orb that shone centuries ago within the [illegible]

[illegible]

"Remember St. Evremond!" Ay, and many a Deistical writer of higher repute [illegible] in the world. But how came they by the truths they did know? Not by the work of their own unassisted faculties—for they lived in a Christian country, they had already been imbued with many high and holy beliefs, of which—had they willed it—they could never have got rid, and to the very last the light which they, in their pride, believed to have emanated from the inner shrine—the penetralia of Philosophy—came from the temples of the living God. They walked all their lives long—though they knew it not, or strived to forget it—in the light of revelation, which though often darkened to men's eyes by clouds from earth, was still shining strong in heaven. Had the New Testament never been—think ye that men in their pride, though

"Poor sons of a day,"

could have discerned the necessity of framing for themselves a *religion of humility*? No. As by pride, we are told the angels fell—so by pride man, after his miserable fall, strove to lift up his helpless being from the dust, and though trailing himself, soul and body, along

the impenetrable gloom of this silvan sanctuary? And if here we chose to perish by suicide or natural death—and famine is a natural death—what eye would ever look on our bones? Raving all, but so it often is with us in severest solitude—our dreams will be hideous with sin and death

Hideous, said we, with sin and death? Thoughts that came flying against us like vultures, like vultures have disappeared, disappointed of their prey, and afraid to fix their talons in a thing alive. Hither—by some secret and sacred impulse within the soul, that often knoweth not the sovereign virtue of its own great desires—have we been led as into a penitentiary, where, before the altar of nature, we may lay down the burden of guilt or remorse, and walk out of the Forest a heaven-pardoned man What guilt?—O my soul! canst thou think of Him who inhabiteth eternity, and ask what guilt? What remorse?—For the dereliction of duty every day since thou receivedst from Heaven the understanding of good and of evil All our past existence gathers up into one dread conviction, that every man that is born of woman is a sinner, and worthy of everlasting death Yet with the same dread conviction is interfused a knowledge, clear as the consciousness of present being, that the soul will live for ever What was the meaning, O my soul! of all those transitory joys and griefs—of all those fears, hopes, loves, that so shook, each in its own fleeting season, the very foundations on which thy being in this life is laid? Anger, wrath, hatred, pride, and ambition—what are they all but so many shapes of sin coeval with thy birth? That sudden entrance of heaven's light into the Forest, was like the opening of the eye of God! And our spirit stands ashamed of its nakedness, because of the foulness and pollution of sin But the awful thoughts that have travelled through its chambers have ventilated, swept, and cleansed them—and let us break away from beneath the weight of confession

Conscience! Speak not of weak and fantastic fears—of abject superstitions—and of all that wild brood of dreams that have for ages been laws to whole nations, though we might speak of them—and, without violation of the spirit of true philosophy, call upon them to bear testimony to the truth But think of the calm, purified, enlightened, and elevated conscience of the highest natures—from which objectless fear has been excluded—and which hears, in its stillness, the eternal voice of God What calm celestial joy fills all the being of a good man when conscience tells him he is obeying God's law! What dismal fear and sudden remorse assail him, whenever he swerves but one single step out of the right path that is shining before his feet! It is not a mere selfish terror—it is not the dread of punishment only that appals him—for, on the contrary, he can calmly look on the punishment which he knows his guilt has incurred and almost desires that it should be inflicted that the incensed power may be appeased It is the consciousness of offence that is unendurable—not the fear of consequent suffering, it is the degradation of sin that his soul deplores—it is the guilt which he would expiate, if possible, in torments, it is the united sense of wrong, sin, guilt, degradation, shame, and remorse, that renders a moment's pang of the conscience more terrible to the good than years of any other punishment—and it thus is the power of the human soul to render its whole life miserable by its very love of that virtue which it has fatally violated This is a passion which the soul could not suffer—unless it were immortal Reason, so powerful in the highest minds, would escape from the vain delusion, but it is in the highest minds where reason is most subjected to this awful power—they would seek reconcilement with offended Heaven by the loss of all the happiness that earth ever yielded—and would rejoice to pour out their heart's blood if it could wipe away from the conscience the stain of one deep transgression! These are not the high-wrought and delusive states of mind of religious enthusiasts, passing away with the bodily agitation of the dreamer, but they are the feelings of the loftiest of men's sons—and when the troubled spirit has escaped from their burden, or found strength to support it, the conviction of their reasonableness and of their awful reality remains, nor can it be removed from the minds of the wise and virtuous, without the obliteration from the tablets of memory of all the moral judgments which conscience has there recorded

It is melancholy to think that even in our own day, a philosopher and one of high name too, should have spoken slightingly of the universal desire of immortality, as no argument at all in proof of it because arising inevitably from the regret with which all men must regard the relinquishment of this life By thus speaking of the desire as a delusion necessarily accompanying the constitution of mind which it has pleased the Deity to bestow on us, such reasoners but darken the mystery both of man and of Providence But this desire of immortality is not of the kind they say it is, nor does it partake, in any degree, of the character of a blind and weak feeling of regret at merely leaving this present life "I would not live alway," is a feeling which all men understand—but who can endure the momentary thought of annihilation? Thousands, and tens of thousands—awful a thing as it is to die—are willing to do so—"passing through nature to eternity"—nay, when the last hour comes, death almost always finds his victim ready, if not resigned To leave earth, and all the light both of the sun and of the soul is a sad thought to us all—transient as are human smiles, we cannot bear to see them no more—and there is a beauty that binds us to life in the tears of tenderness that the dying man sees gushing for his sake But between that regret for departing loves and affections, and all the gorgeous or beautiful shows of this earth —between that love and the dread of annihilation there is no connection The soul can bear to part with all it loves—the soft voice—the kindling smile—the starting tear—and the profoundest sighs of all by whom it is beloved; but it cannot bear to part with its existence

tain and half to the strath the smoke of hidden huts—a log-bridge hung across the torrent—a hanging garden, and a little brown [illegible], with a few fair, long-haired children at play, aiming a wild look [illegible] the wanderer of the [illegible]!

Turn your eyes, if you can, from that lovely wilderness, and behold down along a wide broad Strath, fed by a thousand torrents, [illegible] the noblest of Scotia's rivers, the strong sweeping Spey! Let [illegible] launch her canoe, and be thou a solitary [illegible], man—for need is none of oar or sail. Keep the middle course while all the [illegible] go by, and ere the sun has sunk behind yon golden mountains—nay, mountains they are not, but a transitory pomp of clouds—then [illegible] list the roaring, and behold the [illegible] of the Sea.

We [illegible]

[illegible] Heaven.

DR. KITCHINER.

FIRST COURSE.

It greatly grieved us to think that Dr Kitchiner should have died before our numerous avocations had allowed us an opportunity of dining with him, and subjecting to the test-act of our experienced palate his claims to immortality as a Cook and a Christian. The Doctor had, we know, a dread of us—not altogether unallayed by delight; and on the dinner-table which he had meditated for nearly a quarter of a century, he knew and felt must have hung his reputation with posterity—his posthumous fame. We understand that there is an unfinished sketch of that Dinner among the Doctor's papers, and that the design is magnificent. Yet, perhaps, it is better for his glory that Kitchiner should have died without attempting to embody in forms the Idea of that Dinner. It might have been a failure. How liable to imperfection the *materials* on which he would have had to work! How defective the instruments! Yes—yes!—happier far was it for the good old man that he should have fallen asleep with the undimmed idea of that unattempted Dinner in his imagination, than, vainly contending with the physical evil inherent in matter, have detected the Bishop's foot in the first course, and died of a broken heart!

"Travelling," it is remarked by our poor dear dead Doctor in his Traveller's Oracle, "is a recreation to be recommended, especially to those whose employments are sedentary—who are engaged in abstract studies—whose minds have been sunk in a state of morbid melancholy by hypochondriasis, or, by what is worst of all, a lack of domestic felicity. Nature, however, will not suffer any sudden transition, and therefore it is improper for people accustomed to a sedentary life to undertake suddenly a journey, during which they will be exposed to long and violent jolting. The case here is the same with the [illegible] indulgences; [illegible] should all be [illegible] gradually."

Had the Doctor been alive, we should have asked him what he meant by [illegible] Johnson [illegible] Scotland, and [illegible] of England the Doctor spent? No doubt this same exercise [illegible] might still be [illegible] sedentary; but, though violent, it could not be [illegible]; the most sedentary gentleman [illegible] more so, when [illegible] easy chair by his parlour fireside, than in such [illegible] spinning along the turnpike. But for the trees and hedgerows all [illegible], he would never know that he was himself in motion. The truth is, that no gentleman can, nowadays, so [illegible] lead a sedentary life, who is not constantly travelling before the incredible torch of McAdam. Look at the first twenty people that come towering by on the roof of a Highflier or a Defiance. What can be more sedentary? Only look at that elderly gentleman with the wig, evidently a parson, jammed in between a brace of buxom virgins on their way down to Doncaster race. Could he be more sedentary, during the psalm, in his own pulpit?

We must object, too, to the illustration of wine and water. Let no man who has been so unfortunate as to be accustomed to drink water, be afraid all at once to begin to drink wine. Let him, without fear or trembling, boldly fill bumpers to the Throne—the Navy—and the Army. These three bumpers will have made him a new man. We have no objection whatever to his drinking, in animated succession, the Apotheosis of the Whigs—the Angler's delight—the Cause of Liberty all over the World—Christopher North—Maga the Immortal. "Nature will not suffer any sudden transition!" Will she not? Look at our water-drinker now! His very own mother

the soiling earth, and glorying in his own corruption, sought to eternize here his very sins by naming the stars of heaven after heroes, conquerors, murderers, violators of the mandates of the Maker whom they had forgotten, or whose attributes they had debased by their own foul imaginations. They believed themselves, in the delusion of their own idolatries, to be "Lords of the world and Demigods of Fame," while they were the slaves of their own sins and their own sinful Deities. Should we have been wiser in our generation than they, but for the Bible? If in moral speculation we hear but little—too little—of the confession of what it owes to the Christian religion—in all the Philosophy, nevertheless, that is pure and of good report, we *see* that "the day-spring from on high has visited it." In all philosophic inquiry there is, perhaps, a tendency to the soul's exaltation of itself—which the spirit and genius of Christianity subdues. It is not sufficient to say that a natural sense of our own infirmities will do so—for seldom indeed have Deists been lowly-minded. They have talked proudly of humility. Compare their moral meditations with those of our great divines. Their thoughts and feelings are of the "earth earthy," but when we listen to those others, we feel that their lore has been God-given.

"It is as if an angel shook his wings."

Thus has Christianity glorified Philosophy; its celestial purity is now the air in which intellect breathes. In the liberty and equality of that religion, the soul of the highest Philosopher dare not offend that of the humblest peasant. Nay, it sometimes stands rebuked before it—and the lowly dweller in the hut, or the shieling on the mountain side, or in the forest, could abash the proudest son of Science, by pointing to the Sermon of our Saviour on the Mount—and saying, "I see my duties to man and God *here*!" The religious establishments of Christianity, therefore, have done more not only to support the life of virtue, but to show all its springs and sources, than all the works of all the Philosophers who have ever expounded its principles or its practice.

Ha! what has brought thee hither, thou wide antlered king of the red-deer of Braemar, from the spacious desert of thy hills of storm? Ere now we have beheld thee, or one stately as thee, gazing abroad, from a rock over the heather, to all the points of heaven, and soon as our figure was seen far below, leading the van of the flight thou went'st haughtily away into the wilderness. But now thou glidest softly and slowly through the gloom—no watchfulness, no anxiety in thy large beaming eyes, and, kneeling among the hoary mosses, layest thyself down in unknown fellowship with one of those human creatures, a glance of whose eye, a murmur of whose voice, would send thee belling through the forest, terrified by the flash or sound that bespoke a hostile [illegible] wont to pursue thy race unto dea[illegible] hunter is upon thee—away—away! [illegible] as a shooting-star up springs the red [illegible] in the gloom as suddenly is lost.

On—on—on! further into the F[illegible]

now a noise as of "thunder heard remote." Waterfalls—hundreds of waterfalls sounding for ever—here—there—everywhere—among the remoter woods. Northwards one fierce torrent dashes through the centre—but no villages—only a few woodmen's shielings will appear on its banks, for it is a torrent of precipices, where the shrubs that hang midway from the cleft are out of the reach of the spray of its cataracts, even when the red Garroch is in flood.

Many hours have we been in the wilderness, and our heart yearns again for the cheerful dwellings of men. Sweet infant streamlet, that flows by our feet without a murmur, so shallow are yet thy waters—wilt thou—short as hitherto has been thy journeying—wilt thou be our guide out into the green valleys and the blue heaven, and the sight once more of the bright sunshine and the fair fleecy clouds? No other clue to the labyrinth do we seek but that small, thin, pure, transparent thread of silver, which neither bush nor brier will break, and which will wind without entanglement round the roots of the old trees, and the bases of the shaggy rocks. As if glad to escape from its savage birthplace, the small rivulet now gives utterance to a song; and sliding down shelving rocks, so low in their mossy verdure as hardly to deserve that name, glides along the almost level lawns, here and there disclosing a little hermit flower. No danger now of its being imbibed wholly by the thirsty earth, for it has a channel and banks of its own—and there is a waterfall! Thenceforwards the rivulet never loses its merry voice—and in an hour it is a torrent. What beautiful symptoms now of its approach to the edge of the Forest! Wandering lights and whispering airs are here visitants—and there the blue eye of a wild violet looking up from the ground! The glades are more frequent—more frequent open spaces cleared by the woodman's axe—and the antique Oak-Tree all alone by itself, itself a grove. The torrent may be called noble now, and that deep blue atmosphere—or say rather, that glimmer of purple air—lies over the Strath in which a great River rolls along to the Sea.

Nothing in all nature more beautiful than the boundary of a great Highland Forest. Masses of rocks thrown together in magnificent confusion, many of them lichened and weather-stained with colours gorgeous as the eyed plumage of the peacock, the lustre of the rainbow, or the barred and clouded glories of setting suns—some towering aloft with trees sown in the crevices by bird or breeze, and checkering the blue sky—others bare, black, abrupt, grim as volcanoes, and shattered as if by the lightning-stroke. Yet interspersed, places of perfect peace—circles among the tall heather, or taller lady-fern, smoothed into velvet, it is there easy to believe, by Fairies' feet—rocks where the [illegible] nest among the blossoming [illegible], all [illegible] [illegible] drapery of honeysuckle [illegible] —glades green as emerald, where [illegible] [illegible] in temperate sunshine, or [illegible] [illegible] repose [illegible] [illegible]

sooner than usual, I have often very speedily got rid of colds, &c."

Why, there may be no great harm in getting [illegible] as above, although we should far rather recommend a second of the Epsoms. A tea-spoonful of Epsom salts in half a pint of warm water, reminds one, somehow or other, of Tims [illegible] a Cockney. It is not so easy—and that the Cockneys call [illegible]—to move the bowels of old Christopher North. We do not believe that a tea-spoonful of any thing in this world would have any effect on old "Ironsides." We should have no hesitation in backing him against too much corrosive sublimate. He would [illegible] the day he had bolted that quantity of poison,—and would, we verily believe, [illegible] from a tea-spoonful of Prussic acid.

We could mention a thousand cures for "colds, et cetera," more efficacious than [illegible] hot [illegible], a warm room, a tea-spoonful of Epsom salts, or early going to bed. What say you, our dear Doctor, to half a dozen tumblers of hot toddy? Your hare of [illegible] brown [illegible] the same amount? Or an equal quantity, in a gradual decrease [illegible] deeper and deeper till the romantic Welsh scenery of the Devil's Punch Bowl? [illegible] bearded oysters, all redolent of the saltsea foam, and worthy [illegible] the Atlantic [illegible] broad, to be sucked all at once by the bent tongue of Neptune. That [illegible] calumny against the character of toasted cheese—that, forsooth, it is indigestible—has been trampled under the march of mind; and therefore, you may tuck in a pound of double Gloucester. Other patients labouring under catarrh, may, very possibly, prefer the roasted bow-fowls—or the green goose from his first stubble field—or why not by way of a little variety, a roasted maukin, [illegible] between hare and leveret, tempting as maid atween woman and girl, or, as the Eastern poet says, between a frock and a gown? Go to bed—no need of warming pans—about a quarter before one,—you will not hear that small hour strike—you will sleep sound as the Black Stone at Scone, on which the Kings of Scotland were crowned of old. And if you contrive to carry a cold about you next day, you deserve to be sent to Coventry by all sensible people—and may, if you choose, begin taking, with Tims, a tea-spoonful of Epsom salts in a half pint of warm water every half hour, till it moves your bowels twice or thrice; but if you do, be your sex, politics, or religion what they may, never shall ye be suffered to contribute even a bit of Balaam to the Magazine.

The Doctor then treats of the best Season for travelling, and very judiciously observes that it is during these months when there is no occasion for a fire—that is, just before and after the extreme heat. In winter, Dr Kitchiner, who was a man of extraordinary powers of observation, observed, "that the ways are generally bad, and often dangerous, especially in hilly countries, by reason of the snow and ice. The days are short—a traveller comes late to his lodging, and is often forced to rise before the sun in the morning—besides, the [illegible] half dead. [illegible]

[illegible] in their hair. Now such persons do not know that they are dirty—that they are [illegible]. On the contrary, [illegible] pint of pure [illegible] the gradual [illegible]. Now, were such persons to change their linen every half hour, night and day, that is, were they to put on forty-eight clean shirts in the twenty-four hours—and it might not be reasonable, perhaps, to demand more of them under a government somewhat too whiggish—yet though we cheerfully grant that one and all of the shirts would be dirty, we as sulkily deny that at any given moment from sunrise to sunset, and over again, the wearer would be clean. He would be just every whit and bit as dirty as if he had known but one single shirt all his life—and firmly believed his to be the only shirt in the universe.

Men again, on the other hand, there are—and thank God, in great numbers—who are naturally so clean, that we defy you to make them *bonâ fide* dirty. You may as well drive down a duck into a dirty puddle, and expect lasting stains on its pretty plumage. Pope says the same thing of swans—that is, Poets—when speaking of Aaron Hill diving into the ditch—

could not know him—he has lost all resemblance to his twin-brother, from whom, two short hours ago, you could not have distinguished him but for a slight scar on his brow—so completely is his apparent personal identity lost, that it would be impossible for him to establish an *alibi* He sees a figure in the mirror above the chimney-piece, but has not the slightest suspicion that the rosy-faced Bacchanal is himself, the water-drinker; but then he takes care to imitate the manual exercise of the phantom—lifting his glass to his lips at the very same moment, as if they were both moved by one soul

The Doctor then wisely remarks, that it is ' impossible to lay down any rule by which to regulate the number of miles a man may journey in a day, or to prescribe the precise number of ounces he ought to eat, but that nature has given us a very excellent guide in a sense of lassitude, which is as unerring in exercise as the sense of satiety is in eating"

We say the Doctor wisely remarks, yet not altogether wisely; for the rule does not seem to hold always good either in exercise or in eating What more common than to feel one's-self very much fatigued—quite done up as it were, and unwilling to stir hand or foot Up goes a lark in heaven—tira-lira—or suddenly the breezes blow among the clouds, who forthwith all begin campaigning in the sky—or, quick as lightning, the sunshine in a moment resuscitates a drowned day—or tripping along, all by her happy self, to the sweet accompaniment of her joy-varied songs, the woodman's daughter passes by on her way, with a basket in her hand, to her father in the forest, who has already laid down his axe on the meridian shadow darkening one side of the straight stem of an oak, beneath whose grove might be drawn up five score of plumed chivalry! Where is your "sense of lassitude now, nature's unerring guide in exercise?" You spring up from the mossy wayside bank, and renewed both in mind and body "rejoicing in Nature's joy," you continue to pass over houseless moors, by small, single, solitary, straw-roofed huts, through villages gathered round Stone Cross, Elm Grove, or old Monastic Tower, till, unwearied in lith and limb, you see sunset beautifying all the west, and drop in, perhaps, among the hush of the Cottar's Saturday Night—for it is in sweet Scotland we are walking in our dream—and know not, till we have stretched ourselves on a bed of rushes or of heather, that "kind Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is yet among the number of our bosom friends—alas! daily diminishing beneath fate fortune, the sweeping scythe-stroke of death, or the whisper of some one poor, puny, idle, and unmeaning word!

Then, as to "the sense of satiety in eating" It is produced in us by three platefuls of hotch-potch—and, to the eyes of an ordinary observer, our dinner would seem to be at an end But no—strictly speaking, it is just going to begin About an hour ago did we, standing on the very beautiful bridge of Perth, see that identical salmon, with his back-fin just visible above the translucent tide, arrowing up the Tay, bold as a bridegroom, and nothing doubting that he should spend his honeymoon among the gravel beds of Kinnaird or Moulenearn, or the rocky sofas of the Tummel, or the green marble couches of the Tilt. What has become now of "the sense of satiety in eating?" John—the castors!—mustard—vinegar—cayenne—catchup—peas and potatoes, with a very little butter—the biscuit called "rusk"—and the memory of the hotch-potch is as that of Babylon the Great. That any gigot of mutton, exquisite though much of the five-year-old blackfaced must assuredly be, can, with any rational hopes of success, contend against a haunch of venison, will be asserted by no devout lover of truth Try the two by alternate platefuls, and you will uniformly find that you leave off after the venison That "sense of satiety in eating," of which Dr Kitchiner speaks, was produced by the Tay salmon devoured above—but of all the transitory feelings of us transitory creatures on our transit through this transitory world, in which the Doctor asserts nature will not suffer any sudden transitions, the most transitory ever experienced by us is "the sense of satiety in eating" Therefore, we have now seen it for a moment existing on the disappearance of the hotch-potch—dying on the appearance of the Tay salmon—once more noticeable as the last plate of the noble fish melted away—extinguished suddenly by the vision of the venison—again felt for an instant, and but for an instant—for a brace and a half of as fine grouse as ever expanded their voluptuous bosoms to be devoured by hungry love! Sense of satiety in eating, indeed! If you please, my dear friend, one of the backs—pungent with the most palate-piercing, stomach-stirring, heart-warming, soul-exalting of all tastes—the wild bitter-sweet

But the Doctor returns to the subject of travelling—and fatigue "When one begins," he says, "to be low-spirited and dejected, to yawn often and be drowsy, when the appetite is impaired, when the smallest movement occasions a fluttering of the pulse, when the mouth becomes dry, and is sensible of a bitter taste, *seek refreshment and repose*, if you wish to PREVENT ILLNESS, already beginning to take place" Why, our dear Doctor, illness in such a deplorable case as this, is just about to end, and death is beginning to take place Thank Heaven, it is a condition to which we do not remember having very nearly approximated! Who ever saw us yawn? or drowsy? or with our appetite impaired, except on the withdrawal of the table-cloth? or low-spirited, but when the Glenlivet was at ebb? Who dare declare that he ever saw our mouth dry? or sensible of a bitter taste, since we gave over munching rowans? Put your finger on our wrist, at any moment you choose, from June to January, from January to June, and by its pulsation you may rectify Harrison's or Kendal's chronometer

But the Doctor proceeds—"By raising the temperature of my room to about 65°, a broth diet, and taking a tea spoonful of Epsom salts in half a pint of warm water, and repeating it every half hour till it moves the bowels twice or thrice, and retiring to rest an hour or two

Suppose all people behaved in this way—and what an absurd world we should have of it—every man, woman, and child who could write, jotting away at their note-books! This committing to paper of whatever you see, hear, or read, has, among many other bad effects, this one especially—in a few years it reduces you to a state of idiocy. The memory of all men who commit to paper becomes regularly extinct, we have observed, about the age of thirty. Now, although the Memory does not bear a very brilliant reputation among the faculties, a man finds himself very much at a stand who is unprovided with one; for the Imagination, the Judgment, and the Reason walk off in search of the Memory—each in opposite directions; and the Mind, left at home by itself, is in a very awkward predicament—gets comatose—snores loudly, and expires. For our own part, we would much rather lose our Imagination and our Judgment—nay, our very Reason itself—than our Memory—provided we were suffered to retain a little Feeling and a little Fancy. Committers to paper forget that the Memory is a tablet, or they carelessly fling that mysterious tablet away, soft as wax to receive impressions, and harder than adamant to retain and put their trust in a bit of calf-skin, or a bundle of old rags.

The observer who instantly jots down every object he sees, never, properly speaking, saw an object in his life. There has always been in the creature's mind a feeling alien to that which the object would, of its pure self, have excited. The very preservation of a sort of style in the creature's remarks, costs him an effort which disables him from understanding what is before him, by dividing the small attention of which he might have been capable, between the jotting, the jotter, and the thing jotted. Then your committer to paper of whatever he sees, hears, or reads, forgets or has never known that all real knowledge, either of men or things, must be gathered up by operations which are in their very being spontaneous and free—the mind being even unconscious of them as they are going on—while the edifice has all the time been silently rising up under the unintermitting labours of those silent workers—Thoughts; and is finally seen, not without wonder, by the Mind or Soul itself, which, gentle reader, was all along Architect and Foreman—had not only originally planned, but had even daily superintended the building of the Temple.

Were Dr. Kitchiner not dead, we should just put to him this simple question—Could you, Doctor, not recollect all the dishes of the most various dinner at which you ever assisted, down to the obscurest kidney, without committing every item to your note-book? Yes, Doctor, you could. Well, then, all the universe is but one great dinner. Heaven and earth, what a show of dishes! From a sun to a salad—a moon to a mutton-chop—a comet to a curry—a planet to a pâté! What gross ingratitude to the Giver of the feast, not to be able, with the memory he has given us to remember his bounties! It is true, what the Doctor says, that notes made with pencils are easily obliterated by the motion of travelling, but, then, Doctor, notes made by the Mind herself, with the Ruby Pen Nature gives all her children who have also discourse of Reason, are with the slightest touch, easilier far than glass by the diamond, traced on the tablets that disease alone seems to deface, death alone to break, but which, ineffaceable, and not to be broken, shall with all their miscellaneous inscriptions endure for ever—yea, even to the great Day of Judgment.

If men will but look and listen, and feel and think—they will never forget any thing worth being remembered. Do we forget "our children, that to our eyes are dearer than the sun?" Do we forget our wives—unreasonable and almost downright disagreeable as they sometimes will be? Do we forget our triumphs—our defeats—our ecstasies, our agonies—the face of a dear friend, or "dearest foe"—the ghostlike voice of conscience at midnight arraigning us of crimes—or her seraph hymn, at which the gates of heaven seem to expand for us that we may enter in among the white-robed spirits, and

"Summer high in bliss upon the hills of God?"

What are all the jottings that ever were jotted down on his jot-book, by the most inveterate jotter that ever reached a raven age, in comparison with the Library of Useful Knowledge, that every man—who is a man—carries within the Ratcliffe—the Bodleian of his own breast!

What are you grinning at in the corner there you little ugly Beelzebub of a Printer's Devil? and have you dropped through a seam in the ceiling? More copy do you want? There, you imp—vanished like a thought!

SECOND COURSE

Above all things, continues Dr Kitchiner, "avoid travelling through the night, which, by interrupting sleep, and exposing the body to the night air, is always prejudicial, even in the mildest weather, and to the strongest constitutions." Pray, Doctor, what ails you at the night air? If the night air be, even in the mildest weather, prejudicial to the strongest constitutions, what do you think becomes of the cattle on a thousand hills? Why don't all the bulls in Bashan die of the asthma—or look interesting by moonlight in a galloping consumption? Nay, if the night air be so very fatal, how do you account for the longevity of owls? Have you never read of the Chaldean shepherds watching the courses of the stars? Or to come nearer our own times, do you not know that every blessed night throughout the year, thousands of young lads and lasses meet, either beneath the milk-white thorn—or on the lea-rig, although the night be ne'er sae wet, and they be ne'er sae weary—or under a rock on the hill—or—no uncommon case—beneath a frozen stack—not of chimneys, but of corn-sheaves—or on a couch of snow—and that they are all as warm as so many pies, while, instead of feeling what you call "the

> "He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
> But soars far off among the swans of Thames"

Pleasant people of this kind of constitution you see going about of a morning rather in dishabille—hair uncombed haply—face and hands even unwashed—and shirt with a somewhat day-before-yesterdayish hue Yet are they, so far from being dirty, at once felt, seen, and smelt, to be among the very cleanest of her Majesty's subjects The moment you shake hands with them, you feel in the firm flesh of palm and finger that their heart's-blood circulates purely and freely from the point of the highest hair on the apex of the pericranium, to the edge of the nail on the large toe of the right foot Their eyes are as clear as unclouded skies—the apples on their cheeks are like those on the tree—what need, in either case, of rubbing off dust or dew with a towel? What though, from sleeping without a nightcap, their hair may be a little toosey? It is not dim—dull—oily—like half-withered seaweeds! It will soon comb itself with the fingers of the west wind—that tent-like tree its toilette—its mirror that pool of the clear-flowing Tweed

Some streams, just like some men, are always dirty—you cannot possibly tell why—unproducible to good pic-nic society either in dry or wet weather In dry, the oozy wretches are weeping among the slippery weeds, infested with eels and powheads In wet, they are like so many common sewers, strewn with dead cats and broken crockery, and threatening with their fierce fulzie to pollute the sea The sweet, soft, pure rains, soon as they touch the flood are changed into filth The sun sees his face in one of the pools, and is terrified out of his senses He shines no more that day The clouds have no notion of being caricatured, and the trees keep cautiously away from the brink of such streams—save, perchance, now and then, here and there, a weak, well-meaning willow—a thing of shreds and patches—its leafless wands covered with bits of old worsted stockings, crowns of hats, a bauckle, (see Dr Jamieson,) and the remains of a pair of corduroy breeches, long hereditary in the family of the Blood-Royal of the Yetholm Gipsies

Some streams, just like some men, are always clean—you cannot well tell why—producible to good pic-nic society either in dry or wet weather In dry, the pearly waters are singing among the freshened flowers—so that the trout, if he chooses, may breakfast upon bees In wet, they grow, it is true, dark and drumly—and at midnight, when heaven's candles are put out, loud and oft the angry spirit of the water shrieks But Aurora beholds her face in the clarified pools and shallows—far and wide glittering with silver or with gold All the banks and braes re-appear green as emerald from the subsiding current—into which look with the eye of an angler, and you behold a Fish—a twenty pounder—steadying himself—like an uncertain shadow, and oh! for George Scougal's leister to strike him through the spine! Yes, these are the images of trees, far down as if in another world, and whether you look up or look down, alike in all its blue, braided, and unbounded beauty, is the morning sky!

Irishmen are generally men of the kind thus illustrated—generally sweet—at least in their own green Isle, and that was the best argument in favour of Catholic Emancipation—So are Scotsmen Whereas, blindfolded, take a London, Edinburgh, or Glasgow Cockney's hand, immediately after it has been washed and scented, and put it to your nose—and you will begin to be apprehensive that some practical wit has substituted in lieu of the sonnet-scribbling bunch of little fetid fives, the body of some chicken-butcher of a weasel, that died of the plague We have seen as much of what is most ignorantly and malignantly denominated dirt—one week's earth—washed off the feet of a pretty young girl on a Saturday night, at a single sitting in the little rivulet that runs almost round about her father's hut, as would have served him to raise his mignionette in, or his crop of cresses How beautifully glowed the crimson snow of the singing creature's new washed feet! First as they shone almost motionless beneath the lucid waters—and then, fearless of the hard bent and rough roots of the heather, bore the almost alarming Fairy dancing away from the eyes of the stranger, till the courteous spirit that reigns over all the Highland wilds arrested her steps knee-deep in bloom, and bade her bow her auburn head, as blushing, she faltered forth, in her sweet Gaelic accents, a welcome that thrilled like a blessing through the heart of the Sassenach, nearly benighted, and wearied sore with the fifty glorious mountain-miles that intermit at times their frowning forests from the correis of Cruachan to the cliffs of Cairngorm

It will be seen from these hurried remarks, that there is more truth than, perhaps, Dr Kitchiner was aware of, in his apothegm—"that a clean skin may be regarded as next in efficacy to a clear conscience" But the Doctor had but a very imperfect notion of the meaning of the words "clean skin"—his observation being not even skin-deep A wash-hand basin, a bit of soap, and a coarse towel, he thought would give a Cockney on Ludgate-hill a clean skin—just as many good people think that a Bible, a prayer-book, and a long sermon, can give a clear conscience to a criminal in Newgate The cause of the evil, in both cases, lies too deep for tears Millions of men and women pass through nature to eternity clean-skinned and pious—with slight expense either in soap or sermons, while millions more, with much weekday bodily scrubbing, and much Sabbath spiritual sanctification, are held in bad odour here, while they live, by those who happen to sit near them, and finally go out like the stink of a candle

Never stir, quoth the Doctor, "without paper, pen, and ink, and a note-book in your pocket Notes made by pencils are easily obliterated by the motion of travelling Commit to paper whatever you see, hear, or read, that is remarkable, with your sensations on observing it—do this upon the spot, if possible, at the moment it first strikes you—at all events do not delay it beyond the first convenient opportunity"

lack of vigour attendant on the loss of sleep, which is as enfeebling and as distressing as the languor that attends the want of food," they are, to use a homely Scotch expression, "neither to haud nor bind," the eyes of the young lads being all as brisk, bold, and bright as the stars in Charles's Wain, while those of the young lasses shine with a soft, faint, obscure, but beautiful lustre, like the dewy Pleiades, over which nature has insensibly been breathing a mist almost waving and wavering into a veil of clouds?

Have you, our dear Doctor, no compassion for those unfortunate blades, who, *nolentes-volentes*, must remain out perennially all night—we mean the blades of grass, and also the flowers? Their constitutions seem often far from strong, and shut your eyes on a frosty night, and you will hear them—we have done so many million times—shivering, ay, absolutely shivering under their coat of hoar-frost! If the night air be indeed what Dr Kitchiner has declared it to be—Lord have mercy on the vegetable world! What agonies in that field of turnips! Alas, poor Swedes! The imagination recoils from the condition of that club of winter cabbages—and of what materials, pray, must the heart of that man be made, who could think but for a moment on the case of those carrots, without bursting into a flood of tears!

The Doctor avers that the firm health and fine spirits of persons who live in the country, are not more from breathing a purer air, than from enjoying plenty of sound sleep, and the most distressing misery of "this Elysium of bricks and mortar," is the rareness with which we enjoy "the sweets of a slumber unbroke."

Doctor—in the first place, it is somewhat doubtful whether or not persons who live in the country have firmer health and finer spirits than persons who live in towns—even in London. What kind of persons do you mean? You must not be allowed to select some dozen or two of the hairiest among the curates—a few chosen rectors whose faces have been but lately elevated to the purple—a team of prebends issuing sleek from their golden stalls—a picked bishop—a sacred band the élite of the squirearchy—with a corresponding sprinkling of superior noblemen from lords to dukes—and then to compare them, cheek by jowl, with an equal number of external objects taken from the common run of Cockneys. This, Doctor, is manifestly what you are ettling at—but you must clap your hand, Doctor, without discrimination, on the great body of the rural population of England, male and female, and take whatever comes first—be it a poor, wrinkled, toothless, blear-eyed, palsied hag, tottering horizontally on a staff under the load of a premature old age, (for she is not yet fifty,) brought on by annual rheumatism and perennial poverty,—Be it a [illegible] unmarried woman, far advanced in [illegible] nd sullenly trooping to the aleh[illegible] e overseer of the parish poor, [illegible] the unborn bastard, is about [illegible] bully to marry the parish [illegible] landlord of a rural inn, w[illegible] over his ruby cheeks, the [illegible] his mouth so deranged by tippling that he simultaneously snorts, stutters, slavers and snores—pot-bellied—shanked like a spindle-strae—and bidding fair to be buried on or before Saturday week,—Be it a half-drunk horse-cowper, swinging to and fro in a wraprascal on a bit of broken-down blood that once won a fifty, every sentence, however short, having but two intelligible words, an oath and a lie—his heart rotten with falsehood, and his bowels burned up with brandy, so that sudden death may pull him from his saddle before he put spurs to his sporting filly that she may bilk the turnpike man, and carry him more speedily home to beat or murder his poor, pale, industrious char-woman of a wife,—Be it—not a beggar, for beggars are prohibited from this parish—but a pauper in the sulks, dying on her pittance from the poor-rates, which altogether amount in merry England but to about the paltry sum of, more or less, six millions a year—her son, all the while, being in a thriving way as a general merchant in the capital of the parish, and with clear profits from his business of £300 per annum, yet suffering the mother that bore him, and suckled him, and washed his childish hands, and combed the bumpkin's hair, and gave him Epsoms in a cup when her dear Johnny-raw had the belly-ache, to go down, step by step, as surely and as obviously as one is seen going down a stair with a feeble hold of the banisters, and stumbling every footfall, down that other flight of steps that consist of flags that are mortal damp and mortal cold, and lead to nothing but a parcel of rotten planks, and overhead a vault dripping with perpetual moisture, green and slobbery, such as toads delight in crawling heavily through with now and then a bloated leap, and hideous things more worm-like, that go wriggling briskly in and out among the refuse of the coffins, and are heard, by imagination at least, to emit faint angry sounds, because the light of day has hurt their eyes, and the air from the upper world weakened the rank savoury smell of corruption, clothing, as with a pall, all the inside walls of the tombs,—Be it a man yet in the prime of life as to years, six feet and an inch high, and measuring round the chest forty-eight inches, (which is more, reader, than thou dost by six, we bet a sovereign, member although thou even be'st of the Edinburgh Six Feet Club,) to whom Washington Irving's Jack Tibbuts was but a Tims—but then ever so many game-keepers met him all alone in my lord's pheasant preserve, and though two of them died within the month, two within the year, and two are now in the workhouse—one a mere idiot, and the other a madman—both shadows—so terribly were their bodies mauled, and so sorely were their [illegible] fractured,—yet the poacher was [illegible] ed, and there he sits now, sun[illegible] a bank by the edge of [illegible] he must thread no more—[illegible] ere grim bone-breakers [illegible]—and when they had gotten [illegible] one gouged him like a Y[illegible] bit off his nose like a B[illegible] one [illegible] his [illegible] *frontis* [illegible] of a

thunder you meet with in cities. In the country, few thunder-storms are contented to pass over without killing at least one horse, some milch-kine, half-a-dozen sucking pigs or turkeys, an old woman or two, perhaps the Minister of the parish, a man about forty, name unknown, and a nursing mother at the ingle, the child escaping with singed eye-brows, and a singular black mark on one of its great toes We say nothing of the numbers stupified, who awake the day after, as from a dream, with strange pains in their heads, and not altogether sure about the names or countenances of the somewhat unaccountable people whom they see variously employed about the premises, and making themselves pretty much at home In towns, not one thunder-storm in fifty that performs an exploit more magnanimous than knocking down an old wife from a chimney-top—singeing a pair of worsted stockings that, knit in an ill-starr'd hour, when the sun had entered Aries, had been hung out to dry on a line in the back-yard, or garden as it is called—or cutting a few inches off the tail of an old whig weathercock that for years had been pecking the eyes out of all the airts the wind can blaw, greedy of some still higher preferment

Our dear deceased author proceeds to tell his Traveller how to eat and drink, and remarks, "that people are apt to imagine that they may indulge a little more in high living when on a journey Travelling itself, however, acts as a stimulus, therefore less nourishment is required than in a state of rest What you might not consider intemperate at home, may occasion violent irritation, fatal inflammations, &c, in situations where you are least able to obtain medical assistance"

All this is very loosely stated, and must be set to rights If you shut yourself up for some fifty hours or so in a mail-coach, that keeps wheeling along at the rate of ten miles an hour, and changes horses in half a minute, certainly for obvious reasons the less you eat and drink the better, and perhaps an hourly hundred drops of laudanum, or equivalent grain of opium, would be advisable, so that the transit from London to Edinburgh might be performed in a phantasma But the free agent ought to live well on his travels—some degrees better, without doubt, than when at home People seldom live very well at home There is always something requiring to be eaten up, that it may not be lost, which destroys the soothing and satisfactory symmetry of an unexceptionable dinner We have detected the same duck through many unprincipled disguises, playing a different part in the farce of domestic economy, with a versatility hardly to have been expected in one of the most generally despised of the web-footed tribe When travelling at one's own sweet will, one feeds at a different inn every meal, and, except when the coincidence of circumstances is against you, there is an agreeable variety both in the natural and artificial disposition of the dishes True that travelling may act as a stimulus—but false that therefore less nourishment is required Would Dr Kitchiner, if now alive, presume to say that it was right for him, who had sat all day with his feet on the fender, to gobble up, at six o'clock of the afternoon, as enormous a dinner as we who had walked since sunrise forty or fifty miles? Because our stimulus had been greater, was our nourishment to be less? We don't care a curse about stimulus What we want, in such a case, is lots of fresh food, and we hold that, under such circumstances, a man with a sound Tory Church-and-King stomach and constitution cannot over-eat himself—no, not for his immortal soul

We had almost forgot to take the deceased Doctor to task for one of the most free-and-easy suggestions ever made to the ill-disposed, how to disturb and destroy the domestic happiness of eminent literary characters "An introduction to eminent authors may be obtained," quoth he slyly, "from the booksellers who publish their works"

The booksellers who publish the works of eminent authors have rather more common sense and feeling, it is to be hoped, than this comes to—and know better what is the province of their profession Any one man may, if he chooses, give any other man an introduction to any third man in this world Thus the tailor of any eminent author—or his bookseller—or his parish minister—or his butcher—or his baker—or his "man of business"—or his house-builder—may, one and all, give such travellers as Dr Kitchiner and others, letters of introduction to the said eminent author in prose or verse This, we have heard, is sometimes done—but fortunately we cannot speak from experience, not being ourselves an eminent author The more general the intercourse between men of taste, feeling, cultivation, learning, genius, the better, but that intercourse should be brought about freely and of its own accord, as fortunate circumstances permit, and there should be no impertinent interference of selfish or benevolent go-betweens It would seem that Dr Kitchiner thought the commonest traveller, one who was almost, as it were, bordering on a Bagman, had nothing to do but call on the publisher of any great writer, and get a free admission into his house Had the Doctor not been dead, we should have given him a severe rowing and blowing-up for this vulgar folly, but as he is dead, we have only to hope that the readers of the Oracle who intend to travel will not degrade themselves, and disgust "authors of eminence," by thrusting their ugly or comely faces—both are equally odious—into the privacy of gentlemen who have done nothing to exclude themselves from the protection of the laws of civilized society—or subject their firesides to be infested by one-half of the curious men of the country, two-thirds of the clever, and all the blockheads.

THIRD COURSE

Having thus briefly instructed travellers how to get a look at Lions, the Doctor suddenly exclaims—"Imprimis, beware of dogs!" "There have," he says, "been many arguments, *pro*

fright I have never tried it with a thorough-bred bull-dog, nor do I advise it with them, though I have practised it, and successfully, with most of the other kinds, it might fail with these, still I cannot say it will."

Thus armed against the canine species, the Traveller, according to our Oracle, must also provide himself with a portable case of instruments for drawing—a sketch and note book—paper—ink—and PINS—NEEDLES—AND THREAD! A ruby or Rhodium pen, made by Doughty, No 10, Great Ormond Street—pencils from Langdon's of Great Russell Street—a folding one-foot rule, divided into eighths, tenths, and twelfths of inches—a hunting watch with seconds, with a detached lever or Dupleix's escapement, in good strong silver cases—Dollond's achromatic opera-glass—a night-lamp—a tinder-box—two pair of spectacles, with strong silver frames—an eye-glass in a silver ring slung round the neck—a traveller's knife, containing a large and small blade, a saw, hook for taking a stone out of a horse's shoe, turnscrew, gunpicker, tweezers, and long corkscrew—galoches or paraloses—your own knife and fork, and spoon—a Welsh wig—a spare hat—umbrella—two great-coats, one for cool and fair weather, (i e. between 45° and and 55° of Fahrenheit,) and another for cold and foul weather, of broadcloth, lined with fur, and denominated a "dreadnought"

Such are a few of the articles with which every sensible traveller will provide himself before leaving *Dulce Domum* to brave the perils of a Tour through the Hop-districts

"If circumstances compel you," continues the Doctor, "to ride on the outside of a coach, put on two shirts and two pair of stockings, turn up the collar of your great-coat, and tie a handkerchief round it, and have plenty of dry straw to set your feet on"

In our younger days we used to ride a pretty considerable deal on the outside of coaches, and much hardship did we endure before we hit on the discovery above promulgated We once rode outside from Edinburgh to London, in winter without a great-coat, in nankeen trousers *sans* drawers, and all other articles of our dress thin and light in proportion That we are alive at this day, is no less singular than true—no more true than singular. We have known ourselves so firmly frozen to the leathern ceiling of the mail-coach, that it required the united strength of coachman, guard, and the other three outsides, to separate us from the vehicle, to which we adhered as part and parcel All at once the device of the double shirt flashed upon us—and it underwent signal improvements before we reduced the theory to practice For, first, we endued ourselves with a leather shirt—then with a flannel one—and then, in regular succession, with three linen shirts This concluded the Series of Shirts Then commenced the waistcoats A plain woollen waistcoat without buttons—with hooks and eyes—took the lead, and kept it, it was closely pressed by what is, in common palaver, called an under-waistcoat—the body being flannel, the breast-edges bearing a pretty pattern of stripes or bars—then came a natty red waistcoat, of which we were particularly proud, and of which the effect on landlady, bar-maid, and chamber-maid, we remember was irresistible—and, fourthly and finally, to complete that department of our investiture, shone with soft yet sprightly lustre—the double-breasted bright-buttoned Buff Five and four are nine—so that between our carcass and our coat, it might have been classically said of our dress—"Novies interfusa coercet" At this juncture of affairs began the coats, which, as it is a great mistake to wear too many coats—never exceeded six. The first used generally to be a pretty old coat that had lived to moralize over the mutability of human affairs—threadbare—napless—and what ignorant people might have called shabby-genteel. It was followed by a plain, sensible, honest, unpretending, common-place, every day sort of a coat—and not, perhaps, of the very best merino Over it was drawn, with some little difficulty, what had, in its prime of life, attracted universal admiration in Prince's Street, as a blue surtout Then came your regular olive-coloured great-coat—not braided and embroidered *à la militaire*—for we scorned to sham travelling-captain—but *simplex munditus*, plain in its neatness, not wanting then was your shag-hued wraprascal, betokening that its wearer was up to snuff—and to close this strange eventful history, the seven-caped Dread-nought, that loved to dally with the sleets and snows—held in calm contempt Boreas, Notus, Auster, Eurus, and "the rest"—and drove baffled Winter howling behind the Pole.

The same principle of accumulation was made applicable to the neck No stock Neckcloth above neckcloth—beginning with singles—and then getting into the full uncut squares—the amount of the whole being somewhere about a dozen The concluding neckcloth worn cravat-fashion, and flowing down the breast in a cascade, like that of an attorney-general Round our cheek and ear, leaving the lips at liberty to breathe and imbibe, was wreathed, in undying remembrance of the bravest of the brave, a Jem Belcher fogle—and beneath the cravat-cascade a comforter netted by the fair hands of her who had kissed us at our departure, and was sighing for our return One hat we always found sufficient—and that a black beaver—for a lily castor suits not the knowledge-box of a friend to "a limited constitutional and hereditary monarchy"

As to our lower extremities—One pair only of roomy shoes—one pair of stockings of the finest lamb's-wool—another of common close worsted, knit by the hand of a Lancashire witch—thirdly, Shetland hose All three pair reaching well up towards the fork—each about an inch-and-a-half longer than its predecessor Flannel drawers—one pair only—within the lamb's-wool, and touching the instep—then one pair of elderly cassimeres, of yore worn at balls—one pair of Manchester white cords—ditto of strong black quilt trousers, "capacious and serene"—and at or beneath the freezing point, overalls of the same stuff as "Johnny's gray breeks"—neat but not gaudy—mud-repellers—themselves a host—never in all their lives "thoroughly wet through"—frost-proof—and often mistaken by the shepherd on the

infinite generation of mongrels and crosses included, in Great Britain and Ireland—to say nothing of the sledge-drawers in Kamschatka, and in the realms slow-moving near the Pole? To clench the argument at once—What are all the old women in Europe, one-half of the men, and one-third of the children, when compared, in value, with any one of Christopher North's Newfoundland dogs—Fro—Bronte—or O'Bronte? Finally, does he include in his sweeping condemnation the whole brute creation, lions, tigers, panthers, ounces, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, camelopardales, zebras, quaggas, cattle, horses, asses, mules, cats, the ichneumon, cranes, storks, cocks-of-the-wood, geese, and how-towdies?

"Semi-drowning in the sea"—he continues —"and all the pretended specifics, are mere delusions—there is no real remedy but cutting the part out immediately If the bite be near a bloodvessel, that cannot always be done, nor when done, however well done, will it always prevent the miserable victim from dying the most dreadful of deaths Well might St Paul tell us to '*beware of dogs*' First Epistle to Philippians, chap iii v 2"

Semi-drowning in the sea is, we grant, a bad specific, and difficult to be administered It is not possible to tell, *a priori*, how much drowning any particular patient can bear What is mere semi-drowning to James, is total drowning to John,—Tom is easy of resuscitation—Bob will not stir a muscle for all the Humane Societies in the United Kingdoms To cut a pound of flesh from the rump of a fat dowager, who turns sixteen stone, is within the practical skill of the veriest bungler in the anatomy of the human frame—to scarify the fleshless spindle-shank of an antiquated spinstress, who lives on a small annuity, might be beyond the scalpel of an Abernethy or a Liston A large bloodvessel, as the Doctor well remarks, is an awkward neighbour to the wound made by the bite of a mad dog, "when a new excision has to be attempted"—but will any Doctor living inform us how, in a thousand other cases besides hydrophobia, "the miserable victim may always be prevented from dying?" There are, probably, more dogs in Britain than horses, yet a hundred men, women, and children are killed by kicks of sane horses, for one by bites of insane dogs Is the British army, therefore, to be deprived of its left arm, the cavalry? Is there to be no flying artillery? What is to become of the horse-marines?

Still the Doctor, though too dogmatical, and rather puppyish above, is, at times, sensible on dogs

"Therefore," quoth he, "never travel without a good tough Black Thorn in your Fist, not less than three feet in length, on which may be marked the Inches, and so it may serve for a measure

"Pampered Dogs, that are permitted to prance about as they please, when they hear a knock, scamper to the door, and not seldom snap at unwary visiters Whenever *Counsellor Cautious* went to a house, &c, where he was not quite certain that there was no Dog, after he had rapped at the door, he retired three or four yards from it, and prepared against the Enemy when the door was opened, he desired, if there was any Dog, that it might be shut up till he was gone, and would not enter the House till it was

"*Sword* and *Tuck Sticks*, as commonly made, are hardly so good a weapon as a stout Stick —the Blades are often inserted into the Handles in such a slight manner, that one smart blow will break them out,—if you wish for a *Sword-Cane*, you must have one made with a good Regulation Blade, which alone will cost more than is usually charged for the entire Stick —I have seen a Cane made by Mr Price, *of the Stick and Umbrella Warehouse*, 221, *in the Strand*, near Temple Bar, which was excellently put together

"A powerful weapon, and a very smart and light-looking thing, is *an Iron Stick* of about four-tenths of an inch in diameter, with a Hook next the Hand, and terminating at the other end in a Spike about five inches in length, which is covered by a Ferrule, the whole painted the colour of a common walking-stick; it has a light natty appearance, while it is in fact a most formidable Instrument."

We cannot charge our memory with this instrument, yet had we seen one once, we hardly think we could have forgot it. But Colonel de Berenger in his *Helps and Hints* prefers the umbrella Umbrellas are usually carried, we believe, in wet weather, and dogs run mad, if ever, in dry So the safe plan is to carry one all the year through, like the Duke

"I found it a valuable weapon, although by mere chance, for walking alone in the rain, a large mad dog, pursued by men, suddenly turned upon me, out of a street which I had just approached, by instinct more than by judgment, I gave point at him severely, opened as the umbrella was, which, screening me at the same time, *was an article from which he did not expect thrusts*, but which, although made at guess, for I could not see him, turned him over and over, and before he could recover himself, his pursuers had come up immediately to despatch him, the whole being the work of even few seconds, but for the umbrella the horrors of hydrophobia might have fallen to my lot"

There is another mode, which, with the omission or alteration of a word or two, looks feasible, supposing we had to deal not with a bull-dog, but a young lady of our own species "If," says the Colonel, "you can seize a dog's front paw neatly, and immediately squeeze it sharply, he cannot bite you till you cease to squeeze it, therefore, by keeping him thus well pinched, you may lead him wherever you like, or you may, with the other hand, seize him by the skin of the neck, to hold him thus without danger, provided your strength is equal to his efforts at extrication" But here comes the Colonel's infallible *vade-mecum*

"Look at them with your face from between your open legs, holding the skirts away, and running at them thus backwards, of course head below, stern exposed and above, and growling angrily, most dogs, seeing so strange an animal, the head at the heels, the eyes below the mouth, &c, are so dismayed, that, with their tails between their legs, they are glad to scamper away, some even howling with af-

tery touches) Their feverish and restless anxiety about sheets, and their agitated discourse on damps and deaths, hold them up to vulgar eyes in the light of lunatics They become the groundwork of practical jokes—perhaps are bitten to death by fleas, for a chambermaid, of a disposition naturally witty and cruel, has a dangerous power put into her hands, in the charge of blankets The Doctor's whole soul and body are wrapt up in well-aired sheets, but the insidious Abigail, tormented by his flustering, becomes in turn the tormentor—and selecting the yellowest, dingiest, and dirtiest pair of blankets to be found throughout the whole gallery of garrets, (those for years past used by long-bearded old-clothesmen Jews,) with a wicked leer that would lull all suspicion asleep in a man of a far less inflammable temperament, she literally envelopes him in vermin, and after a night of one of the plagues of Egypt, the Doctor rises in the morning, from top to bottom absolutely tattooed!

The Doctor, of course, is one of those travellers who believe, that unless they use the most ingenious precautions, they will be uniformly robbed and murdered in inns The villains steal upon you during the midnight hour, when all the world is asleep They leave their shoes down stairs, and leopard-like, ascend with velvet, or—what is almost as noiseless—worsted steps, the wooden stairs. True, that your breeches are beneath your bolster—but that trick of travellers has long been "as notorious as the sun at noonday," and although you are aware of your breeches, with all the ready money perhaps that you are worth in this world, eloping from beneath your parental eye, you in vain try to cry out—for a long, broad, iron hand, with ever so many iron fingers, is on your mouth, another, with still more numerous digits, compresses your windpipe, while a low hoarse voice, in a whisper to which Sarah Siddons's was empty air, on pain of instant death enforces silence from a man unable for his life to utter a single word, and after pulling off all the bed-clothes, and then clothing you with curses, the ruffians, whose accent betrays them to be Irishmen, inflict upon you divers wanton wounds with a blunt instrument, probably a crow-bar—swearing by Satan and all his saints, that if you stir an inch of your body before daybreak, they will instantly return, cut your throat, knock out your brains, sack you, and carry you off for sale to a surgeon. Therefore you must use pocket door-bolts, which are applicable to almost all sorts of doors, and on many occasions save the property and life of the traveller The corkscrew door-fastening the Doctor recommends as the simplest This is screwed in between the door and the door-post, and unites them so firmly, that great power is required to force a door so fastened They are as portable as common corkscrews, and their weight does not exceed an ounce and a half The safety of your bed-room should always be carefully examined, and in case of bolts not being at hand, it will be useful to hinder entrance into the room by putting a table and a chair upon it against the door Take a peep below the bed, and into the closets, and every place where concealment is possible—of course, although the Doctor forgets to suggest it, into the chimney A friend of the Doctor's used to place a bureau against the door, and "thereon he set a basin and ewer in such a position as easily to rattle, so that, on being shook, they instantly became *molto agitato*" Upon one alarming occasion this device frightened away one of the chambermaids, or some other Paulina Pry, who attempted to steal on the virgin sleep of the travelling Joseph, who all the time was hiding his head beneath the bolster. Joseph, however, believed it was a horrible midnight assassin, with mustaches and a dagger. "The chattering of the crockery gave the alarm, and the attempt, after many attempts, was abandoned"

With all these fearful apprehensions in his mind, Dr Kitchiner must have been a man of great natural personal courage and intrepidity, to have slept even once in his whole lifetime from home What dangers must we have passed, who used to plump in, without a thought of damp in the bed, or scamp below it—closet and chimney uninspected, door unbolted and unscrewed, exposed to rape, robbery, and murder! It is mortifying to think that we should be alive at this day Nobody, male or female, thought it worth their while to rob, ravish, or murder us! There we lay, forgotten by the whole world—till the crowing of cocks, or the ringing of bells, or blundering Boots insisting on it that we were a Manchester Bagman, who had taken an inside in the Heavy at five, broke our repose, and Sol laughing in at the unshuttered and uncurtained window showed us the floor of our dormitory, not streaming with a gore of blood We really know not whether to be most proud of having been the favourite child of Fortune, or the neglected brat of Fate One only precaution did we ever use to take against assassination, and all the other ills that flesh is heir to, sleep where one may, and that was to say inwardly a short fervent prayer, humbly thanking our Maker for all the happiness—let us trust it was innocent—of the day, and humbly imploring his blessing on all the hopes of to-morrow For, at the time we speak of we were young—and every morning, whatever the atmosphere might be, rose bright and beautiful with hopes that, far as the eyes of the soul could reach, glittered on earth's, and heaven's, and life's horizon!

But suppose that after all this trouble to get himself bolted and screwed into a paradisaical tabernacle of a dormitory, there had suddenly rung through the house the cry of FIRE—FIRE—FIRE! how was Dr Kitchiner to get out? Tables, bureaus, benches, chairs, blocked up the only door—all laden with wash-hand basins and other utensils, the whole crockery shepherdesses of the chimney-piece, double-barrelled pistols with spring bayonets ready to shoot and stab, without distinction of persons, as their proprietor was madly seeking to escape the roaring flames! Both windows are iron-bound, with all their shutters, and over and above tightly fastened with "the corkscrew-fastening, the simplest that we have seen" The wind-board is in like manner, and by the same unhappy contrivance, firmly jammed into the

wold, as the Telegraph hung for a moment on the misty upland, for the philibeg of Phœbus in his dawn-dress, hastily slipt on as he bade farewell to some star-paramour, and, like a giant about to run a race, devoured the cerulean course of day, as if impatient to reach the goal set in the Western Sea

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FOURTH COURSE

Pray, reader, do you know what line of conduct you ought to pursue if you are to sleep on the road? "The earlier you arrive," says the Doctor, "and the earlier after your arrival you apply, the better the chance of getting a good bed—this done, order your luggage to your room A travelling-bag, or a 'sac de nuit,' in addition to your trunk, is very necessary, it should be large enough to contain one or two changes of linen—a night-shirt—shaving apparatus—comb, clothes, tooth and hair brushes, &c Take care, too, to see your sheets well aired, and that you can fasten your room at night. Carry fire-arms also, and take the first unostentatious opportunity of showing your pistols to the landlord. However well-made your pistols, however carefully you have chosen your flint, and however dry your powder, look to the priming and touch-hole every night Let your pistols be double-barrelled, and with spring bayonets"

Now, really, it appears to us, that in lieu of double-barrelled pistols with spring bayonets, it would be advisable to substitute a brace of black-puddings for daylight, and a brace of Oxford or Bologna sausages for the dark hours They will be equally formidable to the robber, and far safer to yourself Indeed we should like to see duelling black-puddings or sausages, introduced at Chalk-Farm,—and, that etiquette might not be violated, each party might take his antagonist's weapon, and the seconds, as usual, see them loaded Surgeons will have to attend as usual Far more blood, indeed, would be thus spilt, than according to the present fashion

The Doctor, as might be expected, makes a mighty rout—a prodigious fuss—all through the Oracle, about damp sheets,—he must immediately see the chamber-maid, and overlook the airing with his own hands and eyes He is also an advocate of the warming-pan—and for the adoption, indeed, of every imaginable scheme for excluding death from his chamber He goes on the basis of every thing being as it should not be in inns—and often reminds us of our old friend Death-in-the-Pot. Nay, as Travellers never can be sure that those who have slept in the beds before them were not afflicted with some contagious disease, whenever they can they should carry their own sheets with them—namely, a "light eider-down quilt, and two dressed hart skins, to be put on the mattrasses, to hinder the disagreeable contact These are to be covered with the traveller's own sheets—and if an eider-down quilt be not sufficient to keep him warm, his coat put upon it will increase the heat sufficiently If the traveller is not provided with these accommodations, it will sometimes be prudent not to undress entirely, however, the neck-cloth, gaiters, shirt, and every thing which checks the circulation, must be loosened"

Clean sheets, the Doctor thinks, are rare in inns, and he believes that it is the practice to "take them from the bed, sprinkle them with water, fold them down, and put them into a press When they are wanted again, they are, literally speaking, shown to the fire, and, in a reeking state, laid on the bed The traveller is tired and sleepy, dreams of that pleasure or business which brought him from home, and the remotest thing from his mind is, that from the very repose which he fancies has refreshed him, he has received the rheumatism The receipt, therefore, to sleep comfortably at inns, is to take your own sheets, to have plenty of flannel gowns, and to promise, and take care to pay, a handsome consideration for the liberty of choosing your bed"

Now, Doctor, suppose all travellers behaved at inns upon such principles, what a perpetual commotion there would be in the house! The kitchens, back-kitchens, laundries, drying-rooms, would at all times be crammed choke-full of a miscellaneous rabble of Editors, Authors, Lords, Baronets, Squires, Doctors of Divinity, Fellows of Colleges, Half-pay Officers, and Bagmen, oppressing the chamber-maids to death, and in the headlong gratification of their passion for well-aired sheets, setting fire so incessantly to public premises as to raise the rate of insurance to a ruinous height, and thus bring bankruptcy on all the principal establishments in Great Britain But shutting our eyes, for a moment, to such general conflagration and bankruptcy, and indulging ourselves in the violent supposition that some inns might still continue to exist, think, O think, worthy Doctor, to what other fatal results this system, if universally acted upon, would, in a very few years of the transitory life of man, inevitably lead! In the first place, in a country where all travellers carried with them their own sheets, none would be kept in inns except for the use of the establishment's own members This would be inflicting a vital blow, indeed, on the inns of a country For mark, in the second place, that the blankets would not be long of following the sheets The blankets would soon fly after the sheets on the wings of love and despair Thirdly, are you so ignorant, Doctor, of this world and its ways, as not to see that the bedsteads would, in the twinkling of an eye follow the blankets? What a wild, desolate, wintry appearance would a bed-room then exhibit!

The foresight of such consequences as these may well make a man shudder We have no objections, however, to suffer the Doctor himself, and a few other occasional damp-dreading old quizzes, "to see the bed-clothes put to the fire in their presence," merely at the expense of subjugating themselves to the derision of all the chambermaids, cooks, scullions, boots, ostlers, and painters (The painter is the artist who is employed in inns to paint the buttered toast He always works in oils As the Director General would say—he deals in but-

he must be allowed to do his work on turf. We know that Arab horses will carry their rider, provision and provender, arms and accoutrements, (no light weight,) across the desert, eighty miles a-day, for many days—and that for four days they have gone a hundred miles a-day. That would have puzzled Captain Barclay in his prime, the Prince of Pedestrians. However, be that as it may, the comparative pedestrian powers of man and horse have never yet been ascertained by any accredited match in England.

The Doctor then quotes an extract from a Pedestrian Tour in Wales by a Mr. Shepherd, who, we are afraid, is no great headpiece, though we shall be happy to find ourselves in error. Mr. Shepherd, speaking of the inconveniencies and difficulties attending a pedestrian excursion, says, "that at one time the roads are rendered so muddy by the rain, that it is almost impossible to proceed;"—"at other times you are exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and by wasting time under a tree or a hedge are benighted in your journey, and again reduced to an uncomfortable dilemma." "Another disadvantage is, that your track is necessarily more confined—a deviation of ten or twelve miles makes an important difference, which, if you were on horseback, would be considered as trivial" "Under all these circumstances," he says, "it may appear rather remarkable that we should have chosen a pedestrian excursion—*in answer to which, it may be observed, that we were not apprized of these things till we had experienced them*" What! Mr. Shepherd, were you, who we presume have reached the age of puberty, not apprized, before you penetrated as a pedestrian into the Principality, that "roads are rendered muddy by the rain?" Had you never met, either in your experience of life, or in the course of your reading, proof positive that pedestrians "are exposed to the inclemency of the weather?" That, if a man will linger too long under a tree or a hedge when the sun is going down, "he will be benighted?" Under what serene atmosphere, in what happy clime, have you pursued your preparatory studies *sub dio?* But, our dear Mr Shepherd, why waste time under the shelter of a tree or a hedge! Waste time nowhere, our young and unknown friend. What the worse would you have been of being soaked to the skin? Besides, consider the danger you ran of being killed by lightning, had there been a few flashes, under a tree! Further, what will become of you, if you addict yourself on every small emergency to trees and hedges, when the country you walk through happens to be as bare as the palm of your hand? Button your jacket, good sir—scorn an umbrella—emerge boldly from the silvan shade, snap your fingers at the pitiful pelting of the pitiless storm—poor spite indeed in Densissimus Imber—and we will insure your life for a presentation copy of your Tour against all the diseases that leapt out of Pandora's box, not only till you have reached the Inn at Capel-[illegible], but your own home in England, (we [illegible] the county,)—ay, till your marriage, and the baptism of your first-born.

Dr. Kitchiner seems to have been much frightened by Mr. Shepherd's picture of a storm in a puddle, and proposes a plan of alleviation of one great inconvenience of pedestrianizing. "Persons," quoth he, "who take a pedestrian excursion, and intend to subject themselves to the uncertainties of accommodation, by going across the country and visiting unfrequented paths, will act wisely to carry with them a *piece of oil-skin* to sit upon while taking refreshments out of doors, which they will often find needful during such excursions." To save trouble, the breech of the pedestrian's breeches should be a patch of oil-skin. Here a question of great difficulty and importance arises—Breeches or trousers? Dr. Kitchiner is decidedly for breeches. "The garter," says he, "should be below the knee, and breeches are much better than trowsers. The general adoption of those which, till our late wars, were exclusively used by 'the Lords of the Ocean,' has often excited my astonishment. However convenient trousers may be to the sailor who has to cling to slippery shrouds, for the landsman nothing can be more inconvenient. They are heating in summer, and in winter they are collectors of mud. Moreover, they occasion a necessity for wearing garters. Breeches are, in all respects, much more convenient. These should have the knee-band three quarters of an inch wide, lined on the upper side with a piece of plush, and fastened with a buckle, which is much easier than even double strings, and, by observing the strap, you always know the exact degree of tightness that is required to keep up the stocking, any pressure beyond that is prejudicial, especially to those who walk long distances."

We are strongly inclined to agree with the Doctor in his panegyric on breeches True, that in the forenoons, especially if of a dark colour, such as black, and worn with white, or even gray or bluish, stockings, they are apt, in the present state of public taste, to stamp you a schoolmaster, or a small grocer in full dress, or an exciseman going to a ball We could dispense too with the knee-buckles and plush lining—though we allow the one might be ornamental, and the other useful But what think you, gentle reader, of walking with a Pedometer? A Pedometer is an instrument cunningly devised to tell you how far and how fast you walk, and is, quoth the Doctor, a "perambulator in miniature" The box containing the wheels is made of the size of a watch-case, and goes into the breeches-pocket, and by means of a string and hook, fastened at the waistband or at the knee, the number of steps a man takes, in his regular paces, are registered from the action of the string upon the internal wheelwork at every step, to the amount of 30,000. It is necessary to ascertain the distance walked, that the average length of one pace be precisely known, and that multiplied by the number of steps registered on the dial-plate.

All this is very ingenious; and we know one tolerable pedestrian who is also a Pedometrist. But no Pedometrician will ever make a fortune in a mountainous island, like Great Britain, where pedestrianism is indigenous to the soil. A good walker is as regular in his

jaws of the chimney, so egress to the Doctor up the vent is wholly denied—no fire-engine in the town—but one under repair There has not been a drop of rain for a month, and the river is not only distant but dry The element is growling along the galleries like a lion, and the room is filling with something more deadly than back-smoke A shrill voice is heard crying—"Number 5 will be burned alive! Number 5 will be burned alive! Is there no possibility of saving the life of Number 5?" The Doctor falls down before the barricado, and is stretched all his hapless length fainting on the floor At last the door is burst open, and landlord, landlady, chambermaid, and boots—each in a different key—from manly bass to childish treble, demand of Number 5 if he be a murderer or a madman—for, gentle reader, it has been a——Dream

We must hurry to a close, and shall perform the short remainder of our journey on foot The first volume of the Oracle concludes with "Observations on Pedestrians" Here we are at home—and could, we imagine, have given the Doctor a mile in the hour in a year-match The strength of man, we are given distinctly to understand by the Doctor, is "in the ratio of the performance of the restorative process, which is as the quantity and quality of what he puts into his stomach, the energy of that organ, and the quantity of exercise he takes" This statement of the strength of man may be unexceptionably true, and most philosophical to those who are up to it—but to us it resembles a definition we have heard of thunder, "the conjection of the sulphur congeals the matter" It appears to us that a strong stomach is not the sole constituent of a strong man—but that it is not much amiss to be provided with a strong back, a strong breast, strong thighs, strong legs, and strong feet With a strong stomach alone—yea, even the stomach of a horse—a man will make but a sorry Pedestrian The Doctor, however, speedily redeems himself by saying admirably well, "that nutrition does not depend more on the state of the stomach, or of what we put into it, than it does on the stimulus given to the system by exercise, which alone can produce that perfect circulation of the blood which is required to throw off superfluous secretions, and give the absorbents an appetite to suck up fresh materials This requires the action of every petty artery, and of the minutest ramifications of every nerve and fibre in our body" Thus, he remarks, a little further on, by way of illustration, "that a man suffering under a fit of the vapours, after half an hour's brisk ambulation, will often find that he has walked it off, and that the action of the body has exonerated the mind"

The Doctor warms as he walks—and is very near leaping over the fence of Political Economy "Providence, he remarks, furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up for ourselves The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced to produce its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen persons out of twenty, and as for those who are, by the condition in which they are born, exempted from work, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they daily and duly employ themselves in that VOLUNTARY LABOUR WHICH GOES BY THE NAME OF EXERCISE" Inflexible justice, however, forces us to say, that although the Doctor throws a fine philosophical light over the most general principles of walking, as they are involved in "that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise," yet he falls into frequent and fatal error when he descends into the particulars of the practice of pedestrianism Thus, he says that no person should sit down to a hearty meal immediately after any great exertion, either of mind or body—that is, one might say, after a few miles of Plinlimmon, or a few pages of the Principia Let the man, quoth he, "who comes home fatigued by bodily exertion, especially if he feel heated by it, throw his legs upon a chair, and remain quite tranquil and composed, that the energy which has been dispersed to the extremities may have time to return to the stomach, when it is required" To all this we say—Fudge! The sooner you get hold of a leg of roasted mutton the better, but meanwhile, off rapidly with a pot of porter—then leisurely on with a clean shirt—wash your face and hands in gelid—none of your tepid water There is no harm done if you should shave—then keep walking up and down the parlour rather impatiently, for such conduct is natural, and in all things act agreeably to nature—stir up the waiter with some original jest by way of stimulant, and to give the knave's face a well-pleased stare—and never doubting "that the energy which has been dispersed to the extremities" has had ample time to return to the stomach, in God's name fall to! and take care that the second course shall not appear till there is no vestige left of the first—a second course being looked on by the judicious moralist and pedestrian very much in the light in which the poet has made a celebrated character consider it—

> "Nor fame I slight—nor for her favours call—
> She comes unlook'd for—if she comes at all"

To prove how astonishingly our strength may be diminished by indolence, the Doctor tells us, that meeting a gentleman who had lately returned from India, to his inquiry after his health he replied, "Why, better—better, thank ye—I think I begin to feel some symptoms of the return of a little English energy Do you know that the day before yesterday I was in such high spirits, and felt so strong, I actually put on one of my stockings myself?"

The Doctor then asserts, that it "has been repeatedly proved that a man can travel further for a week or a month than a horse" On reading this sentence to Will Whipcord—"Yes, sir," replied that renowned Professor of the Newmarket Philosophy, "that's all right, sir—a man can beat a horse!"

Now, Will Whipcord may be right in his opinion, and a man may beat a horse But it never has been tried There is no match of pedestrianism on record between a first-rate man and a first-rate horse, and as soon as there is, we shall lay our money on the horse—only mind, the horse carries no weight, and

Thank Heaven! Summer and Autumn are both dead and buried at last, and white lies the snow on their graves! Youth is the season of all sorts of insolence, and therefore we can forgive and forget almost any thing in SPRING. He has always been a privileged personage, and we have no doubt that he played his pranks even in Paradise. To-day, he meets you unexpectedly on the hill-side, and was there ever a face in this world so celestialized by smiles! All the features are framed of light. Gaze into his eyes, and you feel that in the untroubled lustre there is something more sublime than in the heights of the cloudless heavens, or in the depths of the waveless seas More sublime, because essentially spiritual. There stands the young Angel, entranced in the conscious mystery of his own beautiful and blessed being, and the earth becomes all at once fit region for the sojourn of the Son of the Morning So might some great painter image the First-born of the Year, till nations adored the picture.—To-morrow you repair, with hermit steps, to the Mount of the Vision, and,

"*Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,*"

Spring clutches you by the hair with the fingers of frost, blashes a storm of sleet in your face, and finishes, perhaps, by folding you in a winding-sheet of snow, in which you would infallibly perish but for a pocket-pistol of Glenlivet —The day after to-morrow, you behold him—Spring—walking along the firmament, sad, but not sullen—mournful, but not miserable—disturbed, but not despairing—now coming out towards you in a burst of light—and now fading away from you in a gathering of gloom—even as one might figure in his imagination a fallen Angel On Thursday, confound you if you know what the deuse to make of his Springship. There he is, stripped to the buff —playing at hide-and-seek, hare-and-hound, with a queer crazy crony of his in a fur cap, swandown waistcoat, and hairy breeches, Lodbrog or Winter You turn up the whites of your eyes, and the browns of your hands in amazement, till the Two, by way of change of pastime, cease their mutual vagaries, and like a couple of hawks diverting themselves with an owl, in conclusion buffet you off the premises You insert the occurrence, with suitable reflections, in your Meteorological Diary, under the head—Spring. On Friday, nothing is seen of you but the blue tip of your nose, for you are confined to bed by rheumatism, and nobody admitted to your sleepless sanctum but your condoling Mawsey 'Tis a pity For never since the flood-greened earth on her first resurrection morn laughed around Ararat, spanned was she by such a Rainbow! By all that is various and vanishing, the arch seems many miles broad, and many miles high, and all creation to be gladly and gloriously gathered together without being crowded—plains, woods, villages, towns, hills, and clouds, beneath the pathway of Spring, once more an Angel—an unfallen Angel! While the tinge that trembles into transcendent hues fading and fluctuating—deepening and dying—now gone, as if for ever—and now back again in an instant, as if breathing and alive—is felt, during all that wavering visitation, to be of all sights the most evanescent, and yet inspirative of a beauty-born belief, bright as the sun that flung the image on the cloud—profound as the gloom it illumines—that it shone and is shining there at the bidding of Him who inhabiteth eternity.—The grim noon of Saturday, after a moaning morning, and one silent intermediate hour of grave-like stillness, begins to gleam fitfully with lightning like a maniac's eye, and is not that

"*The sound*
Of thunder heard remote?"

On earth wind there is none—not so much as a breath. But there is a strong wind in heaven—for see how that huge cloud-city, a night within a day, comes moving on along the hidden mountain-tops, and hangs over the loch all at once black as pitch, except that here and there a sort of sullen purple heaves upon the long slow swell, and here and there along the shores—how caused we know not—are seen, but heard not, the white melancholy breakers! Is no one smitten blind? No! Thank God! But ere the thanksgiving has been worded, an airquake has split asunder the cloud-city, the night within the day, and all its towers and temples are disordered along the firmament, to a sound that might waken the dead. Where are ye, ye echo-hunters, that grudge not to purchase gunpowder explosions on Lowood bowling-green at four shillings the blast? See! there are our artillerymen stalking from battery to battery—all hung up aloft facing the west—or "each standing by his gun" with lighted match, moving or motionless, Shadow-figures, and all clothed in black-blue uniform, with blood-red facings portentously glancing in the sun, as he strives to struggle into heaven The Generalissimo of all the forces, who is he but—Spring?—Hand in hand with Spring, Sabbath descends from heaven unto earth; and are not their feet beautiful on the mountains? Small as is the voice of that tinkling bell from that humble spire, overtopped by its coeval trees, yet is it heard in the heart of infinitude So is the bleating of these silly sheep on the braes—and so is that voice of psalms, all at once rising so spirit-like, as if the very kirk were animated, and singing a joyous song in the wilderness to the ear of the Most High For all things are under his care—those that, as we dream, have no life—the flowers, and the herbs, and the trees—those that some dim scripture seems to say, when they die, utterly perish—and those that all bright scripture, whether written in the book of God, or the book of Nature, declares will live for ever!

If such be the character and conduct of Spring during one week, wilt thou not forget and forgive—with us—much occasional conduct on his part that appears not only inexplicable, but incomprehensible? But we cannot extend the same indulgence to Summer and to Autumn SUMMER is a season come to the years of discretion, and ought to conduct himself like a staid, sober, sensible, middle-aged man, not past, but passing, his prime Now, Summer, we are sorry to say it, often behaves in a way to make his best friends

going as clock-work. He has his different paces—three, three and a half—four, four and a half—five, five and a half—six miles an hour—toe and heel. A common watch, therefore, is to him, in the absence of milestones, as good as a Pedometer—with this great and indisputable advantage, that a common watch continues to go even after you have yourself stopped, whereas, the moment you sit down on your oil-skin patch, why, your Pedometer (which indeed, from its name and construction, is not unreasonable) immediately stands still Neither, we believe, can you accurately note the pulse of a friend in a fever by a Pedometer

What pleasure on this earth transcends a breakfast after a twelve-mile walk? Or is there in this sublunary scene a delight superior to the gradual, dying-away, dreamy drowsiness that, at the close of a long summer day's journey up hill and down dale, seals up the glimmering eyes with honey-dew, and stretches out, under the loving hands of nourrice Nature, the whole elongated animal economy, steeped in rest divine from the organ of veneration to the point of the great toe, be it on a bed of down, chaff, straw, or heather, in palace, hall, hotel, or hut? If in an inn, nobody interferes with you in meddling officiousness, neither landlord, bagman, waiter, chambermaid, boots,—you are left to yourself without being neglected Your bell may not be emulously answered by all the menials on the establishment, but a smug or shock-headed drawer appears in good time, and if mine host may not always dignify your dinner by the deposition of the first dish, yet, influenced by the rumour that soon spreads through the premises, he bows farewell at your departure, with a shrewd suspicion that you are a nobleman in disguise

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SOLILOQUY ON THE SEASONS.

FIRST RHAPSODY

No weather more pleasant than that of a mild WINTER day So gracious the season, that Hyems is like Ver—Januarius like Christopher North Art thou the Sun of whom Milton said,

> "Looks through the horizontal misty air,
> Shorn of his beams,"

an image of disconsolate obscuration? Bright art thou as at meridian on a June Sabbath, but effusing a more temperate lustre, not unfelt by the sleeping, though not insensate earth She stirs in her sleep, and murmurs—the mighty mother, and quiet as herself, though broad awake, her old ally the ship-bearing sea What though the woods be leafless—they look as alive as when laden with umbrage, and who can tell what is going on now within the heart of that calm oak grove? The fields laugh not now—but here and there they smile If we see no flowers we think of them—and less of the perished than of the unborn, for regret is vain, and hope is blest, in peace there is the promise of joy—and therefore in the silent pastures a perfect beauty how restorative to man's troubled heart!

The Shortest Day in all the year—yet is it lovelier than the Longest Can that be the voice of birds? With the laverock's lyric our fancy filled the sky—with the throstle's roundelay it awoke the wood In the air life is audible—circling unseen Such serenity must be inhabited by happiness Ha! there thou art, our Familiar—the selfsame Robin Redbreast that pecked at our nursery window, and used to warble from the gable of the school-house his sweet winter song!

In company we are silent—in solitude we soliloquize So dearly do we love our own voice that we cannot bear to hear it mixed with that of others—perhaps drowned, and then our bashfulness tongue-ties us in the hush expectant of our "golden opinions," when all eyes are turned to the speechless "old man eloquent," and you might hear a tangle dishevelling itself in Neæra's hair But all alone by ourselves, in the country, among trees, standing still among untrodden leaves—as now—how we do speak! All thoughts—all feelings—desire utterance, left to themselves they are not happy till they have evolved into words—winged words that sometimes settle on the ground, like moths on flowers—sometimes seek the sky, like eagles above the clouds

No such soliloquies in written poetry as these of ours—the act of composition is fatal as frost to their flow, yet composition there is at such solitary times going on among the moods of the mind, as among the clouds on a still but not airless sky, perpetual but imperceptible transformations of the beautiful, obedient to the bidding of the spirit of beauty.

Who but Him who made it knoweth aught of the Laws of Spirit? All of us may know much of what is "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best," in obedience to them, but leaving the open day, we enter at once into thickest night Why at this moment do we see a spot once only visited by us—unremembered for ever so many flights of black or bright winged years—see it in fancy as it then was in nature, with the same dew-drops on that wondrous myrtle beheld but on that morning—such a myrtle as no other eyes beheld ever on this earth but ours, and the eyes of one now in heaven?

Another year is about to die—and how wags the world? "What great events are on the gale?" Go ask our statesmen But their rule—their guidance is but over the outer world, and almost powerless their folly or their wisdom over the inner region in which we mortals live, and move, and have our being, where the fall of a throne makes no more noise than that of a leaf!

to either, as the heart melts to human tenderness, or beyond all mortal loves the imagination soars! Such days seem now to us—as memory and imagination half restore and half create the past into such weather as may have shone over the bridal morn of our first parents in Paradise—to have been frequent—nay, to have lasted all the Summer long—when our boyhood was bright from the hands of God. Each of those days was in itself a life! Yet all those sunny lives melted into one Summer—and all those Summers formed one continuous bliss. Storms and snows vanished out of our ideal year, and then morning, noon, and night, wherever we breathed, we *felt*, what now we but *know*, the inmost meaning of that profound verse of Virgil the Divine—

> "Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
> Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas
> Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
> Purpureo: solemque suum, sua sidera norunt."

Few—no such days as those seem now ever to be born. Sometimes we indeed gaze through the face into the heart of the sky, and for a moment feel that the ancient glory of the heavens has returned on our dream of life. But to the perfect beatitude of the skies there comes from the soul within us a mournful response, that betokens some wide and deep—some everlasting change. Joy is not now what joy was of yore; like a fine diamond with a flaw is now Imagination's eye; other motes than those that float through ether cross between its orb and the sun; the "fine gold has become dim," with which morning and evening of old embossed the skies; the dewdrops are not now the pearls once they were, left on

> "Flowers, and weeds as beautiful as flowers,"

by angels' and by fairies' wings; knowledge, custom, experience, fate, fortune, error, vice, and sin, have dulled, and darkened, and deadened all things; and the soul, unable to bring over the Present the ineffable bliss and beauty of the Past, almost swoons to think what a ghastly thunder-gloom may by Providence be reserved for the Future!

Nay—nay—things are not altogether so bad with us as this strain—sincere though it be as a stream from the sacred mountains—might seem to declare. We can yet enjoy a *broken* Summer. It would do your heart good to see us hobbling with our crutch along the Highland hills, sans great-coat or umbrella, in a summer-shower, aiblins cap in hand that our hair may grow, up to the knees in the bonny blooming heather, or clambering, like an old goat, among the cliffs. Nothing so good for gout or rheumatism as to get wet through, while the thermometer keeps ranging between 60° and 70°, three times a-day. What refreshment in the very sound—Soaking! Old bones wax dry—nerves numb—sinews stiff—flesh frail—and there is a sad drawback on the Whole Duty of Man. But a sweet, soft, sou'-wester blows "caller" on our craziness, and all our pores instinctively open their mouths at the approach of rain. Look but at those dozen downward showers, all denizens of heaven, how black, and blue, and bright they in their glee are streaming, and gleaming athwart the sunny mountain gloom, while ever as they descend on earth, lift up the streams along the wilderness louder and louder a choral song. Look now at the heather—and smile whenever henceforth you hear people talk of *purple*. You have been wont to call a gold guinea or a sovereign *yellow*—but if you have got one in your pocket, place it on your palm, and in the light of that broom is it not a *dirty brown*? You have an emerald ring on your finger—but how gray it looks beside the *green* of those brackens, that pasture, that wood! Purple, yellow, and green, you have now seen, sir, for the first time in your life. Widening and widening over your head, all the while you have been gazing on the heather, the broom, the bracken, the pastures, and the woods, have the eternal heavens been preparing for you a vision of the sacred *Blue*. Is not that an Indigo Divine? Or, if you scorn that mercantile and manufacturing image, steal that blue from the sky, and let the lady of your love tinge but her eyelids with one touch, and a saintlier beauty will be in her upward looks as she beseeches Heaven to bless thee in her prayers! Set slowly—slowly—slowly—O Sun of Suns! as may be allowed by the laws of Nature. For not long after Thou hast sunk behind those mountains into the sea, will that celestial ROSY-RED be tabernacled in the heavens!

Meanwhile, three of the dozen showers have so soaked and steeped our old crazy carcass in refreshment, and restoration, and renewal of youth, that we should not be surprised were we to outlive that raven croaking in pure *gaieté du cœur* on the cliff. Threescore and ten years! Poo—'tis a pitiful span! At a hundred we shall cut capers—for twenty years more keep to the Highland fling—and at the close of other twenty, jig it into the grave to that matchless strathspey, the Reel of Tullochgorum!

Having thus made our peace with last Summer, can we allow the Sun to go down on our wrath towards the AUTUMN, whose back we yet see on the horizon, before he turn about to bow adieu to our hemisphere? Hollo! meet us half way in yonder immense field of potatoes, our worthy season, and among these peacemakers, the Mealies and the Waxies, shall we two smoke together the calumet or cigar of reconciliation. The floods fell, and the folk feared famine. The people whined over the smut in wheat, and pored pale on the Monthly Agricultural Report. Grain grew greener and greener—reapers stood at the crosses of villages, towns, and cities, passing from one to another comfortless quechs of sma' yill, with their straw-bound sickles hanging idle across their shoulders, and with unhired-looking faces, as ragged as if you were to dream of a Symposium of Scarecrows. Alarmed imagination beheld harvest treading on the heels of Christmas,

> "And Britain sadden'd at the long delay!"

when, whew! to dash the dismal predictions of foolish and false prophets, came rustling from all the airts, far, far and wide over the rain-drenched kingdom, the great armament of the Autumnal Winds! Groaned the grain,

ashamed of him—in a way absolutely disgraceful to a person of his time of life. Having picked a quarrel with the Sun—his benefactor, nay, his father—what else could he expect but that that enlightened Christian would altogether withhold his countenance from so undutiful and ungrateful a child, and leave him to travel along the mire and beneath the clouds? For some weeks Summer was sulky—and sullenly scorned to shed a tear. His eyes were like ice. By and by, like a great school-boy, he began to whine and whimper—and when he found that would not do, he blubbered like the booby of the lowest form. Still the Sun would not look on him—or if he did, 'twas with a sudden and short half-scowl that froze the ingrate's blood. At last the Summer grew contrite, and the Sun forgiving, the one burst out into a flood of tears, the other into a flood of light. In simple words, the Summer wept and the Sun smiled—and for one broken month there was a perpetual alternation of rain and radiance! How beautiful is penitence! How beautiful forgiveness! For one week the Summer was restored to his pristine peace and old luxuriance, and the desert blossomed like the rose.

Therefore ask we the Summer's pardon for thanking Heaven that he was dead. Would that he were alive again, and buried not for ever beneath the yellow forest leaves! O thou first, faint, fair, finest tinge of dawning Light that streaks the still-sleeping yet just-waking face of the morn, Light and no-Light, a shadowy Something, that as we gaze is felt to be growing into an emotion that must be either Innocence or Beauty, or both blending together into devotion before Deity, once more duly visible in the divine colouring that forebodes another day to mortal life—before Thee what holy bliss to kneel upon the greensward in some forest glade, while every leaf is a-tremble with dewdrops, and the happy little birds are beginning to twitter, yet motionless among the boughs—before Thee to kneel as at a shrine, and breathe deeper and deeper—as the lustre waxeth purer and purer, brighter and more bright, till range after range arise of crimson clouds in altitude sublime, and breast above breast expands of yellow woods softly glittering in their far-spread magnificence—then what holy bliss to breathe deeper and deeper unto Him who holds in the hollow of his hand the heavens, and the earth, our high but most humble orisons! But now it is Day, and broad awake seems the whole joyful world. The clouds—lustrous no more—are all anchored on the sky, white as fleets waiting for the wind. Time is not felt—and one might dream that the Day was to endure for ever. Yet the great river rolls on in the light—and why will he leave those lovely inland woods for the naked shores? Why—responds some voice—hurry we on our lives—impetuous and passionate far more than he with all his cataracts—as if anxious to forsake the regions of the upper day for the dim place from which we yet recoil in fear—the dim place which imagination sometimes seems to see even through the sunshine, beyond the bourne of this our unintelligible being, stretching sea-like into a still more mysterious night! Long as a Midsummer Day is it has gone by like a Heron's flight. The sun is setting!—and let him set without being scribbled upon by Christopher North. We took a pen-and-ink sketch of him in a "Day on Windermere." Poor nature is much to be pitied among painters and poets. They are perpetually falling into

> "Such perusal of her face
> As they would draw it."

And often must she be sick of the Curious Impertinents. But a Curious Impertinent are not we—if ever there was one beneath the skies, a devout worshipper of Nature, and though we often seem to heed not her shrine—it stands in our imagination, like a temple in a perpetual Sabbath.

It was poetically and piously said by the Ettrick Shepherd, at a Noctes, that there is no such thing in nature as bad weather. Take Summer, which early in our soliloquy we abused in good set terms. Its weather was broken, but not bad; and much various beauty and sublimity is involved in the epithet "broken," when applied to the "season of the year." Common-place people, especially town-dwellers, who *flit* into the country for a few months, have a silly and absurd idea of Summer, which all the atmospherical phenomena fail to drive out of their foolish fancies. They insist on its remaining with us for half a year at least, and on its being dressed in its Sunday's best every day in the week as long as they continue in country quarters. The Sun must rise, like a labourer, at the very earliest hour, shine all day, and go to bed late, else they treat him contumeliously, and declare that he is not worth his meat. Should he retire occasionally behind a cloud, which it seems most natural and reasonable for one to do who lives so much in the public eye, why a whole watering-place, uplifting a face of dissatisfied expostulation to heaven, exclaims, "Where is the Sun? Are we never to have any Sun?" They also insist that there shall be no rain of more than an hour's duration in the daytime, but that it shall all fall by night. Yet when the Sun does exert himself, as if at their bidding, and is shining, as he supposes, to their heart's content, up go a hundred green parasols in his face, enough to startle the celestial steeds in his chariot. A *broken* summer for us. Now and then a few continuous days—perhaps a whole week—but, if that be denied, now and then,

> "Like angel visits, few and far between,"

one single Day—blue-spread over heaven, green-spread over earth—no cloud above, no shade below, save that dove-coloured marble lying motionless like the mansions of peace, and that pensive gloom that falls from some old castle or venerable wood—the stillness of a sleeping joy, to our heart profounder than that of death, in the air, in the sky, and resting on our mighty mother's undisturbed breast—no lowing on the hills, no bleating on the braes—the rivers almost silent as lochs, and the lochs, just visible in their aerial purity, floating dream-like between earth and sky, imbued with the beauty of both, and seeming to belong

rious yellow, and while the gold-laden boughs stoop boldly to the storms with which they love to dally, bounds not the heart of every Briton to the music of his national anthem,

> "Rule, Britannia,
> Britannia, rule the waves!"

The Ash is a manly tree, but "dreigh and dour" in the leafing, and yonder stands an Ash-grove like a forest of ships with bare poles like the docks of Liverpool. Yet like the town of Kilkenny

> "It shines well where it stands,"

and the bare gray-blue of the branches, apart but not repulsive, like some cunning discord in music deepens the harmony of the Isle of Groves. Contrast is one of the finest of all the laws of association, as every philosopher, poet, and peasant kens. At this moment it brings, by the bonds of beauty, though many glades intervene, close beside that pale gray-blue, leafless Ash Clump, that bright black-green Pine Clan, whose "leaf fadeth never," a glorious Scottish tartan triumphing in the English woods. Though many glades intervene, we said, for thou seest that Belle Isle is not all one various flush of wood, but be-dropt all over—bedropt and besprinkled with grass-gems, some cloud-shadowed, some tree-shaded, some mist-bedimmed, and some luminous as small soil-suns, on which as the eye alights, it feels soothed and strengthened, and gifted with a profounder power to see into the mystery of the beauty of nature. But what are those living Hills of snow, or of some substance purer in its brightness even than any snow that fades in one night on the mountain-top! Trees are they—fruit-trees—*The Wild Cherry*, that grows stately and wide spreading even as the monarch of the wood—and can that be a load of blossoms! Fairer never grew before poet's eye of old in the fabled Hesperides. See how what we call snow brightens into pink—yet still the whole glory is white, and fadeth not away the purity of the balmy snow-blush. Ay, balmy as the bliss breathing from virgin lips, when, moving in the beauty left by her morning prayers, a glad fond daughter steals towards him on the feet of light, and as his arms open to receive and return the blessing, lays her innocence with smiles that are almost tears, within her father's bosom.

> "As when to those who sail
> Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
> Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
> Sabæan odours from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the blest, with such delay
> Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league,
> Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles."

Shut your eyes—suppose five months gone—and lo! Belle Isle in Autumn, like a scene in another hemisphere of our globe. There is a slight frost in the air, in the sky, on the lake, and midday is as still as midnight. But, though still, it is cheerful, for close at hand Robin Redbreast—God bless him!—is warbling on the copestone of that old barn gable, and though Millar-Ground Bay is half a mile off, how distinct the clank of the two oars like one, accompanying that large wood-boat on its slow voyage from Ambleside to Bowness, the metropolitan port of the Queen of the Lakes. The water has lost, you see, its summer sunniness, yet it is as transparent as ever it was in summer, and how close together seem, with their almost meeting shadows, the two opposite shores! But we wish you to look at Belle Isle, though we ourselves are almost afraid to do so, so *transcendently glorious is the sight* that we know will disturb us with an emotion too deep to be endured. Could you not think that a splendid sunset had fallen down in fragments on the Isle called Beautiful, and set it all a-blaze! The woods are on fire, yet they burn not, beauty subdues while it fosters the flame, and there, as in a many-tented tabernacle, has Colour pitched his royal residence, and reigns in glory beyond that of any Oriental king. What are all the canopies, and balconies, and galleries of human state, all hung with the richest drapery that ever the skill of Art, that Wizard, drew forth in gorgeous folds from his enchanted loom, if ideally suspended in the air of imagination beside the sun-and-storm-stained furniture of these Palaces of Autumn, framed by the Spirit of the Season, of living and dying umbrage, for his latest delight, ere he move in annual migration, with all his Court, to some foreign clime far beyond the seas! No names of trees are remembered—a glorious confusion comprehends in one the whole leafy race—orange, and purple, and scarlet, and crimson, are all seen to be there, and interfused through the silent splendour is aye felt the presence of that terrestrial green, native and unextinguishable in earth's bosom, *as that celestial blue is that of the sky*. That trance goes by, and the spirit, gradually filled with a stiller delight, takes down all those tents into pieces, and contemplates the encampment with less of imagination, and with more of love. It knows and blesses each one of those many glorious groves, each becoming, as it gazes, less and less glorious, more and more beautiful, till memory revives all the happiest and holiest hours of the Summer and the Spring, and re-peoples the melancholy umbrage with a thousand visions of joy, that may return never more! Images, it may be, of forms and faces now mouldering in *the dust*! For as human hearts have felt, and all human lips have declared—melancholy making poets of us all, ay, even prophets—till the pensive air of Autumn has been filled with the music of elegiac and foreboding hymns—as is the Race of Leaves—now old Homer speaks—so is the Race of Men! Nor till time shall have an end, insensate will be any creature endowed "with discourse of reason" to those mysterious misgivings, alternating with triumphant aspirations more mysterious still, when the Religion of nature leans in awe on the Religion of God, and we hear the voice of both in such strains as these—the earthly, in its sadness, momentarily deadening the divine—

> "But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?
> Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?"

as in sudden resurrection it lifted up its head, and knew that again the Sun was in Heaven Death became Life, and the hearts of the husbandmen sang aloud for joy Like Turks, the reapers brandished their sickles in the breezy light, and every field glittered with Christian crescents Auld wives and bits o' weans mingled on the rig—kilted to the knees, like the comely cummers, and the handsome hizzies, and the lusome lassies wi' their silken snoods—among the heather-legged Highlandmen, and the bandy Irishers, brawny all, and with hook, scythe, or flail, inferior to none of the children of men The scene lies in Scotland—but now, too, is England "Merry England" indeed, and outside passengers on a thousand coaches see stooks rising like stacks, and far and wide, over the tree-speckled champaign, rejoice in the sun-given promise of a glorious harvest-home Intervenes the rest of two sunny Sabbaths sent to dry the brows of labour, and give the last ripeness to the overladen stalks that, top-heavy with aliment, fall over in their yellowy whiteness into the fast reaper's hands Few fields now—but here and there one thin and greenish, of cold, unclean, or stony soil—are waving in the shadowy winds, for all are cleared, but some stooked stubbles from which the stooks are fast disappearing, as the huge wains seem to halt for a moment, impeded by the gates they hide, and then, crested perhaps with laughing boys and girls,

"Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings,"

no—not rings—for Beattie, in that admirable line, lets us hear a cart going out empty in the morning—but with a *cheerful dull* sound, ploughing along the black soil, *the clean dirt* almost up to the axletree, and then, as the wheels, rimmed you might always think with silver, reach the road, macadamized till it acts like a railway, how glides along downhill the moving mountain! And see now, the growing Stack glittering with a charge of pitchforks! The trams fly up from Dobbin's back, and a shoal of sheaves overflows the mire Up they go, tossed from sinewy arms like feathers, and the Stack grows before your eyes, fairly proportioned as a beehive, without line or measure, but shaped by the look and the feel, true almost as the spring instinct of the nest-building bird And are we not heartily ashamed of ourselves, amidst this general din of working mirthfulness, for having, but an hour ago, abused the jovial and generous Autumn, and thanked Heaven that he was dead? Let us retire into the barn with Shoosy, and hide our blushes

Comparisons are odoriferous, and therefore for one paragraph let us compare AUTUMN with SPRING Suppose ourselves sitting beneath THE SYCAMORE of Windermere! Poets call Spring Green-Mantle—and true it is that the groundwork of his garb is green—even like that of the proud peacock's changeful neck, when the creature treads in the circle of his own splendour, and the scholar who may have forgotten his classics, has yet a dream of Juno and of her watchful Argus with his hundred, his thousand eyes But the coat of Spring, like that of Joseph, is a coat of many colours. Call it patchwork if you choose,

"And be yourself the great sublime you draw"

Some people look on nature with a milliner's or a mantua-maker's eye—arraying her in furbelows and flounces But use your own eyes and ours, and from beneath THE SYCAMORE let us two, sitting together in amity, look lovingly on the SPRING. Felt ever your heart before, with such an emotion of harmonious beauty, the exquisitely delicate distinctions of character among the lovely tribes of trees! That is BELLY ISLE Earliest to salute the vernal rainbow, with a glow of green gentle as its own, is the lake-loving ALDER, whose home, too, is by the flowings of all the streams Just one degree fainter in its hue—or shall we rather say brighter—for we feel the difference without knowing in what it lies—stands, by the Alder's rounded softness, the spiral LARCH, all hung over its limber sprays, were you near enough to admire them, with cones of the Tyrian dye The stem, white as silver, and smooth as silk, seen so straight in the green silvan light, and there airily overarching the coppice with lambent tresses, such as fancy might picture for the mermaid's hair, pleasant as is her life on that Fortunate Isle, is yet said by us, who vainly attribute our own sadness to unsorrowing things—to belong to a Tree that *weeps*,—though a weight of joy it is, and of exceeding gladness, that thus depresses the BIRCH's pendent beauty, till it droops—as we think—like that of a being overcome with grief! Seen standing all along by themselves, with something of a foreign air and an exotic expression, yet not unwelcome or obtrusive among our indigenous fair forest-trees, twinkling to the touch of every wandering wind, and restless even amidst what seemeth now to be everlasting rest, we cannot choose but admire that somewhat darker grove of columnar Lombardy POPLARS How comes it that some SYCAMORES so much sooner than others salute the spring? Yonder are some but budding, as if yet the frost lay on the honey-dew that protects the beamy germs There are others warming into expansion, half-budded and half-leaved, with a various light of colour visible in that sun-glint distinctly from afar. And in that nook of the still sunnier south, trending eastward, a few are almost in their full summer foliage, and soon will the bees be swarming among their flowers A HORSE CHESTNUT has a grand oriental air, and like a satrap uplifts his green banner yellowing in the light—that shows he belongs to the line of the Prophet ELMS are then most magnificent—witness Christ-Church walk—when they hang overhead in heaven like the chancel of a cathedral Yet here, too, are they august—and methinks "a dim religious light" is in that vault of branches just vivifying to the Spring, and though almost bare, tinged with a coming hue that erelong will be majestic brightness Those old OAKS seem sullen in the sunshine, and slow to put forth their power, like the Spirit of the Land they emblem But they, too, are relaxing from their wonted sternness—soon will that faint green be a glo-

gorgeous—for the Bard came to his subject full of inspiration, and as it was the inspiration, here, not of profound thought, but of passionate emotion, it was right that music at the very first moment should overflow the page, and that it should be literally strewed with roses. An imperfect Impersonation is often proof positive of the highest state of poetical enthusiasm. The forms of nature undergo a half humanizing process under the intensity of our love, yet still retain the character of the insensate creation, thus affecting us with a sweet, strange, almost bewildering, blended emotion that scarcely belongs to either separately, but to both together clings as to a phenomenon that only the eye of genius sees, because only the soul of genius can give it a presence—though afterwards all eyes dimly recognise it, on its being shown to them, as something more vivid than their own faint experience, yet either kindred to it, or virtually one and the same. Almost all human nature can, in some measure, understand and feel the most exquisite and recondite image which only the rarest genius could produce. Were it not so, great poets might break their harps, and go drown themselves in Helicon.

"From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face, and earth, and skies,
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves."

Here the Impersonation is stronger—and perhaps the superior strength lies in the words "child of the Sun." And here in the words describing Spring, she too is more of an Impersonation than in the other passage—averting her blushful face from the Summer's ardent look. The poet having made Summer masculine, very properly makes Spring feminine, and 'tis a jewel of a picture—for ladies should always avert their blushful faces from the ardent looks of gentlemen. Thomson, indeed, elsewhere says of an enamoured youth overpowered by the loving looks of his mistress,—

"From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment."

This, we have heard, from experienced persons of both sexes, is as delicate as it is natural; but for our own simple and single selves, we never remember having got sick on any such occasion. Much agitated, we cannot deny—if we did, the most credulous would not credit us—much agitated we have been—when our lady-love, not contented with fixing upon us her dove eyes, began billing and cooing in a style from which the cushat might have taken a lesson with advantage, that she might the better perform her innocent part on her first assignation with her affianced in the pine-grove on St Valentine's day; but never in all our long lives got we absolutely *sick*—nor even *squeamish*—never were we obliged to turn away with our hand to our mouth—but, on the contrary, we were commonly as brisk as a bee at a pot of honey; or, if that be too luscious a simile, as brisk as that same wonderful insect murmuring for a few moments round and round a rose-bush, and then settling himself down seriously to work, as mute as a mouse, among the half-blown petals. However, we are not now writing our Confessions—and what we wished to say about this passage is, that in it the one sex is represented as turning away the face from that of the other, which may be all natural enough, though polite on the gentleman's part we can never call it; and, had the female virgin done so, we cannot help thinking it would have read better in poetry. But for Spring to avert *his* blushful face from the ardent looks of Summer, has on us the effect of making both Seasons seem simpletons. Spring, in the character of "ethereal mildness," was unquestionably a female; but here she is "unsexed from the crown to the toe," and changed into an awkward hobbletehoy, who, having passed his boyhood in the country, is a booby who blushes black at the gaze of his own brother, and if brought into the company of the lasses, would not fail to faint away in a fit, nor revive till his face felt a pitcherful of cold water.

"Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on," &c.,

is, we think, bad. The Impersonation here is complete, and though the sex of Autumn is not mentioned, it is manifestly meant to be male. So far, there is nothing amiss either one way or another. But "nodding o'er the yellow plain" is a mere statement of a fact in nature—and descriptive of the growing and ripening or ripened harvest—whereas it is applied here to Autumn, as a figure who "comes jovial on." This is not obscurity—or indistinctness—which, as we have said before, is often a great beauty in Impersonation; but it is an inconsistency and a contradiction—and therefore indefensible on any ground either of conception or expression.

There are no such essential vices as this in the "Castle of Indolence"—for by that time Thomson had subjected his inspiration to thought—and his poetry, guided and guarded by philosophy, became celestial as an angel's song.

"See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nursed by careless Solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy!
Pleased have I wander'd through your rough domain,
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure,
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrents burst,
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smiled."

Divine inspiration indeed! Poetry, that if read by the bedside of a dying lover of nature, might

"Create a soul
Under the ribs of death!"

What in the name of goodness makes us suppose that a mean and miserable November day, even while we are thus Rhapsodizing, is drizzling all Edinburgh with the worst of all imaginable Scottish mists—an Easterly Harr?

SECOND RHAPSODY.

Have we not been speaking of all the Seasons as belonging to the masculine gender? They are generally, we believe, in this country, painted in petticoats, apparently by bagmen, as may be daily seen in the pretty prints that bedeck the paper-walls of the parlours of inns. Spring is always there represented as a spanker in a blue symar, very pertly exposing her budding breast, and her limbs from feet to fork, in a style that must be very offensive to the mealy-mouthed members of that shamefaced corporation, the Society for the Suppression of Vice. She holds a flower between her finger and her thumb, crocus, violet, or primrose; and though we verily believe she means no harm, she no doubt does look rather leeringly upon you, like one of the frail sisterhood of the Come-atables. Summer again is an enormous and monstrous mawsey, *in puris naturalibus*, meant to image Musidora, or the Medicean, or rather the Hottentot Venus.

"So stands the statue that enchants the world!"

She seems, at the very lightest, a good round half hundred heavier than Spring, and, when you imagine her plunging into the pool, you think you hear a porpus. May no Damon run away with her clothes, leaving behind in exchange his heart! Gadflies are rife in the dog-days, and should one "imparadise himself in form of that sweet flesh," there will be a cry in the woods that will speedily bring to her assistance Pan and all his Satyrs. Autumn is a motherly matron, evidently *enceinte*, and, like Love and Charity, who probably are smiling on the opposite wall, she has a brace of bouncing babies at her breast—in her right hand a formidable sickle, like a Turkish scymitar—in her left an extraordinary utensil, bearing, we believe, the heathenish appellation of cornucopia—on her back a sheaf of wheat—and on her head a diadem—planted there by John Barleycorn. She is a fearsome dear, as ugly a customer as a lonely man would wish to encounter beneath the light of a September moon. On her feet are bauchles—on her legs huggers—and the breadth of her soles, and the thickness of her ankles, we leave to your own conjectures. Her fine bust is conspicuous in an open laced boddice—and her huge hips are set off to the biggest advantage, by a jacket that she seems to have picked up by the wayside, after some jolly tar, on his return from a long voyage, had there been performing his toilet, and, by getting rid of certain incumbrances, enabled to pursue his inland journey with less resemblance than before to a walking scarecrow. Winter is a withered old beldam, too poor to keep a cat, hurkling on her hunkers over a feeble fire of sticks, extinguished fast as it is beeted, with a fizz in the melted snow which all around that unhoused wretchedness is indurated with frost, while a blue pool close at hand is chained in iciness, and an old stump, half buried in the drift. Poor old, miserable, cowering crone! One cannot look at her without unconsciously putting one's hand in his pocket, and fumbling for a tester. Yes, there is pathos in the picture, especially while, on turning round your head, you behold a big blockhead of a vulgar bagman, with his coat-tails over his arms, warming his loathsome hideousness at a fire that would roast an ox.

Such are the Seasons! And though we have spoken of them, as mere critics on art, somewhat superciliously, yet there is almost always no inconsiderable merit in all prints, pictures, paintings, poems or prose-works, that—pardon our tautology—are popular with the people. The emblematical figments now alluded to, have been the creations of persons of genius, who had never had access to the works of the old masters, so that, though the conception is good, the execution is, in general, far from perfect. Yet many a time, when lying at our ease in a Wayside Inn, stretched on three wooden chairs, with a little round deal-table before us, well laden with oat-meal cakes and cheese and butter, nor, you may be sure, without its "tappit hen"—have we after a long day's journey—perhaps the longest day—

"Through moors and mosses many, O,"

regarded with no imaginative spirit—when Joseph and his brethren were wanting—even such symbols of the Seasons as these—while arose to gladden us many as fair an image as ever nature sent from her woods and wildernesses to cheer the heart of her worshipper who, on his pilgrimage to her loftiest shrines, and most majestic temples, spared not to stoop his head below the lowest lintel, and held all men his equal who earned by honest industry the scanty fare which they never ate without those holy words of supplication and thanksgiving, "Give us this day our daily bread!"

Our memory is a treasure-house of written and unwritten poetry—the ingots, the gifts of the great bards, and the bars of bullion—much of the coin our own—some of it borrowed mayhap, but always on good security, and repaid with interest—a legal transaction, of which even a not unwealthy man has no need to be ashamed—none of it stolen nor yet found where the Highlandman found the tongs. But our riches are like those that encumbered the floor of the Sanctum of the Dey of Algiers, not very tidily arranged, and we are frequently foiled in our efforts to lay our hand, for immediate use or ornament, on a ducat or a diamond, a pistole or a pearl, a sovereign, or only his crown. We feel ourselves at this moment in that predicament, when trying to recollect the genders of Thomson's "Seasons"—

> "Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
> And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
> While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
> Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!"

That picture is indistinctly and obscurely beautiful to the imagination, and there is not a syllable about sex—though "ethereal mildness," which is an Impersonation, and hardly an Impersonation, must be it is felt, a Virgin Goddess, whom all the divinities that dwell between heaven and earth must love. Not to our taste—but our taste is inferior to our feeling and our genius—though you will seldom go far wrong even in trusting it—never had a poem a more beautiful beginning. It is not simple—nor ought it to be—it is rich, and even

nishing of their most dismal and desperate dream

"Somewhat too much of this"—so let us strike the chords to a merrier measure—to a "livelier lilt"—as suits the variable spirit of our Soliloquy Be it observed, then, that the sole certain way of getting rid of the blue devils, is to drown them in a shower-bath You would not suppose that we are subject to the blue devils? Yet we are sometimes their very slave When driven to it by their lash, every occupation, which when free we resort to as pastime, becomes taskwork, nor will these dogged masters suffer us to purchase emancipation with the proceeds of the toil of our groaning genius But whenever the worst comes to the worst, and we almost wish to die so that we might escape the galling pressure of our chains, we sport buff, and into the shower-bath Yet such is the weakness of poor human nature, that like a criminal on the scaffold, shifting the signal kerchief from hand to hand, much to the irritation of his excellency the hangman, one of the most impatient of men—and more to the satisfaction of the crowd, the most patient of men and women—we often stand shut up in that sentry-looking canvas box, dexterously and sinistrously fingering the string, perhaps for five shrinking, and shuddering, and *grueing* minutes, ere we can summon up desperation to pull down upon ourselves the rushing waterfall! Soon as the agony is over, we bounce out the colour of beet-root, and survey ourselves in a five-foot mirror, with an amazement that, on each successive exhibition, is still as when we first experienced it,

"In life's morning march, when our spirits were young"

By and by, we assume the similitude of an immense boiled lobster that has leapt out of the pan—and then, seeming for a while to be an emblematical or symbolical representation of the setting Sun, we sober down into a faint pink, like that of the Morn, and finally subside into our own permanent flesh-light, which, as we turn our back upon ourselves, after the fashion of some of his majesty's ministers, reminds us of that line in Cowper descriptive of the November Moon—

"Resplendent less, but of an ampler round"

Like that of the eagle, our youth is renewed—we feel strong as the horse in Homer—a divine glow permeates our being, as if it were the subdued spiritual essence of caloric An intense feeling of self—not self-love, mind ye, and the farthest state imaginable in this wide world from selfishness—elevates us far up above the clouds, into the loftiest regions of the sunny blue, and we seem to breathe an atmosphere, of which every glorious gulp is inspiration Despondency is thrown to the dogs Despair appears in his true colours, a more grotesque idiot than Grimaldi, and we treat him with a guffaw All ante-bath difficulties seem now—what they really are—facilities of which we are by far too much elated to avail ourselves, dangers that used to appear appalling are felt now to be lulling securities—obstacles, like mountains, lying in our way of life as we walked towards the temple of Apollo or Plutus, we smile at the idea of surmounting, so molehillish do they look, and we kick them aside like an old footstool Let the country ask us for a scheme to pay off the national debt—*there she has it*, do you request us to have the kindness to leap over the moon—here we go, excellent Mr Blackwood has but to say the word, and a ready-made Leading Article is in his hand, promotive of the sale of countless numbers of "my Magazine," and of the happiness of countless numbers of mankind We feel—and the feeling proves the fact—as bold as Joshua the son of Nun—as brave as David the son of Jesse—as wise as Solomon the son of David—and as proud as Nebuchadnezzar the son of Nebopolazzar We survey our image in the mirror—and think of Adam We put ourselves into the posture of the Belvidere Apollo

"Then view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light,
The Sun in human arms array'd, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal vengeance, in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity"

Up four flight of stairs we fly—for the bath is in the double-sunk story—ten steps at a bound—and in five minutes have devoured one quartern loaf, six eggs, and a rizzar, washing all over with a punch-bowl of congou and a tea-bowl of coffee,

"Enormous breakfast,
Wild without rule or art! Where nature plays
Her virgin fancies"

And then, leaning back on our Easy-chair, we perform an exploit beyond the reach of Euclid—why, WE SQUARE THE CIRCLE, and to the utter demolition of our admirable friend Sir David Brewster's diatribe, in a late number of the *Quarterly Review*, on the indifference of government to men of science, chuckle over our nobly-won order, K C C B, Knight Companion of the Cold Bath

The analogies between the seasons of the year and the seasons of life, being natural, have been a frequent theme of poetry in all countries Had the gods made us poetical, we should now have poured forth a few exquisite illustrations of some that are very affecting and impressive It has, however, often been felt by us, that not a few of those one meets with in the lamentations of whey-faced sentimentalists, are false or fantastic, and do equal violence to all the seasons, both of the year and of life These gentry have been especially silly upon the similitude of Old Age to Winter Winter, in external nature, is not the season of decay An old tree, for example, in the very *dead* of winter, as it is figuratively called, though bare of leaves, is full of life The sap, indeed, has sunk down from his bole and branches—down into his toes or roots But there it is, ready, in due time, to reascend Not so with an old man—the present company always excepted,—his sap is not sunk down to his toes, but much of it is gone clean out of the system—therefore, individual natural objects in Winter are not analogically emblematical of people stricken in years Far less does the Winter itself of the year, considered as a sea-

We know that he infests all the year, but shows his poor spite in its bleakest bitterness in March and in November. Earth and heaven are not only not worth looking at in an Easterly Harr, but the Visible is absolute wretchedness, and people wonder why they were born. The visitation begins with a sort of characterless haze, waxing more and more wetly obscure, till you know not whether it be rain, snow, or sleet, that drenches your clothes in dampness, till you feel it in your skin, then in your flesh, then in your bones, then in your marrow, and then in your mind. Your blinking eyes have it too—and so, shut it as you will, has your moping mouth. Yet the streets, though looking blue, are not puddled, and the dead cat lies dry in the gutter. There is no eaves-dropping—no gushing of water-spouts. To say it rained would be no breach of veracity, but a mere misstatement of a melancholy fact. The truth is, that *the weather cannot rain*, but keeps spit, spit, spitting, in a style sufficient to irritate Socrates—or even Moses himself; and yet true, veritable, sincere, genuine, and authentic Rain could not—or if he could would not—so thoroughly soak you and your whole wardrobe, were you to allow him a day to do it, as that shabby imitation of a tenth-rate shower, in about the time of an usual sized sermon. So much cold and so much wet, with so little to show for it, is a disgrace to the atmosphere, which it will take weeks of the sunniest the weather can afford to wipe off. But the stores of sunniness which it is in the power of Winter in this northern latitude to accumulate, cannot be immense; and therefore we verily believe that it would be too much to expect that it ever can make amends for the hideous horrors of this Easterly Harr. The Cut-throat!

On such days suicides rush to judgment. That sin is mysterious as insanity—their graves are unintelligible as the cells in Bedlam. Oh! the brain and the heart of man! Therein is the only Hell. Small these regions in space, and of narrow room—but haunted may they be with all the Fiends and all the Furies. A few nerves transmit to the soul despair or bliss. At the touch of something—whence and wherefore sent, who can say—something that serenes or troubles, soothes or jars—she soars up into life and light, just as you may have seen a dove suddenly cleave the sunshine—or down she dives into death and darkness, like a shot eagle tumbling into the sea!

Materialism! Immaterialism! Why should mortals, whom conscience tells that they are immortals, bewildered and bewildering ponder upon the dust! Do your duty to God and man, and fear not that, when that dust dies, the spirit that breathed by it will live for ever. Feels not that spirit its immortality in each sacred thought? When did ever religious soul fear annihilation? Or shudder to think that, having once known, it could ever forget God? Such forgetfulness is in the idea of eternal death. Therefore is eternal death impossible to us who can hold communion with our Maker. Our knowledge of Him—dim and remote though it be—is a God-given pledge that he will redeem us from the doom of the grave.

Let us then, and all our friends, believe, with Coleridge, in his beautiful poem of the "Nightingale," that

"In Nature there is nothing melancholy,"

not even November. The disease of the body may cause disease in the soul; yet not the less trust we in the mercy of the merciful—not the less strive we to keep feeding and trimming that spiritual lamp which is within us, even when it flickers feebly in the dampy gloom, like an earthly lamp left in a vaulted sepulchre, about to die among the dead. Heaven seems to have placed a power in our Will as mighty as it is mysterious. Call it not Liberty, lest you should wax proud; call it not Necessity, lest you should despair. But turn from the oracles of man—still dim even in their clearest responses—to the Oracles of God, which are never dark; or if so, but

"Dark with excessive bright"

to eyes not constantly accustomed to sustain the splendour. Bury all your books, when you feel the night of skepticism gathering around you—bury them all, powerful though you may have deemed their spells to illuminate the unfathomable—open your Bible, and all the spiritual world will be as bright as day.

The disease of the body may cause disease to the soul. Ay, madness. Some rapture in the soul makes the brain numb, and thence sudden or lingering death,—some rupture in the brain makes the soul insane, and thence life worse than death, and haunted by horrors beyond what is dreamt of the grave and all its corruption. Perhaps the line fullest of meaning that ever was written, is—

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

When nature feels the flow of its vital blood pure and unimpeded, what unutterable gladness bathes the spirit in that one feeling of—health! Then the mere consciousness of existence is like that emotion which Milton speaks of as breathed from the bowers of Paradise—

"Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair;"

It does more—for despair itself cannot prevail against it. What a dawn of bliss rises upon us with the dawn of light, when our life is healthful as the sun! Then

"It feels that it is greater than it knows."

God created the earth and the air beautiful through the senses; and at the uplifting of a little lid, a whole flood of imagery is let in upon the spirit, all of which becomes part of its very self, as if the enjoying and the enjoyed were one. Health flies away like an angel, and her absence disenchants the earth. What shadows then pass over the ethereal surface *of the spirit, from the breath of disordered matter!*—from the first scarcely-felt breath of despondency, to the last scowling blackness of despair! Often men know not what power placed the fatal fetters upon them—they see even that a link may be open, and that one effort might fling off the bondage; but their souls are in slavery, and will not be free. Till something like a fresh wind, or a sudden sunbeam, comes across them, and in a moment their whole existence is changed, and they see the very va-

Did you ever see water beginning to change itself into ice? Yes. Then try to describe the sight. Success in that trial will prove you a poet. People do not prove themselves poets only by writing long poems. A line—two words—may show that they are the Muse's sons. How exquisitely does Burns picture to our eyes moonlight water undergoing an ice-change!

> "The chilly frost beneath the silver beam,
> Crept, gently crusting o'er the glittering stream!"

Thomson does it with an almost finer spirit of perception—or conception—or memory—or whatever else you choose to call it, for our part, we call it genius—

> "An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
> *Breathes a blue film*, and in its mid career
> Arrests the bickering stream."

And afterwards, having frozen the entire stream into a "crystal pavement," how strongly doth he conclude thus—

> "*The whole imprisoned river growls below.*"

Here, again, 'tis pleasant to see the peculiar genius of Cowper contrasted with that of Thomson. The gentle Cowper delighting, for the most part, in tranquil images—for his life was passed amidst tranquil nature, the enthusiastic Thomson, more pleased with images of power. Cowper says—

> "On the flood
> Indurated and fixed, the snowy weight
> Lies undissolved, *while silently beneath,*
> *And unperceived, the current steals away.*"

How many thousand times the lines we are now going to quote have been quoted, nobody can tell, but we quote them once more for the purpose of asking you, if you think that any one poet of this age could have written them—could have chilled one's very blood with such intense feeling of cold! Not one.

> "In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
> *And to the stony deep his idle ship*
> *Immediate seal'd, he, with his hapless crew,*
> Each full exerted at his several task,
> *Froze into statues, to the cordage glued*
> *The sailor, and the pilot to the helm!*"

The oftener—the more we read the "Winter"—especially the last two or three hundred lines—the angrier is our wonder with Wordsworth for asserting that Thomson owed the national popularity that his "Winter" immediately won, to his "commonplace sentimentalities, and his vicious style!" Yet true it is, that he was sometimes guilty of both, and, but for his transcendent genius, they might have obscured the lustre of his fame. But such sins are not very frequent in the "Seasons," and were all committed in the glow of that fine and bold enthusiasm, which to his imagination arrayed all things, and all words, in a light that seemed to him at the time to be poetry—though sometimes it was but "false glitter." Admitting, then, that sometimes the style of the "Seasons" is somewhat too florid, we must not criticise single and separate passages, without holding in mind the character of the poet's genius and his inspirations. He luxuriates—he revels—he wantons—at once with an imaginative and a sensuous delight in nature. Besides, he was but young, and his great work was his first. He had not philosophized his poetical language, as Wordsworth himself has done, after long years of profoundest study of the laws of thought and speech. But in such study, while much is gained, may not something be lost? And is there not a charm in the free, flowing, chartered libertinism of the diction and versification of the "Seasons"—above all, in the closing strains of the "Winter," and in the whole of the "Hymn," which inspires a delight and wonder seldom breathed upon us—glorious poem, on the whole, as it is—from the more measured march of the "Excursion?"

All those children of the Pensive Public who have been much at school, know Thomson's description of the wolves among the Alps, Apennines, and Pyrenees,

> "Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
> Burning for blood, bony and gaunt and grim!" &c.

The first fifteen lines are equal to any thing in the whole range of English descriptive poetry, but the last ten are positively bad. Here they are—

> "The godlike face of man avails him nought!
> Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
> The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
> Now bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
> But if, apprized of the severe attack,
> The country be shut up, lured by the scent,
> On churchyard drear, (inhuman to relate!)
> The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
> The shrouded body from the grave, o'er which,
> Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl!"

Wild beasts do not like the look of the human eye—they think us ugly customers—and sometimes stand shilly-shallying in our presence, in an awkward but alarming attitude, of hunger mixed with fear. A single wolf seldom or never attacks a man. He cannot stand the face. But a person would need to have a godlike face indeed to terrify therewith an army of wolves some thousand strong. It would be the height of presumption in any man, though beautiful as Moore thought Byron, to attempt it. If so, then

> "The godlike face of man avails him nought,"

is, under the circumstances, ludicrous. Still more so is the trash about "beauty, force divine!" It is too much to expect of an army of wolves some thousand strong, "and hungry as the grave," that they should all fall down on their knees before a sweet morsel of flesh and blood, merely because the young lady was so beautiful that she might have sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence for a frontispiece to Mr. Watts's Souvenir. 'Tis all stuff, too, about the generous lion standing in softened gaze at beauty's bright glance. True, he has been known to look with a certain sort of soft surliness, upon a pretty Caffre girl, and to walk past without eating her—but simply because, an hour or two before, he had dined on a Hottentot Venus. The secret lay not in his heart, but in his stomach. Still the notion is a popular one, and how exquisitely has Spenser changed it into the divinest poetry in the character of the attendant lion of

> "Heavenly Una, with her milkwhite lamb!"

But Thomson, so far from making poetry of it in this passage, has vulgarized and blurred by

A FEW WORDS ON THOMSON.

POETRY, one might imagine, must be full of Snow-scenes. If so, they have almost all dissolved—melted away from our memory—as the transiencies in nature do which they coldly pictured Thomson's "Winter," of course, we do not include in our obliviousness—and from Cowper's "Task" we might quote many a most picturesque Snow-piece But have frost and snow been done full justice to by them or any other of our poets? They have been well spoken of by two—Southey and Coleridge—of whose most poetical compositions respectively, "Thalaba" and the "Ancient Mariner," in some future volume we may dissert. Thomson's genius does not so often delight us by exquisite minute touches in the description of nature as that of Cowper It loves to paint on a great scale, and to dash objects off sweepingly by bold strokes—such, indeed, as have almost always distinguished the mighty masters of the lyre and the rainbow Cowper sets nature before your eyes—Thomson before your imagination Which do you prefer? Both Be assured that both poets had pored night and day upon her—in all her aspects—and that she had revealed herself fully to both But they, in their religion, elected different modes of worship—and both were worthy of the mighty mother In one mood of mind we love Cowper best, in another Thomson Sometimes the Seasons are almost a Task, and sometimes the Task is out of Season There is delightful distinctness in all the pictures of the Bard of Olney—glorious gloom or glimmer in most of those of the Bard of Ednam Cowper paints trees—Thomson woods Thomson paints, in a few wondrous lines, rivers from source to sea, like the mighty Burrampooter—Cowper, in many no very wondrous lines, brightens up one bend of a stream, or awakens our fancy to the murmur of some single waterfall But a truce to antithesis—a deceptive style of criticism—and see how Thomson sings of Snow Why, in the following lines, as well as Christopher North in his Winter Rhapsody—

> "The cherish'd fields
> Put on their winter-robe of purest white
> 'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
> Along the mazy current"

Nothing can be more vivid 'Tis of the nature of an ocular spectrum

Here is a touch like one of Cowper's Note the beauty of the epithet "brown," where all that is motionless is white—

> "The foodless wilds
> Pour forth their *brown* inhabitants"

That one word proves the poet Does it not? The entire description from which these two sentences are selected by memory—a critic you may always trust to—is admirable, except in one or two places where Thomson seems to have striven to be strongly pathetic, and where he seems to us to have overshot his mark, and to have ceased to be perfectly natural. Thus—

> "Drooping, the ox
> Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
> The fruit of all his toil"

The image of the ox is as good as possible. We see him, and could paint him in oils But, to our mind, the notion of his "demanding the fruit of all his toils"—to which we freely acknowledge the worthy animal was well entitled—sounds, as it is here expressed, rather fantastical Call it doubtful—for Jemmy was never utterly in the wrong in any sentiment. Again—

> "The bleating kind
> Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
> *With looks of dumb despair*"

The second line is perfect, but the Ettrick Shepherd agreed with us—one night at Ambrose's—that the third was not quite right. Sheep, he agreed with us, do not deliver themselves up to despair under any circumstances, and here Thomson transferred what would have been his own feeling in a corresponding condition, to animals who dreadlessly follow their instincts. Thomson redeems himself in what immediately succeeds—

> 'Then, sad dispersed,
> Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow"

For, as they disperse, they do look very sad—and no doubt are so, but had they been in despair, they would not so readily, and constantly, and uniformly, and successfully, have taken to the digging, but whole flocks had perished

You will not, we are confident, be angry with us for quoting a few lines that occur soon after, and which are a noble example of the sweeping style of description which, we said above, characterizes the genius of this sublime poet —

> "From the bellowing east
> In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
> Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
> At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
> Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
> The billowy tempest whelms, till upward urged,
> The valley to a shining mountain swells,
> Tipp'd with a wreath high-curling in the sky"

Well might the bard, with such a snow-storm in his imagination, when telling the shepherds to be kind to their helpless charge, address them in a language which, in an ordinary mood, would have been bombast "Shepherds," says he, "baffle the raging year!" How? Why merely by filling their pens with food. But the whirlwind was up—

> "Far off its coming *groan'd*,"

and the poet was inspired Had he not been so, he had not cried, "Baffle the raging year," and if you be not so, you will think it a most absurd expression.

"Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky."

How do you like our recitation of that surpassing strain? Every shade of feeling should have its shade of sound—every pause its silence. But these must all come and go, untaught, unbidden, from the fulness of the heart. Then, indeed, and not till then, can words be said to be set to music—*to a celestial sing-song.*

The Mighty Minstrel recited old Ballads with a war-like march of sound that made one's heart leap, while his usually sweet smile was *drawn in*, and disappeared among the glooms that sternly gathered about his lowering brows, and gave his whole aspect a most heroic character. Rude verses, that from ordinary lips would have been almost meaningless, from his came inspired with passion. Sir Philip Sidney, who said that Chevy Chace roused him like the sound of a trumpet, had he heard Sir Walter Scott recite it, would have gone distracted. Yet the "best judges" said he murdered his own poetry—we say about as much as Homer. Wordsworth recites his own Poetry (catch him reciting any other) magnificently—while his eyes seem blind to all outward objects, like those of a somnambulist. Coleridge was the sweetest of sing-songers—and his silver voice "warbled melody." Next to theirs, we believe our own recitation of Poetry to be the most impressive heard in modern times, though we cannot deny that the leathern-eared have pronounced it detestable, and the *long-eared ludicrous, their delight being in* what is called Elocution, as it is taught by player-folk.

Oh, friendly reader of these our Recreations! thou needst not to be told—yet in love let us tell thee—that there are a thousand ways of dealing in description with Nature, so as to make her poetical; but sentiment there always must be, else it is stark nought. You may infuse the sentiment by a single touch—by a ray of light no thicker, nor one thousandth part so thick, as the finest needle ever silk-threaded by lady's finger; or you may dance it in with a flutter of sunbeams; or you may splash it in as with a gorgeous cloud-stain stolen from sunset; or you may bathe it in with a shred of the rainbow. Perhaps the highest power of all possessed by the sons of song, is to breathe it in with the breath, to let it slip in with the light, of the common day!

Then some poets there are, who show you a scene all of a sudden, by *means* of a few magical words—just as if you opened your eyes at their bidding—and in place of a blank, a world. Others, again, as good and as great, create their world gradually before your eyes, for the delight of your soul, that loves to gaze on the growing glory; but delight is lost in wonder, and you know that they, too, are warlocks. Some heap image upon image, piles of imagery on piles of imagery, as if they were ransacking and robbing and red-reavering earth, sea, and sky; yet all things there are consentaneous with one grand design, which, when consummated, is a Whole that seems to typify the universe. Others give you but fragments—but such as awaken imaginations of beauty and of power transcendent, like that famous Torso. And some show you Nature glimmering beneath a veil which, nunlike, she has religiously taken; and then call not Nature ideal only in that holy twilight, *for then it is* that she is spiritual, and we who belong to her feel that we shall live for ever.

Thus—and *in other wondrous* ways—the great poets are the great painters, and so are they the great musicians. But how they are so, some other time may we tell; suffice it now to say, that as we listen to the mighty masters—"sole or responsive to each other's voice"—

"Now, 'tis like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now 'tis like an angel's song
That bids the heavens be mute!"

Why will so many myriads of men and women, denied by nature "the vision and the faculty divine," persist in the delusion that they are poetizing, while they are but versifying "this bright and breathing world?" They see truly not even the outward objects of sight. But of all the rare affinities and relationships in Nature, visible or audible to Fine-ear-and-Fine-eye the Poet, not a whisper—not a glimpse have they ever heard or seen, any more than had they been born deaf-blind.

They paint a landscape, but nothing "prates of their whereabouts," while they were sitting on a tripod, with their paper on their knees, drawing—their breath. For, in the front ground is a castle, against which, if you offer *to stir a step, you infallibly break your head,* unless providentially stopped by that extraordinary vegetable-looking substance, perhaps a tree, growing bolt upright out of an intermediate stone, that has wedged itself in long after there had ceased to be even standing-room in that strange theatre of nature. But down from "the swelling instep of a mountain's foot," that has protruded itself through a wood, while the body of the mountain prudently remains in the extreme distance, descends on you, ere you have recovered from your unexpected encounter with the old Roman cement, an unconscionable cataract. There stands a deer or goat, or rather some beast with horns, "strictly anonymous," placed for effect, contrary to all cause, in a place where it seems as uncertain how he got in as it is certain that he never can get out till he becomes a hippogriff.

The true poet, again, has such potent eyes, that when he lets down the lids, he sees just as well, perhaps better than when they were up; for in that deep, earnest, inward gaze, the *fluctuating sea of scenery subsides into a*

at the natural and inevitable emotion of terror and pity. Famished wolves *howking* up the dead is a dreadful image—but "*inhuman to relate*," is not an expression heavily laden with meaning, and the sudden, abrupt, violent, and, as we feel, unnatural introduction of ideas purely superstitious, at the close, is revolting, and miserably mars the terrible truth

> "Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl."

Why, pray, are the shades foul, and the ghosts only frightened? And wherein lies the specific difference between a shade and a ghost? Besides, if the ghosts were frightened, which they had good reason to be, why were not they off? We have frequently read of their wandering far from home, on occasions when they had no such excellent excuse to offer. This line, therefore, we have taken the liberty to erase from our pocket-copy of the Seasons—and to draw a few keelavine strokes over the rest of the passage—beginning with "man's godlike face."

Go read, then, the opening of "Winter," and acknowledge that, of all climates and all countries, there are none within any of the zones of earth that will bear a moment's comparison with those of Scotland. Forget the people if you can, and think only of the region. The lovely Lowlands undulating away into the glorious Highlands—the spirit of sublimity and the spirit of beauty one and the same, as it blends them in indissoluble union. Bury us alive in the dungeon's gloom—incommunicable with the light of day as the grave—it could not seal our eyes to the sight of Scotland. We should see it still by rising or by setting suns. Whatever blessed scene we chose to call on would become an instant apparition. Nor in that thick-ribbed vault would our eyes be deaf to her rivers and her seas. We should say our prayers to their music, and to the voice of the thunder on a hundred hills. We stand now in no need of senses. They are waxing dim—but our spirit may continue to brighten long as the light of love is allowed to dwell therein, thence proceeding over nature like a victorious morn.

There are many beautiful passages in the poets about Rain, but who ever sang its advent so passionately as in these strains?—

> "The effusive south
> Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
> Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
> At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
> Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
> In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
> Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
> Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
> Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
> Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
> And full of every hope and every joy,
> The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
> Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
> Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
> Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
> Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffused
> In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
> Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
> And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
> Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
> The falling verdure.'"

All that follows is, you know, as good—better it cannot be—till we come to the close, the perfection of poetry, and then sally out into the shower, and join the hymn of earth to heaven—

> "The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
> By such as wander through the forest walks,
> Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
> But who can hold the shade, while heaven descends
> In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
> And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
> Swift Fancy fired anticipates their growth;
> And while the milky nutriment distils,
> Beholds the kindling country colour round."

Thomson, they say, was too fond of epithets. Not he indeed. Strike out one of the many there—and your sconce shall feel the crutch. A poet less conversant with nature would have feared to say, "sits on the horizon round *a settled gloom*," or rather, he would not have seen or thought it was a settled gloom, and, therefore, he could not have said—

> "——'But lovely, gentle, kind,
> And full of every hope and every joy,
> *The wish of Nature*.'"

Leigh Hunt—most vivid of poets, and most cordial of critics—somewhere finely speaks of a ghastly line in a poem of Keats'—

> "Riding to Florence with the murder'd man,"

that is, the man about to be murdered—imagination conceiving as one, doom and death. Equally great are the words—

> "'Herds and flocks
> Drop the dry sprig, and, mute imploring, eye
> The falling verdure.'"

The verdure is seen in the shower—to be the very shower—by the poet at least—perhaps by the cattle, in their thirsty hunger forgetful of the brown ground, and swallowing the dropping herbage. The birds had not been so sorely distressed by the drought as the beasts, and therefore the poet speaks of them, not as relieved from misery, but as visited with gladness—

> "Hush'd in short suspense,
> The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
> To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
> And wait th' approaching sign, to strike, at once,
> Into the general choir."

Then, and not till then, the *humane* poet bethinks him of the insensate earth—insensate not, for beast and bird being satisfied, and lowing and singing in their gratitude, so do the places of their habitation yearn for the blessing—

> "E'en mountains, vales,
> And forests, seem, impatient, to demand
> The promised sweetness."

The *religious* Poet then speaks for his kind—and says devoutly—

> "Man superior walks
> Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
> And looking lively gratitude."

In that mood he is justified to feast his fancy with images of the beauty as well as the bounty of nature, and genius in one line has concentrated them all—

> "Beholds the kindling country colour round."

'Tis "an a' day's rain"—and "the well-showered earth is deep-enriched with vegetable life." And what kind of an evening? We have seen many such—and every succeeding one more beautiful, more glorious to our eyes than another—because of these words in which the beauty and the glory of one and all are enshrined—

of night, "vague, bombastic, and senseless," and Pope's celebrated translation of the moonlight scene in the "Iliad," altogether "absurd"—and then, without ever once dreaming of any necessity of showing them to be so, or even, if he had succeeded in doing so, of the utter illogicality of any argument drawn from their failure to establish the point he is hammering at, he all at once says, with the most astounding assumption, "*having shown* that much of what his [Thomson's] biographer deemed genuine admiration, must, in fact, have been blind wonderment—how is the rest to be accounted for?" "*Having shown*"!!! Why, he has shown nothing but his own arrogance in supposing that his mere *ipse dixit* will be taken by the whole world as proof that Dryden and Pope had not the use of their eyes "Strange to think of an enthusiast," he says, (alluding to the passage in Pope's translation of the "Iliad,") "as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of a moonlight sky, without having his raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their *absurdity*!" We are no enthusiasts—we are far too old for that folly, but we have eyes in our head, though sometimes rather dim and motey, and as good eyes, too, as Mr Wordsworth, and we often have recited—and hope often will recite them again—Pope's exquisite lines, not only without any "suspicion of their absurdity," but with the conviction of a most devout belief that, with some little vagueness perhaps, and repetition, and a word here and there that might be altered for the better, the description is most beautiful But grant it miserable—grant all Mr Wordsworth has so dictatorially uttered—and what then? Though descriptive poetry did not flourish during the period between "Paradise Lost" and the "Seasons," nevertheless, did not mankind enjoy the use of their seven senses? Could they not see and hear without the aid of those oculists and aurists, the poets? Were all the shepherds and agriculturists of England and Scotland blind and deaf to all the sights and sounds of nature, and all the gentlemen and ladies too, from the king and queen upon the throne, to the lowest of their subjects? Very like a whale! Causes there were why poetry flowed during that era in another channel than that of the description of natural scenery, and if it flowed too little in that channel then—which is true—equally is it true that it flows now in it too much—especially among the poets of the Lake School, to the neglect, not of sentiments and affections—for there they excel—but of strong direct human passion applied to the stir and tumult—of which the interest is profound and eternal—of all the great affairs of human life But though the descriptive poets during the period between Milton and Thomson were few and indifferent, no reason is there in this world for imagining, with Mr Wordsworth, that men had forgotten both the heavens and the earth They had not—nor was the wonder with which they must have regarded the great shows of nature, the "natural product of ignorance," then, any more than it is now, or ever was during a civilized age. If we be right in saying so—then neither could the admiration which the "Seasons," on the first appearance of that glorious poem, excited, be said, with any truth, to have been but a "wonder, the natural product of ignorance"

Mr Wordsworth having thus signally failed in his attempt to show that "much of what Thomson's biographer deemed genuine admiration, must, in fact, have been blind wonderment," let us accompany him in his equally futile efforts to show "how the rest is to be accounted for" He attempts to do so after this fashion —"Thomson was fortunate in the very title of his poem, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one, in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he writes a vicious style, and his false ornaments are exactly of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning He likewise abounds with sentimental commonplaces, that, from the manner in which they were brought forward, bore an imposing air of novelty In any well-used copy of the 'Seasons,' the book generally opens of itself with the Rhapsody on Love, or with one of the stories, perhaps of Damon and Musidora These also are prominent in our Collections of Extracts, and are the parts of his work which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice"

Thomson, in one sense, *was fortunate* in the *title* of his poem But a great poet like Wordsworth might—nay, ought to have chosen another word—or have given of that word a loftier explanation, when applied to Thomson's *choice* of the Seasons for the subject of his immortal poem Genius made that choice—not fortune The "Seasons" are not merely the "*title*" of his poem—they are his poem, and his poem is the Seasons But how, pray, can Thomson be said to have been *fortunate* in the *title* or the subject either of his poem, in the sense that Mr Wordsworth means? Why, according to him, people knew little, and cared less, about the Seasons "The art of seeing had in some measure been learned!" That he allows—but that was all—and that all is but little—and surely far from being enough to have disposed people in general to listen to the strains of a poet who painted nature in all her moods, and under all her aspects Thomson, then, we say, was either most *unfortunate* in the title of his poem, or there was not with the many that indifference to, and ignorance of natural scenery, on which Mr Wordsworth so strenuously insists as part, or rather whole, of his preceding argument

The title, Mr Wordsworth says, seemed "to bring the poem home to the *prepared sympathies* of every one!" What! to the prepared sympathies of those who had merely, in some measure, learned the "art of seeing," and who had "paid," as he says in another sentence, "little accurate attention to the appearance of nature!" Never did the weakest mind ever fall into grosser contradictions than does here one of the strongest, in vainly labouring to bolster up a silly assertion, which he has desperately ventured on from a most mistaken conceit that it was necessary to account for the

settled calm, where all is harmony as well as beauty—order as well as peace What though he have been fated, through youth and manhood, to dwell in city smoke? His childhood—his boyhood—were overhung with trees, and through its heart went the murmur of waters Then it is, we verily believe, that in all poets, is filled with images up to the brim, Imagination's treasury Genius, growing, and grown up to maturity, is still a prodigal. But he draws on the Bank of Youth. His bills, whether at a short or long date, are never dishonoured, nay, made payable at sight, they are as good as gold Nor cares that Bank for a run, made even in a panic, for besides bars and billets, and wedges and blocks of gold, there are, unappreciable beyond the riches which against a time of trouble

"The Sultan hides in his ancestral tombs,"

jewels and diamonds sufficient

"To ransom great kings from captivity"

We sometimes think that the power of painting Nature to the life, whether in her real or ideal beauty, (both belonging to *life*,) is seldom evolved to its utmost, until the mind possessing it is withdrawn in the body from all rural *environment* It has not been so with Wordsworth, but it was so with Milton The descriptive poetry in Comus is indeed rich as rich may be, but certainly not so great, perhaps not so beautiful, as that in Paradise Lost

It would seem to be so with all of us, small as well as great, and were *we*—Christopher North—to compose a poem on Loch Skene, two thousand feet or so above the level of the sea, and some miles from a house, we should desire to do so in a metropolitan cellar Desire springs from separation The spirit seeks to unite itself to the beauty it loves, the grandeur it admires, the sublimity it almost fears, and all these being o'er the hills and far way, or on the hills cloud-hidden, why it—the spirit—makes itself wings—or rather wings grow up of themselves in its passion, and naturewards it flies like a dove or an eagle *People looking* at us believe us present, but they never were so far mistaken in their lives, for in the Seamew are we sailing with the tide through the moonshine on Loch Etive—or hanging o'er the gulf of peril on the bosom of Skyroura

We are sitting now in a dusky den—with our eyes shut—but we see the whole Highlands Our Highland Mountains are of the best possible magnitude—ranging between two and four thousand feet high—and then in what multitudes! The more familiar you become with them, the mightier they appear—and you *feel that it is all sheer folly to seek to dwindle* or dwarf them, by comparing them as they rise before your eyes with your imagination of Mont Blanc and those eternal glaciers If you can bring them under your command, you are indeed a sovereign—and have a noble set of subjects In some weather they are of any height you choose to put upon them—say thirty thousand feet—in other states of the atmosphere you think you could walk over their summits and down into the region beyond in in an hour We have seen Cruachan, during a whole black day, swollen into such enormous bulk, that *Loch Awe looked like but a sullen* river at its base, her woods bushes, and Kilchurn no bigger than a cottage. The whole visible scene was but he and his shadow. They seemed to make the day black, rather than the day to make them so—and at nightfall he took wider and loftier possession of the sky—the clouds congregated round without hiding his summit, on which seemed to twinkle, like earth-lighted fires, a few uncertain star Rain drive you into a shieling—and you sit there for an hour or two in eloquent confabulation with the herdsman, your English against his Gaelic Out of the door you creep—and gaze in astonishment on a new world The mist is slowly rolling up and away in long lines of clouds, preserving, perhaps, a beautiful regularity on their ascension and evanescence, and between them

"Tier above tier, a wooded theatre
Of stateliest view,"

or cliff galleries with strange stone images sitting up aloft, and yet your eyes have not reached the summits, nor will they reach them, till all that vapoury ten-mile-long mass dissolve, or be scattered, and then you start to see them, as if therein had been but their bases, THE MOUNTAINS, with here and there a peak illumined, reposing in the blue serene that smiles as if all the while it had been above reach of the storm.

The power of Egoism accompanies us into solitude, nay, is even more life pervading there than in the hum of men There the stocks and stones are more impressible than those we sometimes stumble on in human society, and, moulded at our will, take what shape we choose to give them, the trees follow our footsteps, though our lips be mute, and we may have left at home our fiddle—more potent we in our actuality than the fabled Orpheus Be hushed, ye streams, and listen unto Christopher! Be changed, ye clouds, and attentive unto North! And at our bidding silent the cataract on the *cliff—the thunder on the sky The sea beholds* us on the shore—and his one huge frown transformed into a multitudinous smile, he turns flowing affections towards us along the golden sands—and in a fluctuating hindrance of lovely foam-wreaths envelopes our feet!

To return to Thomson. Wordsworth labours to prove, in one of his "postliminious prefaces," that the true spirit of the "Seasons," till long after their publication, was neither felt nor understood In the conduct of his argument he does not shine. That the poem was at once admired he is forced to admit, but then, according to him, the admiration was false and hollow—it was regarded but with that wonder which is the "natural product of ignorance" After having observed that, excepting the "Nocturnal Reverie" of Lady Winchilsea, and a passage or two in the "Windsor Forest" of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the "Paradise Lost" and the "Seasons," does not contain a single new image of external nature, he proceeds to call the once well-known verses of Dryden in the "Indian Emperor," descriptive of the hush

commonplaces, false ornaments, and a vicious style. But Thomson, in spite of all these, leapt at once into a glorious life, and a still more glorious immortality

There is no mystery in the matter Thomson—a great poet—poured his genius over a subject of universal interest, and the "Seasons" from that hour to this—then, now, and for ever—have been, are, and will be loved, and admired by all the world All over Scotland "The Seasons" is a household-book Let the taste and feeling shown by the Collectors of Elegant Extracts be poor as possible, yet Thomson's countrymen, high and low, rich and poor, have all along not only gloried in his illustrious fame, but have made a very manual of his great work It lies in many thousand cottages We have ourselves seen it in the shepherd's shieling, and in the woodman's bower—small, yellow-leaved, tatter'd, mean, miserable, calf-skin-bound, smoked, *stinking* copies—let us not fear to utter the word, ugly but true—yet perused, pored, and pondered over by those humble dwellers, by the winter ingle or on the summer brae, perhaps with as enlightened—certainly with as imagination-overmastering a delight as ever enchained the spirits of the high-born and highly-taught to their splendid copies lying on richly carved tables, and bound in crimson silk or velvet, in which the genius of painting strives to imbody that of poetry, and the printer's art to lends its beauty to the very shape of the words in which the bard's immortal spirit is enshrined "The art of seeing" has flourished for many centuries in Scotland Men, women, and children, all look up to her loveful blue or wrathful black skies, with a weather-wisdom that keeps growing from the cradle to the grave Say not that 'tis alone

> "The poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
> Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind"

In scriptural language, loftier even than that, the same imagery is applied to the sights seen by the true believer Who is it "that maketh the clouds his chariot?" The Scottish peasantry—Highland and Lowland—look much and often on nature thus, and they live in the heart of the knowledge and of the religion of nature Therefore do they love Thomson as an inspired bard—only a little lower than the Prophets In like manner have the people of Scotland—from time immemorial—enjoyed the use of their ears Even persons somewhat hard of hearing, are not deaf to her waterfalls In the sublime invocation to Winter, which we have quoted—we hear Thomson recording his own worship of nature in his boyish days, when he roamed among the hills of his father's parish, far away from the manse In those strange and stormy delights did not thousands of thousands of the Scottish boyhood familiarly live among the mists and snows? Of all that number he alone had the genius to "here eternize on earth" his joy—but many millions have had souls to join religiously in the hymns he chanted Yea, his native land, with one mighty voice, has for upwards of a century responded,

> "These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
> Are but the varied God"

THE SNOWBALL BICKER OF PEDMOUNT.

Beautiful as Snow yet is to our eyes, even through our spectacles, how gray it looks beside that which used to come with the long winters that glorified the earth in our youth till the white lustre was more delightful even than the green—and we prayed that the fine fleecy flakes might never cease falling waveringly from the veil of the sky! No sooner comes the winter now, than it is away again to one of the Poles Then, it was a year in itself—a whole life We remember slides a quarter of a mile long, on level meadows, and some not less steep, down the sides of hills that to us were mountains No boy can slide on one leg now—not a single shoe seems to have sparables The florid style of skating shows that that fine art is degenerating, and we look in vain for the grand simplicity of the masters that spread-eagled in the age of its perfection A change has come over the spirit of the curlers' dream They seem to our ears r
to have "quat their roaring play"
of "swoop-swoop" is heard still—but
feeble, and unimpassioned cry, compa
that which used, on the Mearns Bro
to make the welkin ring, and for a m
startle the moon and stars—those in the sky, as well as those below the ice—till again the tumult subsided—and all the host of heaven above and beneath became serene as a world of dreams Is it not even so, Shepherd? What is a rink now on a pond in Duddingstone policy, to the rinks that rang and roared of old on the Loch o' the Lowes, when every stone, circled in a halo of spray, seemed instinct with spirit to obey, along all its flight, the voice of him that launched it on its unerring aim, and sometimes, in spite of his awkward skillessness, when the fate of the game hung on his own single crank, went cannonading through all obstacles, till it fell asleep, like a beauty as it was, just as it kissed the Tee!

Again we see—again we sit in the Snow-house, built by us boys out of a drift in the minister's glebe, a drift—judging by the steeple, which was sixty—about twenty feet high—and
than any marble The roof was all
with diamonds, which frost saved from
The porch of the palace was pilla
he character of the building ou
thout any servile imitation—
in the glow of original ge

kind of reception which his own poetry had met with from the present age. The truth is, that had Mr. Wordsworth known, when he indited these luckless and helpless sentences, that his own poetry was, *in the best sense of the word*, a thousand times more popular than he supposed it to be—and, Heaven be praised, for the honour of the age, it was and is so!—never had they been written, nor had he here and elsewhere laboured to prove, that in proportion as poetry is bad, or rather as it is no poetry at all, is it, has been, and always will be, more and more popular in the age contemporary with the writer. That Thomson, in the Seasons, *sometimes writes a vicious style*, may be true, but it is not true that he *often* does so. His style has its faults, no doubt, and some of them inextricably interwoven with the web of his composition. It is a dangerous style to imitate—especially to dunces. But its *virtue is divine*, and that *divine virtue*, even in this low world of ours, wins admiration more surely and widely than *earthly vice*—be it in words, thoughts, feelings, or actions—is a creed that we will not relinquish at the beck or bidding even of the great author of the "Excursion."

That many did—do—and will admire the bad or indifferent passages in the Seasons—won by their false glitter or commonplace sentimentalism, is no doubt true; but the delight, though as intense as perhaps it may be foolish, with which boys and virgins, woman mantua-makers and man-milliners, and "the rest," peruse the Rhapsody on Love—one passage of which we ventured to be facetious on in our Soliloquy on the Seasons—and hang over the picture of Musidora undressing, while Damon watches the process of disrobement, panting behind a tree, will never account for the admiration with which the whole world hailed the "Winter," the first published of the "Seasons," during which, Thomson had not the barbarity to plunge any young lady naked into the cold bath, nor the ignorance to represent, during such cold weather, any young lady turning her lover sick by the ardour of her looks, and the vehemence of her whole enamoured deportment. The time never was—nor could have been—when such passages were generally esteemed the glory of the poem. Indeed, independently of its own gross absurdity, the assertion is at total variance with that other assertion, equally absurd, that people admired most in the poem what they least understood; for the Rhapsody on Love is certainly very intelligible, nor does there seem much mystery in Musidora going into the water to wash and cool herself on a hot day. Is it not melancholy, then, to hear such a man as Mr Wordsworth, earnestly, and even somewhat angrily, trying to prove that "these are the parts of the work which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice?"

With respect to the "sentimental commonplaces with which Thomson abounds," no doubt they were and are popular, and many of them deserve to be so, for they are on a level with the usual current of human feeling, and many of them are eminently beautiful. Thomson had not the philosophical genius of Wordsworth, but he had a warm human heart, and its generous feelings overflow all his poems. These are not the *most poetical parts* of the "Seasons," certainly, *where such effusions prevail*, but still, so far from being either *vicious* or *worthless*, they have often a virtue and a worth that must be felt by all the children of men. There is something not very credible in the situation of the parties in the story of the "lovely young Lavinia," for example, and much of the sentiment is commonplace enough, but will Mr Wordsworth say—in support of his theory, that the worst poetry is always at first (and at last too, it would seem, from the pleasure with which that tale is still read by all simple minds) the most popular—that that story is a bad one? It is a very beautiful one.

Mr. Wordsworth, in all his argumentation, is so blinded by his determination to see *every thing in but one light, and that a most mistaken one*, that he is insensible to the conclusion to which it all leads, or rather, which is involved in it. Why, according to him, *even now*, when people have not only learned the "art of seeing"—a blessing for which they can never be too thankful—but when descriptive poetry has long flourished far beyond its palmiest state in any other era of our literature, still are we poor common mortals who admire the "Seasons," just as deaf and blind now, or nearly so, to their real merit—allowed to be transcendent—as our unhappy forefathers were when that poem first appeared, "a glorious apparition." The Rhapsody on Love, and Damon and Musidora, are still, according to him, its chief attraction—its false ornaments—and its sentimental commonplaces—such as those, we presume, on the benefits of early rising, and,

"Oh! little think the gay licentious proud!"

What a nest of ninnies must people in general be in Mr Wordsworth's eyes! And is the "Excursion" not to be placed by the side of "Paradise Lost," till the Millennium?

Such is the *reasoning* (!) of one of the first of our English poets, against not only the people of Britain, but mankind. One other sentence there is which we had forgotten—but now remember—which is to help us to distinguish, in the case of the reception the "Seasons" met with, between "wonder and legitimate admiration!" "The subject of the work is the changes produced in the appearances of nature by the revolution of the year, *and, undertaking to write in verse, Thomson pledged himself to treat his subject as became a poet!*" How original and profound! Thomson redeemed his pledge, and that great pawnbroker, the public, returned to him his *poem* at the end of a year and a day. Now what is the "mighty stream of tendency" of that remark? Were the public, or the people, or the world, gulled by this unheard-of pledge of Thomson, to regard his work with that "wonder which is the natural product of ignorance!" If they were so in his case, why not in every other? All poets pledge themselves to be poetical, but too many of them are wretchedly prosaic—die and are buried, or, what is worse, protract a miserable existence, in spite of their sentimental

last night's frost. But there lies a fresh fall—and a better day for a Bicker never rose flakily from the yellow East. Far out of distance, and prodigal of powder lying three feet deep on the flats, and heaped up in drifts to tree and chimney-top, the tirailleurs, flung out in front, commence the conflict by a shower of balls that, from the bosom of the yet untrodden snow between the two battles, makes spin like spray the shining surface. Then falling back on the main body, they find their places in the front rank, and the whole mottled mass, gray, blue, and scarlet, moves onwards o'er the whiteness, a moment ere they close,

"Calm as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!"

"Let fly," cries a clear voice—and the snowball-storm hurtles through the sky. Just then the valley-mouth blew sleety in the faces of the foe—their eyes, as if darkened with snuff or salt, blinked bat-like—and with erring aim flew their feckless return to that shower of frosty fire. Incessant is the silent cannonade of the resistless School—silent but when shouts proclaim the fall or flight of some doughty champion in the adverse legion.

See—see—the Sacred Band are broken! The cravens taken ignominiously to flight—and the Mad Domine and Bob Howie alone are left to bear the brunt of battle. A dreadful brotherhood! But the bashing balls are showered upon them right and left from scores of catapultic arms—and the day is going sore against them, though they fight less like men than devils. Hurra! the Dominie's down, and Bob staggers. "Guards, up and at them!" "A simultaneous charge of cocks, hens, and yearocks!" No sooner said than done. Bob Howie is buried—and the whole School is trampling on its Master!

"Oh, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!"

The smothered ban of Bob, and the stifled denunciations of the Dominie, have echoed o'er the hill, and,

"Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,"

the runaways, shaking the snows of panic from their pows,

"Like dewdrops from the lion's mane,"

come rushing to the rescue. Two of the Six tremble and turn. The high heroic scorn of their former selves urges four to renew the charge, and the sound of their feet on the snow is like that of an earthquake. What bashes on bloody noses! What bungings-up of eyes! Of lips what slittings! Red is many a spittle! And as the coughing urchin groans, and claps his hand to his mouth, distained is the snowball that drops unlaunched at his feet! The School are broken—their hearts die within them—and—can we trust our blasted eyes?—the white livers show the white feather, and fly! O shame! O sorrow! O sin! they turn their backs and fly! Disgraced are the mothers that bore them—and "happy in my mind," wives and widows, "were ye that died," undoomed to hear the tidings of this wretched overthrow! Heavens and earth! sixty are flying before Six!—and half of sixty—oh! that we should record it!—*are pretending to be dead!!* Would indeed that the snow were their winding-sheet, so that it might but hide our dishonour!

Look, we beseech you, at the Mad Dominie! like Hector issuing from the gates of Troy, and driving back the Greeks to their ships, or rather—hear, spirit of Homer!—like some great shaggy, outlandish wolf-dog, that hath swum ashore from some strange wreck, and, after a fortnight's famine on the bare sea-cliffs, been driven by the hunger that gnaws his stomach like a cancer, and the thirst-fever that can only be slaked in blood, to venture prowling for prey up the vale, till, snuffing the scent of a flock of sheep, after some grim tiger-like creeping on his belly, he springs at last, with huge long spangs, on the woolly people, with bull-like growlings quailing their poor harmless hearts, and then fast throttling them, one after another—till, as it might seem rather in wantonness of rage than in empty pangs, he lies down at last in the midst of all the murdered carcasses, licking the blood off his flews and paws—and then, looking and listening round with his red turbid eyes, and sharp-pointed ears savagely erect, conscious of crime and fearful of punishment, soon as he sees and hears that all the coast is clear and still, again gloatingly fastens his tusks behind the ears, and then eats into the kidneys of the fattest of the flock, till, sated with gore and tallow, he sneaks stealthily into the wood, and coiling himself up all his wiry length—now no longer lank, but swollen and knotted like that of a deer-devouring snake—he falls suddenly asleep, and re-banquets in a dream of murder.

That simile was conceived in the spirit of Dan Homer, but delivered in that of Kit North. No matter. Like two such wolf-dogs are now Bob Howie and the Mad Dominie—and the School like such silly sheep. Those other hell-dogs are leaping in the rear—and to the eyes of fear and flight each one of the Six seems more many-headed than Cerberus, while their mouths kindle the frosty air into fire, and thunderbolts pursue the pell-mell of the panic.

Such and so imaginative is not only mental but corporal fear. What though it be but a Snowball bicker! The air is darkened—no, brightened by the balls, as in many a curve they describe their airy flight—some hard as stones—some soft as slush—some blae and drippy in the cold-hot hand that launches them on the flying foe, and these are the teazers—some almost transparent in the cerulean sky, and broken ere they reach their aim, abortive "armamentaria cœli"—and some useless from the first, and felt, as they leave the palm, to be fozier than the foziest turnip, and unfit to bash a fly.

Far and wide, over hill, bank, and brae, are spread the flying School! Squads of us, at sore sixes and sevens, are making for the frozen woods. Alas! poor covert now in their naked leaflessness for the stricken deer! Twos and threes, in miserable plight floundering in drift-wreaths! And here and there—wofulest

none of us had then ever seen itself or its picture—wonderfully like the Parthenon Entering, you found yourself in a superb hall, lighted up—*not with gas, for up to that era gas* had not been used except in Pandemonium—but with a vast multitude of farthing candles, each in a turnip stuck into the wall—while a chandelier *of frozen snow-branches pendent from the roof set that presence-chamber in a* blaze On a throne at the upper end sat young Christopher North—then the king of boys, as now of men—and proud were his subjects to do him homage In niches all around the side-walls were couches covered with hare, rabbit, foumart, and fox's skins—furnished by these animals slain by us in the woods and among the rocks of that silvan and moorland parish—the regal Torus alone being spread with the dun-deer's hide from Lochiel Forest in Lochaber Then old airs were sung—in sweet single voice—or in full chorus that startled the wandering night traveller on his way to the lone Kingswell, and then, in the intermediate hush, old tales were told "of goblin, ghost, or fairy," or of Wallace Wight at the Barns of Ayr or the Brigg o' Stirling—or, a glorious outlaw, harbouring in caves among the Cartlane Craigs—or of Robert Bruce the Deliverer, on his shelty cleaving in twain the skull of Bohun the English knight, on his thundering war-steed, armed cap-a-pie, while the King of Scotland had nothing on his unconquered head but his plain golden crown Tales of the Snow-house! Had we but the genius to recall you to life in undying song!

Nor was our frozen hall at all times uncheered by the smiles of beauty With those smiles was heard the harmless love-whisper, and the harmless kiss of love, for the cottages poured forth their little lasses in flower-like bands, nor did their parents fear to trust them in the fairy frozen palace, where Christopher was king Sometimes the old people themselves came to see the wonders of the lamp, and on a snow-table stood a huge bowl—not of snow—steaming with nectar that made Hyems smile as he hung his beard over the fragrant vapour Nay, the minister himself—with his mother and sister—was with us in our fantastic festivities, and gave to the architecture of our palace his wondering praise Then Andrew Lindsey, the blind Paisley musician, a Latin scholar, who knew where Cremona stood, struck up on his famous fiddle jig or strathspey—and the swept floor, in a moment, was alive with a confused flight of foursome reels, each begun and ended with kisses, and maddened by many a whoop and yell—so like savages were we in our glee, dancing at the marriage of some island king!

Countless years have fled since that Snow-palace melted away—and of all who danced there, how many are now alive! Pshaw! as many probably as then danced anywhere else It would never do to live for ever—let us then live well and wisely, and when death comes—from that sleep how blessed to awake! in a region where is no frost—no snow—but the sun of eternal life!

Mercy on us! what a hubbub!—can the harriers be hunting in such a snow-fall as this, and is poor pussy in view before the whole murderous pack, opening in full cry on her haunches? Why—Imagination, thou art an *ass, and thy long ears at all times greedy of* deception! 'Tis but the country Schoolhouse pouring forth its long-imprisoned stream of life as in a sudden sunny thaw, the Mad Master *flying in the van of his helter-skelter scholars, and the whole yelling mass precipitated, many* of them headlong, among the snow Well do we know the fire-eyed Poet-pedagogue, who, more outrageous than Apollo, has "ravished all the Nine" Ode, elegy, epic, tragedy, or farce—all come alike to him, and of all the bards we have ever known—and the sum-total cannot be under a thousand—he alone, judging from the cock and the squint of his eye, labours under the blessing or the curse—we wot not whilk it be—of perpetual inspiration A rare eye, too, is his at the setting of a spring for woodcocks, or tracking a mawkin on the snow Not a daredevil in the school that durst follow the indentations of his toes and fingers up the wall of the old castle, to the holes just below the battlements, to thrust his arm up to the elbows harrying the starlings' nests The corbies ken the shape of his shoulders, as craftily he threads the wood, and let them build their domicil as high as the swinging twigs will bear its weight, agile as squirrel, and as foumart ferocious, up speels, by the height undizzied, the dreadless Dominie, and should there be fledged or puddock-haired young ones among the wool, whirling with guttural cawings down a hundred feet descent, on the hard rooty ground-floor from which springs pine, oak, or ash, driven out is the life, with a squelsh and a squash, from the worthless carrion At swimming we should not boggle to back him for the trifle of a cool hundred against the best survivor among these water-serpents, Mr Turner, Dr Bedale, Lieutenant Ekenhead, Lord Byron, Leander, and Ourselves—while, with the steel shiners on his soles, into what a set of ninnies in their ring would he not reduce the Edinburgh Skating Club?

Saw ye ever a Snowball Bicker? Never? Then look there with all the eyes in your head—only beware of a bash on the bridge of your nose, a bash that shall die the snow with your virgin blood The Poet-pedagogue, *alias* the Mad Dominie, with Bob Howie as his Second in Command, has chosen the Six stoutest striplings for his troop, and, at the head of that Sacred Band, offers battle to Us at the head of the whole School Nor does that formidable force decline the combat War levels all foolish distinctions of scholarship Booby is Dux now, and Dux Booby—and the obscure dunce is changed into an illustrious hero

"The combat deepens—on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Nitton, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy schoolery!"

Down from the mount on which it had been drawn up in battle-array, in solid-square comes the School army, with shouts that might waken the dead, and inspire with the breath of life the nostrils of the great Snow-giant built up at the end of yonder avenue, and indurated by

ility to the grave 'Twould be well for the world were there in it more such men By way of proving their manhood, we have heard grown-up people abuse their own boyhood—forgetting what our great Philosophical Poet—after Milton and Dryden—has told them, that

"The boy is father of the man,"

and thus libelling the author of their existence A poor boy indeed must he have been, who submitted to misery when the sun was new in heaven Did he hate or despise the flowers around his feet, congratulating him on being young like themselves! the stars, young always, though Heaven only knows how many million years old, every night sparkling in happiness which they manifestly wished him to share? Did he indeed in his heart believe that the moon, in spite of her shining midnight face, was made of green cheese? Not only are the foundations dug and laid in boyhood, of all the knowledge and the feelings of our prime, but the ground-flat too built, and often the second story of the entire superstructure, from the windows of which, the soul looking out, beholds nature in her state, and leaps down, unafraid of a fall on the green or white bosom of earth, to join with hymns the front of the procession The soul afterwards perfects her palace—building up tier after tier of all imaginable orders of architecture—till the shadowy roof, gleaming with golden cupolas, like the cloud-region of the setting sun, set the heavens a-blaze

Gaze up on the highest idea—gaze down on the profoundest emotion—and you will know and feel in a moment that it is not a new birth. You become a devout believer in the Pythagorean and Platonic doctrine of metempsychosis and reminiscence, and are awed by the mysterious consciousness of the thought "Before!" Try then to fix its date, and back travels your soul, now groping its way in utter darkness, and now in darkness visible—now launching along lines of steady lustre such as the moon throws on the broad bosoms of starry lakes—now dazzled by sudden contrast—

"Blind with excess of light!"

But back let it travel, as best or worst it may, through and amidst eras after eras of the wan or radiant past, yet never, except for some sweet instant of delusion, breaking dewdrop-like at a touch or a breath, during all that perilous pilgrimage—and perilous must it be, haunted by so many ghosts—never may it reach the shrine it seeks—the fountain from which first flowed that feeling whose origin seems to have been out of the world of time—dare we say—in eternity!

CHRISTMAS DREAMS.

How graciously provided are all the subdivisions of Time, diversifying the dream of human life! And why should moralists mourn over the mutability that gives the chief charm to all that passes so transitorily before our eyes!—leaving image upon image in the waters of memory, that can bear being stirred without being disturbed, and contain steadier and steadier reflections as they seem to repose on an unfathomable depth!—the years, the months, the weeks, the days, the nights, the hours, the minutes, the moments, each in itself a different living, and peopled, and haunted world One Life is a thousand lives, and each individual, as he fully renews the past, reappears in a thousand characters, yet all of them bearing a mysterious identity not to be misunderstood, and all of them, while every passion has been shifting and ceasing, and reascending into power, still under the dominion of the same Conscience, that feels and knows it is from God

Who will complain of the shortness of human life, that can re-travel all the windings, and wanderings, and mazes that his feet have trodden since the farthest back hour at which memory pauses, baffled and blindfolded, as she vainly tries to penetrate and illumine the palpable, the impervious darkness that shrouds the few first years of our inscrutable being? Long, long, long ago seems it to be indeed, when we now remember it, the Time we first pulled the primroses on the sunny braes, wondering in our first blissful emotions of beauty at the leaves with a softness all their own—a yellowness nowhere else so vivid—"the bright consummate flower" so starlike to our awakened imagination among the lowly grass—lovely indeed to our admiring eyes as any one of all the stars that, in their turn, did seem themselves like flowers in the blue fields of heaven! Long, long, long ago, the time when we danced hand in hand with our golden-haired sister! Long, long, long ago, the day on which she died—the hour, so far more dismal than any hour that can now darken us on this earth, when her coffin descended slowly, slowly into the horrid clay, and we were borne deathlike, and wishing to die, out of the churchyard, that, from that moment, we thought we could enter never more! What a multitudinous being must ours have been, when, before our boyhood was gone, we could have forgotten her buried face! Or at the dream of it, dashed off a tear, and away, with a bounding heart, in the midst of a cloud of playmates, breaking into fragments on the hill-side, and hurrying round the shores of those wild moorland lochs, in vain hope to surprise the heron that slowly uplifted his blue bulk, and floated away, regardless of our shouts, to the old castle woods It is all like a reminiscence of some other state of existence

Then, after all the joys and sorrows of those

sight of all—single boys distractedly etting at the sanctuaries of distant houses—with their heads all the while insanely twisted back over their shoulders, and the glare of their eyes fixed frightfully on the swift-footed Mad Dominie, till souse over neck and ears, bubble and squeak, precipitated into traitorous pitfall, and in a moment evanished from this upper world!

Disturbed crows fly away a short distance and alight silent—the magpies chatter pert even in alarm—the lean kine, collected on the lown sides of braes, wonder at the rippet—their horns moving, but not their tails—while the tempest-tamed bull—almost dull now as an ox—gives a short sullen growl as he feebly paws the snow.

But who is he—the tall slender boy—slender, but sinewy—a wiry chap—five feet eight on his stocking-soles—and on his stocking-soles he stands—for the snow has sucked his shoes from his feet—that plants himself like an oak sapling, rooted ankle-deep on a knoll, and there, a juvenile Jupiter Stator, with voice and arm arrests the Flight, and fiercely gesticulating vengeance on the insolent foe, recalls and rallies the shattered School, that he may re-lead them to victory? The phantom of a visionary dream! Kit North Himself—

"In life's morning march when his spirit was young."

And once on a day was that figure—ours! Then like a chamois-hunter of the Alps! Now, alas! like—

"But be hush'd, my dark spirit—for wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore,
Be strong as a rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore.
Through the perils of chance and the scowl of disdain,
Let thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate,
Yea! even the name we have worshipp'd in vain
Shall awake not a pang of remembrance again;
To bear, is to conquer our fate!"

Half a century is annihilated as if it had never been. It is as if young Kit had become not old Kit—but were standing now as then front to front, with but a rood of trampled snow between them, before the Mad Dominie and Bob Howie—both the bravest of the brave in Snowball or Stone bicker—in street, lane, or muir fight—hand to hand, single-pitched with Black King Carey of the Gipsies—or in irregular high-road row—two to twelve—with a gang of Irish horse-cowpers from the fair of Glasgow returning by Portpatrick to Donaghadee. 'Tis a strange thing so distinctly to see One's Self as he looked of yore—to lose one's present frail personal identity in that of the powerful past. Or rather to admire One's Self as he *was*, without consciousness of the mean vice of egotism, because of the pity almost bordering on contempt with which One regards One's Self as he *is*, shrivelled up into a sort of shrimp of a man—or blown out into a flounder.

The Snowball bicker owns an armistice—and Kit North—that is, we of the olden and the golden time—advance into the debatable ground between the two armies, with a frozen branch in our hand as a flag of truce. The Mad Dominie loved us, because then-a-days—bating and barring the cock and the squint of his eye—we were like himself a poet, and while a goose might continue standing on one leg, could have composed one jolly act of a tragedy, or book of an epic, while Bob—God bless him!—to guard us from scathe, would have risked his life against a whole crael of tinkers. With open arms they come forward to receive us, but our blood is up—and we are jealous of the honour of the School, which has received a stain which must be wiped out in blood. From what mixed motives act boys and men in the deeds deemed most heroic, and worthy of the meed of everlasting fame! Even so is it now with us—when sternly eyeing the other Six, and then respectfully the Mad Dominie, we challenge—not at long bowls—but toe to toe, at the scratch on the snow, with the naked mawlies, the brawny boy with the red shock-head, the villain with the carrots, who by moonlight nights,

"Round the stacks with the lasses at bogles to play,"

had dared to stand between us and the ladye of our love. Off fly our jackets and stocks—it is not a day for buff—and at it like bull-dogs. Twice before had we fought him—at our own option—over the bonnet, for 'twas a sturdy villain, and famous for the cross-buttock. But now, after the first close, in which we lose the fall—with straight right-handers we keep him at off-fighting—and that was a gush of blood from his smeller. "How do you like that, Ben?" Giving his head, with a mad rush, he makes a plunge with his heavy left—for he was kerr-handed—at our stomach. But a dip of our right elbow caught the blow, to the loud admiration of Bob Howie—and even the Mad Dominie, the umpire, could not choose but smile. Like lightning, our left returns between the ogles—and Ben bites the snow. Three cheers from the School—and, lifted on the knee of his second, James Maxwell Wallace, since signalized at Waterloo, and now a knighted colonel of horse, "he grins horribly a ghastly smile," and is brought up staggering to the scratch. We know that we have him—and ask considerately, "what he means by winking?" And now we play around him,

"Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild-goose at play."

He is brought down now to our own weight—then nine stone jimp—his eyes are getting momently more and more piglike—water-logged, like those of Queen Bleary, whose stone image lies in the echoing aisle of the old abbey-church of Paisley—and bat-blind, he hits past our head and body, like an awkward hand at the flail, when drunk, thrashing corn. Another hit on the smeller, and a stinger on the throat-apple—and down he sinks like a poppy—deaf to the call of "time"—and victory smiles upon us from the bright blue skies. "Hurra—hurra—hurra! Christopher for ever!" and perched aloft, astride on the shoulders of Bob Howie—he, the Invincible, gallops with us all over the field, followed by the shouting School, exulting that Ben the Bully has at last met with an overthrow. We exact an oath that he will never again meddle with Meg Whitelaw—shake hands cordially, and

"Off to some other game we all together flew."

And so ended the famous Snowball Bicker of Pedmount, now immortalized in our Prose-Poem.

Some men, it is sarcastically said, are boys all life-long, and carry with them their puer-

all the birds on earth It is the Christmas Holidays—Christmas Day itself—Christmas Night—and Joy in every bosom intensifies Love. Never before were we brothers and sisters so dear to one another—never before had our hearts so yearned towards the authors of our being—our blissful being! There they sit—silent in all that outcry—composed in all that disarray—still in all that tumult, yet, as one or other flying imp sweeps round the chair, a father's hand will playfully strive to catch a prisoner—a mother's gentler touch on some sylph's disordered symar be felt almost as a reproof, and for a moment slacken the fairy-flight. One old game treads on the heels of another—twenty within the hour—and many a new game never heard of before nor since, struck out by the collision of kindred spirits in their glee, the transitory fancies of genius inventive through very delight. Then, all at once, there is a hush, profound as ever falls on some little plat within a forest when the moon drops behind the mountain, and small green-robed People of Peace at once cease their pastime, and evanish For she—the Silver-Tongued—is about to sing an old ballad, words and air alike hundreds of years old—and sing she doth, while tears begin to fall, with a voice too mournfully beautiful long to breathe below—and, ere another Christmas shall have come with the falling snows, doomed to be mute on earth—but to be hymning in Heaven

Of that House—to our eyes the fairest of earthly dwellings—with its old ivyed turrets, and orchard-garden bright alike with fruit and with flowers, not one stone remains The very brook that washed its foundations has vanished along with them—and a crowd of other buildings, wholly without character, has long stood where here a single tree, and there a grove, did once render so lovely that small demesne, which, how could we, who thought it the very heart of Paradise, even for one moment have believed was one day to be blotted out of being, and we ourselves—then so linked in love that the band which bound us altogether was, in its gentle pressure, felt not nor understood—to be scattered far and abroad, like so many leaves that after one wild parting rustle are separated by roaring wind-eddies, and brought together no more! The old Abbey—it still survives, and there, in that corner of the burial-ground, below that part of the wall which was least in ruins, and which we often climbed to reach the flowers and nests—there, in hopes of a joyful resurrection, lie the Loved and Venerated—for whom, even now that so many grief-deadening years have fled, we feel, in this holy hour, as if it were impiety so utterly to have ceased to weep—so seldom to have remembered!—And then, with a powerlessness of sympathy to keep pace with youth's frantic grief, the floods we all wept together—at no long interval—on those pale and placid faces as they lay, most beautiful and most dreadful to behold, in their coffins

We believe that there is genius in all childhood But the creative joy that makes it great in its simplicity dies a natural death or is killed, and genius dies with it. In favoured spirits, neither few nor many, the joy and the might survive, for you must know that unless it be accompanied with imagination, memory is cold and lifeless The forms it brings before us must be inspired with beauty—that is, with affection or passion All minds, even the dullest, remember the days of their youth, but all cannot bring back the indescribable brightness of that blessed season They who would know what they once were, must not merely recollect, but they must imagine, the hills and valleys—if any such there were—in which their childhood played, the torrents, the waterfalls, the lakes, the heather, the rocks, the heaven's imperial dome, the raven floating only a little lower than the eagle in the sky To imagine what he then heard and saw, he must imagine his own nature He must collect from many vanished hours the power of his untamed heart, and he must, perhaps, transfuse also something of his maturer mind into these dreams of his former being, thus linking the past with the present by a continuous chain, which, though often invisible, is never broken. So is it too with the calmer affections that have grown within the shelter of a roof We do not merely remember, we imagine our father's house, the fireside, all his features then most living, now dead and buried, the very manner of his smile, every tone of his voice We must combine with all the passionate and plastic power of imagination the spirit of a thousand happy hours into one moment, and we must invest with all that we ever felt to be venerable such an image as alone can satisfy our filial hearts It is thus that imagination, which first aided the growth of all our holiest and happiest affections, can preserve them to us unimpaired—

> "For she can give us back the dead,
> Even in the loveliest looks they wore"

Then came a New Series of Christmases, celebrated, one year in this family, another year in that—none present but those whom Charles Lamb the Delightful calleth the "old familiar faces," something in all features, and all tones of voice, and all manners, betokening origin from one root—relations all, happy, and with no reason either to be ashamed or proud of their neither high nor humble birth—their lot being cast within that pleasant realm, "the Golden Mean," where the dwellings are connecting links between the hut and the hall—fair edifices resembling manse or mansion-house, according as the atmosphere expands or contracts their dimensions—in which Competence is next-door neighbour to Wealth, and both of them within the daily walk of Contentment

Merry Christmases they were indeed—one Lady always presiding, with a figure that once had been the stateliest among the stately, but then somewhat bent, without being bowed down, beneath an easy weight of most venerable years Sweet was her tremulous voice to all her grandchildren's ears Nor did those solemn eyes, bedimmed into a pathetic beauty, in any degree restrain the glee that sparkled in orbs that had as yet shed not many tears, but tears of joy or pity Dearly she loved all those mortal creatures whom she was soon

few years, which we now call transitory, but which our BOYHOOD felt as if they would be endless—as if they would endure for ever—arose upon us the glorious dawning of another new life—YOUTH—with its insupportable sunshine, and its agitating storms Transitory, too, we now know, and well deserving the same name of dream. But while it lasted, long, various, and agonizing, as, unable to sustain the eyes that first revealed to us the light of love, we hurried away from the parting hour, and, looking up to moon and stars, invocated in sacred oaths, hugged the very heavens to our heart Yet life had not then nearly reached its meridian, journeying up the sunbright firmament How low hung it there exulting, when "it flamed on the forehead of the noontide sky!" Let not the Time be computed by the lights and shadows of the years, but by the innumerable array of visionary thoughts, that kept deploying as if from one eternity into another—now in dark sullen masses, now in long array, brightened as it with spear-points and standards, and moving along through chasm, abyss, and forest, and over the summits of the highest mountains, to the sound of ethereal music, now warlike and tempestuous—now, as "from flutes and soft recorders" accompanying not pæans of victory but hymns of peace That Life, too, seems, now that it is gone, to have been of a thousand years Is it gone? Its skirts are yet hovering on the horizon. And is there yet another Life destined for us? That Life which men fear to face—Age, Old Age! Four dreams within a dream—and *where* to awake?

At dead of night—and it is now dead of night—how the heart quakes on a sudden at the silent resurrection of buried thoughts! Perhaps the sunshine of some one single Sabbath of more exceeding holiness comes first glimmering, and then brightening upon us, with the very same sanctity that filled all the air at the tolling of the kirk-bell, when all the parish was hushed, and the voice of streams heard more distinctly among the banks and braes Then, all at once, a thunder-storm that many years before, or many years after, drove us, when walking alone over the mountains, into a shieling, will seem to succeed, and we behold the same threatening aspect of the heavens that then quailed our beating hearts, and frowned down our eyelids before the lightning began to flash, and the black rain to deluge all the glens No need now for any effort of thought. The images rise of themselves—independently of our volition—as if another being, studying the working of our minds, conjured up the phantasmagoria before us who are beholding it with love, wonder, and fear Darkness and silence have a power of sorcery over the past, the soul has then, too, often restored to it feelings and thoughts that it had lost, and is made to know that nothing it once experiences ever perishes, but that all things spiritual possess a principle of immortal life.

Why linger on the shadowy wall some of those phantasmagoria—returning after they have disappeared—and reluctant to pass away into their former oblivion? Why shoot others athwart the gloom, quick as spectral figures seen hurrying among the mountains during a great storm? Why do some glare and threaten—why others fade away with a melancholy smile? Why *that one*—a Figure all in white, and with white roses in her hair—come forward through the haze, beautifying into distincter form and face, till her pale beseeching hands almost touch our neck—and then, in a moment, it is as nothing?

But now the room is disenchanted—and feebly our lamp is glimmering, about to leave us to the light of the moon and stars There it is trimmed again—and the sudden increase of lustre cheers the heart within us like a festal strain And To-Morrow—To-Morrow is Merry Christmas, and when its night descends there will be mirth and music, and the light sounds of the merry-twinkling feet within these now so melancholy walls—and sleep now reigning over all the house save this one room, will be banished far over the sea—and morning will be reluctant to allow her light to break up the innocent orgies

Were every Christmas of which we have been present at the celebration, painted according to nature—what a Gallery of Pictures! True that a sameness would pervade them all—but only that kind of sameness that pervades the nocturnal heavens One clear night always is, to common eyes, just like another, for what hath any night to show but one moon and some stars—a blue vault, with here a few braided, and there a few castellated, clouds? yet no two nights ever bore more than a family resemblance to each other before the studious and instructed eye of him who has long communed with Nature, and is familiar with every smile and frown on her changeful, but not capricious, countenance Even so with the Annual Festivals of the heart Then our thoughts are the stars that illumine those skies—and on ourselves it depends whether they shall be black as Erebus, or brighter than Aurora

"Thoughts! that like spirits trackless come and go"—

is a fine line of Charles Lloyd's But no bird skims, no arrow pierces the air, without producing some change in the Universe, which will last to the day of doom No coming and going is absolutely trackless, nor irrecoverable by Nature's law is any consciousness, however ghostlike, though many one, even the most blissful, never does return but seems to be buried among the dead But they are not dead—but only sleep, though to us who recall them not, they are as they had never been, and we, wretched ingrates, let them lie for ever in oblivion! How passing sweet when of their own accord they arise to greet us in our solitude!—as a friend who, having sailed away to a foreign land in our youth, has been thought to have died many long years ago, may suddenly stand before us, with face still familiar and name reviving in a moment, and all that he once was to us brought from utter forgetfulness close upon our heart

My Father's House! How it is ringing like a grove in spring, with the din of creatures happier, a thousand times happier, than

had roamed and meditated and dreamed, those were indeed years of high and lofty mood which held us in converse with the shades of great Poets and ages of old in Rhedicyna's hallowed groves, still, serene, and solemn, as that Attic Academe where divine Plato, with all Hybla on his lips, discoursed such excellent music that his life seemed to the imagination spiritualized—a dim reminiscence of some former state of being How sank then the Christmas Service of that beautiful Liturgy into our hearts! Not faithless we to the simple worship that our forefathers had loved, but Conscience told us there was no apostasy in the feelings that rose within us when that deep organ began to blow, that choir of youthful voices so sweetly to join the diapason,—our eyes fixed all the while on that divine Picture over the Altar, of our Saviour

"Bearing his cross up rueful Calvary"

The City of Palaces disappears—and in the setting sun-light we behold mountains of soft crimson snow! The sun hath set, and even more beautiful are the bright-starred nights of winter, than summer in all its glories beneath the broad moons of June. Through the woods of Windermere, from cottage to cottage, by coppice-pathways winding up to dwellings among the hill-rocks where the birch-trees cease to grow—

"Nodding their heads, before us go,
The merry minstrelsy"

They sing a salutation at every door, familiarly naming old and young by their Christian names, and the eyes that look upward from the vales to the hanging huts among the plats and cliffs, see the shadows of the dancers ever and anon crossing the light of the star-like window, and the merry music is heard like an echo dwelling in the sky Across those humble thresholds often did we on Christmas-week nights of yore—wandering through our solitary silvan haunts, under the branches of trees within whose hollow trunk the squirrel slept—venture in, unasked perhaps, but not unwelcome, and, in the kindly spirit of the season, did our best to merrify the Festival by tale or song And now that we behold them not, are all those woods, and cliffs, and rivers, and tarns, and lakes, as beautiful as when they softened and brightened beneath our living eyes, half-creating, as they gazed, the very world they worshipped? And are all those hearths as bright as of yore, without the shadow of our figure? And the roofs, do they ring as mirthfully, though our voice be forgotten? We hang over Westmoreland, an unobserved—but observant star Mountains, hills, rocks, knolls, vales, woods, groves, single trees, dwellings—all asleep! O Lakes! but ye are, indeed, by far too beautiful! O fortunate Isles! too fair for human habitation, fit abode for the Blest! It will not hide itself—it will not sink into the earth—it will rise, and risen, it will stand steady with its shadow in the overpowering moonlight, that ONE TREE! that ONE HOUSE!—and well might the sight of ye two together—were it harder—break our heart But hard at all it is not—therefore it is but crushed

Can it be that there we are utterly forgotten? No star hanging higher than the Andes in heaven—but sole-sitting at midnight in a small chamber—a melancholy man are we—and there seems a smile of consolation, O Wordsworth! on thy sacred Bust.

Alas! how many heavenly days, "seeming immortal in their depth of rest," have died and been forgotten! Treacherous and ungrateful is our memory even of bliss that overflowed our being as light our habitation Our spirit's deepest intercommunion with nature has no place in her records—blanks are there that ought to have been painted with imperishable imagery, and steeped in sentiment fresh as the morning on life's golden hills Yet there is mercy in this dispensation—for who can bear to behold the light of bliss re-arising from the past on the ghastlier gloom of present misery? The phantoms that will not come when we call on them to comfort us, are too often at our side when in our anguish we could almost pray that they might be reburied in oblivion Such hauntings as these are not as if they were visionary—they come and go like forms and shapes still imbued with life Shall we vainly stretch out our arms to embrace and hold them fast, or as vainly seek to intrench ourselves by thought of this world against their visitation? The soul in its sickness knows not whether it be the duty of love to resign itself to indifference or to despair Shall it enjoy life, they being dead! Shall we, the survivors, for yet a little while, walk in other companionship out into the day, and let the sunbeams settle on their heads as they used to do, or cover them with dust and ashes, and show to those in heaven that love for them is now best expressed by remorse and penitence!

Sometimes we have fears about our memory —that it is decaying, for, lately, many ordinary yet interesting occurrences and events, which we regarded at the time with pain or pleasure, have been slipping away almost into oblivion, and have often alarmed us of a sudden by their return, not to any act of recollection, but of themselves, sometimes wretchedly out of place and season, the mournful obtruding upon the merry, and worse, the merry upon the mournful—confusion, by no fault of ours, of piteous and of gladsome faces—tears where smiles were a duty as well as a delight, and smiles where nature demanded, and religion hallowed, a sacrifice of tears

For a good many years we have been tied to town in winter by fetters as fine as frostwork filigree, which we could not break without destroying a whole world of endearment That seems an obscure image, but it means what the Germans would call in English—our winter environment We are imprisoned in a net of our own weaving—an invisible net, yet we can see it when we choose—just as a bird can see, when he chooses, the wires of his cage, that are invisible in his happiness, as he keeps hopping and fluttering about all day long, or haply dreaming on his perch with his poll under his plumes—as free in confinement as if let loose into the boundless sky That seems an obscure image too, but we mean, in truth, the prison unto which we doom ourselves no

with their wings, sing in their bliss hallelujahs round the throne of heaven, but she—a poor child of clay, with her face veiled but with the shades of humility and contrition, while

"Some natural tears she drops, but wipes them soon,"—

sings, in her sorrow, supplications to be suffered to see afar-off its everlasting gates—opening not surely for her own sake—for all of woman born are sinful—and even she in what love calls her innocence feels that her fallen being does of itself deserve but to die. The hymn is fading away, liker and liker an echo, and our spirit having lost it in the distance, returns back holier to the heart-hush of home!

The million hunger and thirst after the stronger and darker passions, nothing will go down with them but *the intense*. They are intolerant—or careless—or even ashamed of those emotions and affections that compose the blessing of our daily life, and give its lustre to the fire on the hearth of every Christian household. Yet, for all that, they are inexperienced in those same stronger and darker passions of which they prate, and know nothing of the import of those pictures of them painted, with background of gloom and foreground of fire, in the works of the truly great masters. The disturbed spirit of such delineations is far beyond the reaches of their souls, and they mistake their own senseless stupor for solemn awe—or their own mere physical excitement for the enthusiasm of imagination soaring through the storm on the wings of intellect. There are such things in "Satan's Invisible World Displayed" in poetry, as strong and dark passions, and they who are acquainted with their origin and end call them *bad* passions, but the good passions are not dark, but bright—and they are strong too, stronger than death or the grave.

All human beings who know how to reap

"The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on its own heart,"

feel, by the touch, the flowers of affection in every handful of beauty they gather up from those fortunate fields on which shines, for ever through all seasons, the sun of life. How soft the leaves! and, as they meet the eye, how fair! Framed, so might it seem, of green dew consolidated into fragrance. Nor do they fade when gently taken from their stalk on its native bed. They flourish for ever if you bruise them not—sensitive indeed, and, if you are so forgetful as to treat them rashly, like those of the plant that bears that name, they shrink, and seem to shrivel for a time—growing pale, as if upbraiding your harshness; but cherished, they are seen to be all of

"Immortal amaranth, the tree that grows
Fast by the throne of God,"

for the seeds have fallen from heaven to earth, and for eighteen hundred years have been spreading themselves over all soils fit for their reception—and what soil is not fit? Even fit are stony places, and places full of thorns. For they will live and grow there in spite of such obstruction—and among rank and matted weeds will often be seen peering out like primroses gladdening the desert.

That voice again—"One of old Scotland's songs, so sad and slow!" Her heart is now blamelessly with things of earth. "Sad and slow!" and most purely sweet. Almost mournful although it be, it breathes of happiness—for the joy dearest to the soul has ever a faint tinge of grief. O innocent enchantress! thou encirclest us with a wavering haze of beautiful imagery, by the spell of that voice awakening after a mood of awe, but for thy own delight. From the long dim tracts of the past come strangely blended recognitions of woe and bliss, undistinguishable now to our own heart—nor knows that heart if it be a dream of imagination or of memory. Yet why should we wonder? In our happiest hours there may have been something in common with our most sorrowful—some shade of sadness cast over them by a passing cloud, that now allies them in retrospect with the sombre spirit of grief, and in our unhappiest hours there may have been gleams of gladness, that seem now to give the return the calm character of peace. Do not all thoughts and feelings, almost all events, seem to resemble each other—when they are dreamt of as all past? All receive a sort of sanctification in the stillness of the time that has gone by—just like the human being whom they adorned or degraded—when they, too, are at last buried together in the bosom of the same earth.

Perhaps none among us ever wrote verses of any worth, who had not been, more or less, readers of our old ballads. All our poets have been so—and even Wordsworth would not have been the veritable and only Wordsworth, had he not in boyhood pored—oh, the miser!—over Percy's Reliques. From the highest to the humblest, they have all drunk from those silver springs. Shepherds and herdsmen and woodsmen have been the masters of the mighty—their strains have, like the voice of a solitary lute, inspired a power of sadness into the hearts of great poets that gave their genius to be prevalent over all tears, or with a power of sublimity that gave it dominion over all terror, like the sound of a trumpet. The Babes in the Wood! Chevy Chace! Men become women while they weep—

"*Or start up heroes from the glorious strain.*"

Sing then, "The Dirge," my Margaret, to the Old Man, "so tender and so true" to the spirit of those old ballads, which one might think were written by Pity's self.

DIRGE

"O dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Where I and my true love may sleep!
We'll dig a grave and dig it deep,
Where thou and thy true love shall sleep!

"And let it be five fathom low,
Where winter winds may never blow!—
And it shall be five fathom low,
Where winter winds shall never blow!

"And let it be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil!
And it shall be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil!

"And plant it round with holy briers,
To fright away the fairy fires!—
We'll plant it round with holy briers!
To fright away the fairy fires!

prison is, and we have improved on that idea, for we have built our own—and are prisoner, turnkey, and jailer all in one, and 'tis noiseless as the house of sleep. Or what if we declare that Christopher North is a king in his palace, with no subjects but his own thoughts—his rule peaceful over those lights and shadows—and undisputed to reign over them his right divine

The opening year in a town, now answers in all things to our heart's desire How beautiful the smoky air! The clouds have a homely look as they hang over the happy families of houses, and seem as if they loved their birthplace,—all unlike those heartless clouds that keep *stravaiging* over mountain-tops, and have no domicile in the sky! Poets speak of living rocks, but what is their life to that of houses? Who ever saw a rock with eyes—that is, with windows? Stone-blind all, and stone-deaf, and with hearts of stone, whereas who ever saw a house without eyes—that is, windows? Our own is an Argus, yet the good old Conservative grudges not the assessed taxes—his optics are as cheerful as the day that lends them light, and they love to salute the setting sun, as if a hundred beacons, level above level, were kindled along a mountain side He might safely be pronounced a madman who preferred an avenue of trees to a street Why, trees have no chimneys, and, were you to kindle a fire in the hollow of an oak, you would soon be as dead as a Druid It won't do to talk to us of sap, and the circulation of sap A grove in winter, bole and branch—leaves it has none—is as dry as a volume of sermons But a street, or a square, is full of "vital sparks of heavenly flame" as a volume of poetry, and the heart's blood circulates through the system like rosy wine.

But a truce to comparisons, for we are beginning to feel contrition for our crime against the country, and, with humbled head and heart, we beseech you to pardon us—ye rocks of Pavey-Ark, the pillared palaces of the storms—ye clouds, now wreathing a diadem for the forehead of Helvellyn—ye trees, that hang the shadows of your undying beauty over the "one perfect chrysolite," of blessed Windermere!

Our meaning is transparent now as the hand of an apparition waving peace and good-will to all dwellers in the land of dreams In plainer but not simpler words, (for words are like flowers, often rich in their simplicity—witness the Lily, and Solomon's Song)—Christian people all, we wish you a Merry Christmas and Happy New-Year, in town or in country—or in ships at sea

A Happy New-Year!—Ah! ere this ARIA, sung *sotto voce*, reach your ears, (eyes are ears, and ears are eyes,) the week of all weeks will be over and gone, and the New-Year will seem growing out of the old year's ashes!—for the year is your only Phœnix! But what with time to do has a wish—a hope—a prayer! Their power is in the Spirit that gives them birth. And what is Spirit but the well-head of thoughts and feelings flowing and overflowing all life, yet leaving the well-head full of water as ever—so lucid, that on your gazing intently into its depths, it seems to become a large soft spiritual eye, reflecting the heavens and the earth; and no one knows what the heavens and the earth are, till he has seen them there—for that God made the heavens and the earth we feel from that beautiful revelation—and where feeling is not, knowledge is dead, and a blank the universe Love is life The unloving merely breathe. A single sweet beat of the heart is token of something spiritual that will be with us again in Paradise "O, bliss and beauty! are these our feelings"—thought we once in a dream—"all circling in the sunshine—fair plumed in a flight of doves!" The vision kept sailing on the sky—"to and fro for our delight"—no sound on their wings more than on their breasts, and they melted away in light as if they were composed of light—and in the hush we heard high up and far-off music—as of an angel's song.

That was a dream of the mysterious night, but now we are broad awake—and see no emblematical phantoms, but the mere sights of the common day. But sufficient for the day is the beauty thereof—and it inspires us with affection for all beneath the skies Will the whole world, then, promise henceforth to love us?—and we promise henceforth to love the whole world.

It seems the easiest of all easy things to be kind and good—and then it is so pleasant! "Self-love and social are the same," beyond all question, and in that lies the nobility of our nature. The intensest feeling of self is that of belonging to a brotherhood. All selves then know they have duties which are in truth loves—and loves are joys—whether breathed in silence, or uttered in words, or imbodied in actions, and if they filled all life, then all life would be good—and heaven would be no more than a better earth. And how may all men go to heaven? By making themselves a heaven on earth, and thus preparing their spirits to breathe empyreal air when they have dropped the dust And how may they make for themselves a heaven on earth? By building up a happy HOME FOR THE HEART Much, but not all—oh! not nearly all—is in the site But it must be within the precincts of the holy ground—and within hearing of the waters of life

Pleasures of Imagination! Pleasures of Memory! Pleasures of Hope! All three most delightful poems, yet all the thoughts and all the feelings that inspired them—etherealized—will not make FAITH! "The day-spring from on high hath visited us!" Blessed is he who feels that line—nor need his heart die within him, were a voice to be heard at midnight saying—"This New-Year's day shall be thy last!"

One voice—one young voice—all by its sweet, sad, solitary self, singing to us a Christmas Hymn! Listening to that music is like looking at the sky with all its stars

Was it a spirit?

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk unseen,
> Sole or responsive to each other's voice,
> Hymning their great Creator"

No, the singer, like ourselves, is mortal, and in that thought, to our hearts, lies the pathos of her prayers The angels, veiling their faces

Ay, bless these patent steps—on the same principle as those by which we ascend our nightly couch—we are self-deposited in our Drosky Oh! the lazy luxury of an air seat! We seem to be sitting on nothing but a voluptuous warmth, restorative as a bath And then what furry softness envelopes our feet! Yes—Mrs Gentle—Mrs Gentle—thy Cashmere shawl, twined round our bust, feels almost as silken-smooth as thine own, and scented is it with the balm of thy own lips Boreas blows on it tenderly as a zephyr—and the wintry sunshine seems summery as it plays on the celestial colours. Thy pelisse, too, over our old happy shoulders, purple as the neck of the dove when careering round his mate Thy comforter, too, in our bosom—till the dear, delightful, delicious, wicked worsted thrills through skin and flesh to our very heart It dirls Drive away, Peter Farewell Lodge—and welcome, in a jiffy, Moray Place

And now, doucely and decently sitting in our Drosky, behold us driven by Peter, proud as Punch to tool along the staring streets the great grandson of the Desert-born! Yet—yet—couldst thou lead the field, Filho, with old Filho, with old Kit Castor on thy spine. But though our day be not quite gone by, we think we see the stealing shades of eve, and, a little further on in the solemn vista, the darkness of night, and therefore, like wise children of nature, not unproud of the past, not ungrateful for the present, and unfearful of the future, thus do we now skim along the road of life, broad and smooth to our heart's content, able to pay the turnpikes, and willing, when we shall have reached the end of our journey, to lie down, in hope, at the goal

What pretty, little, low lines of garden-fronted cottages! leading us along out of rural into suburban cheerfulness, across the Bridge, and past the Oriental-looking Oil-Gas Works, with a sweep winding into the full view of Pitt Street, (what a glorious name!) steep as some straight cliff glen, and an approach truly majestic—yea, call it at once magnificent—right up to the great city's heart. "There goes Old Christopher North!" the bright boys in the playground of the New Academy exclaim God bless you, you little rascals!—We could almost find it in our heart to ask the Rector for a holiday But, under him, all your days are holidays—for when the precious hours of study are enlightened by a classic spirit, how naturally do they melt into those of play!

> "Gay hope is yours, by fancy fed,
> Less pleasing when possest
> The tear forgot as soon as shed,
> The sunshine of the breast
> Yours buxom health of rosy hue,
> Wild wit invention ever new,
> And lively cheer of vigour born,
> The thoughtless day, the easy night,
> The spirits pure the slumbers light,
> That fly th' approach of morn"

Descending from our Drosky, we find No 99, Moray Place, exhibiting throughout all its calm interior the selfsame expression it wore the day we left it for the Lodge, eight months ago There is our venerable winter Hat—as like Ourselves, it is said, as he can stare—sitting on the Circular in the Entrance-hall Every thing has been tenderly dusted as if by hands that touched with a Sabbath feeling, and though the furniture cannot be said to be new, yet while it is in all sobered, it is in nothing faded You are at first unaware of its richness on account of its simplicity,—its grace is felt gradually to grow out of its comfort—and that which you thought but ease lightens into elegance, while there is but one image in nature which can adequately express its repose—that of a hill-sheltered field by sunset, under a fresh-fallen vest of virgin snow For then snow blushes with a faint crimson—nay, sometimes when Sol is extraordinarily splendid, not faint, but with a gorgeousness of colouring that fears not to face in rivalry the western clouds

Let no man have two houses with one set of furniture Home's deepest delight is undisturbance Some people think no articles fixtures—not even grates But sofas and ottomans, and chairs and footstools, and screens—and above all, beds—all! are fixtures in the dwelling of a wise man, cognoscitive and sensitive of the blessings of this life Each has its own place assigned to it by the taste, tact, and feeling of the master of the mansion, where order and elegance minister to comfort, and comfort is but a homely word for happiness In various moods we vary their arrangement—nor is even the easiest of all Easy-chairs secure for life against being gently pushed on his wheels from chimney-nook to window-corner, when the sunshine may have extinguished the fire, and the blue sky tempts the *Pater-familias*, or him who is but an uncle, to lie back with half-shut eyes, and gaze upon the cheerful purity, even like a shepherd on the hill But these little occasional disarrangements serve but to preserve the spirit of permanent arrangement, without which the very virtue of domesticity dies What sacrilege, therefore, against the Lares and Penates, to turn a whole house topsy-turvy, from garret to cellar, regularly as May-flowers deck the zone of the year! Why, a Turkey or a Persian, or even a Wilton or a Kidderminster carpet is as much the garb of the wooden floor inside, as the grass is of the earthen floor outside of your house. Would you lift and lay down the greensward! But without further illustration—be assured the cases are kindred—and so, too, with sofas and shrubs, tent-beds and trees Independently, however, of these analogies not fanciful, but lying deep in the nature of things, the inside of one's tabernacle, in town and country, ought ever to be sacred from all radical revolutionary movements, and to lie for ever in a waking dream of graceful repose All our affections towards lifeless things become tenderer and deeper in the continuous and unbroken flow of domestic habit The eye gets lovingly familiarized with each object occupying its own peculiar and appropriate place, and feels in a moment that the most insignificant is missing or removed We say not a word about children, for fortunately, since we are yet unmarried we have none, but even they, if brought up Christians, are no dissenters from this creed, and how [illegible] in the nursery, in an orderly kept parlour or

"And set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine!—
We'll set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine!

"And let the ruddock build his nest
Just above my true love's breast!—
The ruddock he shall build his nest
Just above thy true love's breast!

"*And warble his sweet wintry song*
O'er our dwelling all day long!
And he shall warble his sweet song
O'er your dwelling all day long

"Now, tender friends, my garments take,
And lay me out for Jesus's sake!
And we will now thy garments take,
And lay thee out for Jesus' sake

"And lay me by my true love's side,
That I may be a faithful bride!—
We'll lay thee by thy true love's side,
That thou may'st be a faithful bride!"

Ay—ay—thou too art gone, WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE! What years have flown since we walked among the "alleys green" of Allerton with thee and thy illustrious father! and who ever conversed with him for a few hours in and about his own home—where the stream of life flowed on so full and clear—without carrying away impressions that never seemed to be remembrances—so vivid have they remained amidst the obscurations and obliterations of time, that sweeps with his wings all that lies on the surface, but has no power to disturb, much less destroy, the record printed on the heart

We are all of us getting old—or older, nor would we, for our own part—if we could—renew our youth Methinks the river of life is nobler as it nears the sea The young are *dancing in their skiffs on the pellucid shallows* near the source on the Sacred Mountains of the Golden East They whose lot it is to be in their prime, are dropping down the longer and wider reaches, that seem wheeling by with their silvan amphitheatres, as if the beauty were moving mornwards, while the voyagers are stationary among the shadows, or slowly descending the stream to meet the meridian day Many forget

"The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below,"

and are lost in the roaring whirlpool Under Providence, we see ourselves on the river expanded into a sealike lake, or arm of the sea, and for all our soul has escaped and suffered, we look up to the stars in gratitude—and down to the stars—for the water too is full of stars as well as the sky—faint and dim indeed—but blended, by the pervading spirit of beauty, with the brighter and bolder luminaries reposing on infinitude

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OUR WINTER QUARTERS.

BUCHANAN LODGE—for a few months—farewell! 'Tis the Twelfth of November, and for the City we leave thee not without reluctance, early in March by the blessing of Heaven again to creep into thy blooming bourne Yet now and then we shall take a drive down, to while away a sunny forenoon among thy undecaying evergreens, to breathe the balm of thy Christmas roses, and for one *Gentle* bosom to cull the earliest crocuses that may be yellowing through the thin snows of Spring

In truth, we know not well why we should ever leave thee, for thou art the Darling of all the Seasons, and Winter, so churlish elsewhere, is ever bland to thee, and, daily alighting in these gardens, loves to fold and unfold, in the cool sunshine, the stainless splendour of his pale-plumaged wings But we are no hermit Dear to us though Nature be, here, hand-in-hand with Art walking through our peaceful but not unpeopled POLICY, a voice comes to us from the city-heart—winning us away from the stillness of solitude into the stir of life Milton speaks of a region

"Above the stir and smoke of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth,"

and oft have we visited it, but while yet we pursue the ends of this our mortal being, in the mystery of the brain whence ideas arise, and in the mystery of the heart whence emotions flow—kindred and congenial all—thought ever blending with feeling, reason with imagination, and conscience with passion—'tis our duty to draw our delight from intercommunion with the spirit of our kind Weakest or wickedest of mortals are your soul-sick, life-loathing, world-wearied men In solitude we are prone to be swallowed up in selfishness, and out of selfishness what sins and crimes may not grow! At the best, moral stagnation ensues—and the spirit becomes, like "a green-mantled pool," the abode of reptiles Then ever welcome to us be living faces, and living voices, the light and the music of reality—dearer far than any mere ideas or emotions hanging or floating aloof by themselves in the atmosphere of imagination Blest be the cordial grasp of the hand of friendship—blest the tender embrace of the arms of love! Nay, smile not, fair reader, at an old man's fervour, for Love is a gracious spirit, who deserteth not declining age

The DROSKY is at the door—and, my eye! what a figure is Peter! There he sits, like a bear, with the ribands in his paws—no part visible of his human face or form divine, but his small red eyes—and his ruby nose, whose re-grown enormity laughs at Liston One little month ago, the knife of that skilful chirurgeon pared it down to the dimensions of a Christian proboscis Again 'tis like a wart on a frost-reddened Swedish turnip Pretty Poll, with small delicate pale features, sits beside him like a snowdrop How shaggy since he returned from our last Highland tour is Filho da Puta! His name long as his tail—and the hair on his ears like that on his fetlocks He absolutely reminds us of Hogg's Bonassus

There is allusion, then, of some sort, and to what does it amount? We cannot well tell But if there is really a love in human hearts to these distant orbs—if there is an emotion of tenderness to the fair, opening, breathing blossom that we would not crush it—"in gentleness of heart touch, for there is a spirit in the leaves"—it must be that we do not see them as they are, but "create a soul under the ribs of death" We could not be touched, or care for what has no affinity to ourselves—we make the affinity—we animate, we vivify them, and thenceforward,

"Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus,
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet"

Now you do believe that we do love Silence—and every other thing worthy to be loved—you and yours—and even that romp, your shock-headed Coz, to whom Priscilla Tomboy was an Imogen

All our ceilings are deadened—we walk ankle-deep in carpeting—nobody is suffered to open a door but ourselves—and they are so constructed, that it is out of their power to *slam*. Our winter furniture is all massy—deepening the repose In all the large rooms two fireplaces—and fires are kept perpetually burning day and night, in them all, which, reflected from spacious mirrors, give the mansion quite the appearance of a Pandemonium *Not gas always* Palm-oil burns scentless as moonlight, and when motion, not rest, in a place is signified, we accompany ourselves with a wax candle, or taper from time immemorial green Yet think not that there is a blaze of light We have seen the midnight heaven and earth nearly as bright, with but one moon and a small scatter of stars And places of glimmer—and places of gloom—and places "deaf to sound and blind to light" there are in this our mansion, known but to ourselves—cells—penitentiaries—where an old man may sit sighing and groaning, or stupified in his misery—or at times almost happy So senseless, and worse than senseless seems then all mortal tribulation and anguish while the self-communing soul is assured, by its own profound responses, that "whatever is, is best"

And thus is our domicile a domain—a kingdom We should not care to be confined to it all the rest of our days Seldom, indeed, do we leave our own door—yet call on us, and ten to one you hear us in winter chirping like a cricket, or in summer like a grasshopper We have the whole range of the house to ourselves, and many an Excursion make we on the Crutch Ascending and descending the wide-winding staircases, each broad step not above two inches high, we find ourselves on spacious landing-places illumined by the dim religious light of stained windows, on which pilgrims, and palmers, and prophets, single, or in pairs or troops, are travelling on missions through glens or forests or by sea-shores—or shepherd piping in the shade, or poet playing with the tangles of Neæra's hair We have discovered a new principle on which, within narrow bounds, we have constructed Panoramic Dioramas, that show splendid segments of the great circle of the world We paint all of them ourselves—now a Poussin, now a Thomson, now a Claude, now a Turner, now a Rubens, now a Danby, now a Salvator, now a Maclise

Most people, nay, we suspect all people but ourselves, make a point of sleeping in the same bed (that is awkwardly expressed) all life through, and out of that bed many of them avow their inability to "bow an eye," such is the power of custom, of habit, of use and wont, over weary mortals even in the blessing of sleep No such slavish fidelity do we observe towards any one bed of the numerous beds in our mansion No one dormitory is entitled to plume itself, in the pride of its heart, on being peculiarly Ours, nor is any one suffered to sink into despondency from being debarred the privilege of contributing to Our repose They are all furnished, if not luxuriously, comfortably in the extreme, in number, nine—each, of course, with its two dressing-rooms—those on the same story communicating with one another, and with the parlours, drawing-rooms, and libraries—"a mighty maze, but not without a plan," and all harmoniously combined by one prevailing and pervading spirit of quietude by day and by night, awake or asleep—the chairs being couch-like, the couches bed-like, the beds, whether tent or canopy, enveloped in a drapery of dreams

We go to bed at no stated hour—but when we are tired of sitting up, then do we lie down, at any time of the night or the day, and we rise, neither with the lark, nor the swallow, nor the sparrow, nor the cock, nor the owl, nor the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars, nor Lucifer, nor Aurora, but with Christopher North Yellow, or green, or blue, or crimson, or fawn, or orange, or pinky light salutes our eyes, as sleep's visionary worlds recede and relapse into airy nothing, and as we know of a certainty that *these* are real web and woof damask curtains, *that* flock palpable on substantial walls

True wisdom soon accommodates itself even to involuntary or inevitable change—but to that which flows from our own sweet will, however sudden and strong, it instantly moulds itself in a novel delight, with all its familiar and domestic habits Why, we have not been in 99, Moray Place, for a week—nay not for two days and nights—till you might swear we had been all our life a Cit, we look so like a Native The rustic air of the Lodge has entirely left us, and all our movements are metropolitan You see before you a Gentleman of the Old School, who knows that the eyes of the town are upon him when he seeks the open air, and who preserves, even in the privacy of the parlour, that dignity of dress and demeanour which, during winter, befits his age, his rank, and his character Now, we shave every morning, John, who in his boyish days served under Barbarossa, lightly passes the comb through our "sable silvered," and then, in our shawl dressing-gown, we descend about ten to our study, and sit, not unstately, beside the hissing urn at our protracted breakfast In one little month or less, "or ere our shoes are old," we feel as if we had belonged to *this* house alone, and it to us, from our birth The Lodge is seen to be standing in its stillness, far away! Dear memories of the pen-

drawing-room how like so many pretty little white mice do they glide cannily along the floor! Let no such horror, then, as a *flitting* ever befall us or our friends! O mercy! only look at a long huge train of wagons, heaped up to the windows of the first floors, moving along the dust-driving or mire-choked streets with furniture from a gutted town-house towards one standing in the rural shades with an empty stomach! All is dimmed or destroyed—chairs crushed on the table-land, and four-posted beds lying helplessly with their astonished feet up to heaven—a sight that might make the angels weep!

People have wondered why we, an old barren bachelor, should live in such a large house It is a palace, but never was there a greater mistake than to seek the solution in our pride Silence can be had but in a large house And silence is the chief condition of home happiness We could now hear a leaf fall—a leaf of the finest wire-wove Peter and Betty, Polly and the rest, inhabit the second sunk story—and it is delightful to know that they may be kicking up the most infernal disturbance at this blessed moment, and tearing out each other's hair in handfuls, without the faintest whisper of the uproar reaching us in our altitude above the drawing-room flat. On New-Year's Day morning there is regularly a competition of bag-pipers in the kitchen, and we could fondly imagine 'tis an Eolian Harp In his pantry Peter practised for years on the shrill clarion, and for years on the echoing horn, yet had he thrown up both instruments in despair of perfection ere we so much as knew that he had commenced his musical studies In the sunk story, immediately below *that*, having been for a season consumptive, we kept a Jenny ass and her daughter—and though we believe it was not unheard around Moray and Ainslie Places, and even in Charlotte Square, we cannot charge our memory with an audit of their bray In the sunk story immediately below that again, that distinguished officer on half pay, Captain Campbell of the Highlanders—when on a visit to us for a year or two—though we seldom saw him—got up a *Sma' still*—and though a more harmless creature could not be, there he used to sit for hours together, with the worm that never dies On one occasion, it having been supposed by Peter that the Captain had gone to the East Neuk of Fife, weeks elapsed, we remember, ere he was found sitting dead, just as if he had been alive, in his usual attitude in his arm-chair, commanding a view of the precipice of the back court

Just as quiet are the Attics They, too, are furnished, for the feeling of there being one unfurnished room, however small, in the largest house, disturbs the entire state of mind of such an occupant, and when cherished and dwelt on, which it must not unfrequently be, inspires a cold air of desolation throughout the domicile, till "thoughts of flitting rise" There is no lumber-room The room containing Blue-Beard's murdered wives might in idea be entered without distraction by a bold mind—But oh! the lumber-room, into which, on an early walk through the house of a friend on whom we had been sorning, all unprepared did we once set our foot! From the moment, and it was but for a moment, and about six o'clock —far away in the country—that appalling vision met our eyes—till we found ourselves, about another six o'clock, in Moray Place, we have no memory of the flight of time Part of the journey—or voyage—we suspect, was performed in a steamer. The noise of knocking, and puffing, and splashing seems to be in our inner ears, but after all it may have been a sail-boat, possibly a yacht!—In the Attics an Aviary open to the sky And to us below, the many voices, softened into one sometimes in the pauses of severer thought, are sometimes very affecting, so serenely sweet it seems, as the laverocks' in our youth at the gates of heaven

At our door stand the Guardian Genii, Sleep and Silence We had an ear to them in the building of our house, and planned it after a long summer day's perusal of the Castle of Indolence O Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson!—O that thou and we had been rowers in the same boat on the silent river! Rowers, indeed! Short the spells and far between that we should have taken—the one would not have turned round the other but when the oar chanced to drop out of his listless hand—and the canoe would have been allowed to drift with the stream, unobservant we of our backward course, and wondering and then ceasing to wonder at the slow receding beauty of the hanging banks of grove—the cloud mountains, immovable as those of earth, and in spirit one world

Ay! Great noise as we have made in the world—our heart's desire is for silence—its delight is in peace And is it not so with all men, turbulent as may have been their lives, who have ever looked into their own being? The soul longs for peace in itself, therefore, wherever it discerns it, it rejoices in the image of which it seeks the reality The serene human countenance, the wide water sleeping in the moonlight, the stainless marble-depth of the immeasurable heavens, reflect to it that tranquillity which it imagines within itself, though it never long dwelt there, restless as a dove on a dark tree that cannot be happy but in the sunshine It loves to look on what it loves, even though it cannot possess it, and hence its feeling on contemplating such calm, is not of simple repose, but desire stirs in it, as if it would fain blend itself more deeply with the quiet it beholds! The sleep of a desert would not so affect it, it is Beauty that makes the difference—that attracts spirit to matter, while spirit becomes not thereby materialized—but matter spiritualized, and we fluctuate in the air-boat of imagination between earth and heaven In most and in all great instances there is apprehension, dim and faint, or more distinct, of pervasion of a spirit throughout that which we conceive Beautiful Stars, the moon, the deep bright ether, waters, the rainbow, a pure lovely flower—none of them ever appear to us, or are believed by us to be mere physical and unconscious dead aggregates of atoms. That is what they are, but we could have no pleasure in them, if we knew them as such.

admired by the world, that we often wonder he has not been spoiled "What a glorious October!" "Why, you will surely not leave us till October comes!" "October is the month of all months—and, till you see him, you have not seen the Lakes" We acknowledge his claims He is often truly delightful, but, like other brilliant persons, thinks himself not only privileged to be at times extremely dull, but his intensest stupidity is panegyrized as wit of the first water—while his not unfrequent rudeness, of which many a common month would be ashamed, passes for the ease of high-birth, or the eccentricity of genius A very different feeling indeed exists towards unfortunate November The moment he shows his face, all other faces are glum We defy month or man, under such a trial, to make himself even tolerably agreeable He feels that he is no favourite, and that a most sinister misinterpretation will be put on all his motions, manners, thoughts, words, and deeds A man or a month so circumstanced is much to be pitied Think, look, speak, act as he will—yea, even more like an angel than a man or a month—every eyebrow arches—every nostril distends—every lip curls towards him in contempt, while blow over the ice that enchains all his feelings and faculties, heavy-chill whisperings of "who is that disagreeable fellow?" In such a frozen atmosphere eloquence would be congealed on the lips of an Ulysses—Poetry prosified on those of an Apollo

Edinburgh, during the dead of Summer, is a far more solitary place than Glenetive, Glenevis, or Glenco There is not, however, so much danger of being lost in it as in the Moor of Rannoch—for streets and squares, though then utterly tenantless, are useful as land-marks to the pilgrim passing through what seems to be

"A still forsaken City of the Dead!"

But, like a frost-bound river, suddenly dissolved by a strong thaw, and coming down in spate from the mountains to the low lands, about the beginning of November Life annually re-overflows our metropolis, with a noise like "the rushing of many chariots" The streets, that for months had been like the stony channels of dried-up streams—only not quite so well paved—are again all a murmur, and people addicted to the study of political economy, begin to hold

"Each strange tale devoutly true"

in the Malthusian theory of population What swarms keep hovering round the great Northern Hive! Add eke after eke to the skep, and still seems it too small to contain all the insects Edinburgh is almost as large as London Nay, don't stare! We speak comparatively, and, as England is somewhere about six times more populous than Scotland, you may, by brushing up your arithmetic, and applying to the Census, discover that we are not so far wrong in our apparent paradox

Were November in himself a far more wearisu' month than he is, Edinburgh would nevertheless be gladsome in the midst of all his gloom, even as a wood in May with the Gathering of the Clans. The country flows into the town—all its life seems to do so—and to leave nothing behind but the bare trees and hedges Equipages again go glittering along all the streets, squares, circuses, and crescents, and one might think that the entire "nation of ladies and gentlemen"—for King George the Fourth, we presume, meant to include the sex, in his compliment—were moving through their metropolis Amusement and business walk hand-in-hand—you hardly know, from their cheerful countenances, which is which, for the Scots, though a high-cheeked, are not an ill-favoured folk in their features—and though their mouths are somewhat of the widest, their teeth are white as well as sharp, and on the opening of their ruddy lips, their ivory-cases are still further brightened by hearty smiles 'Twould be false to say that their figures are distinguished by an air of fashion—for we have no court, and our nobles are almost all absentees But though, in one sense, the men are ugly customers, as they will find

"Who chance to tread upon their freeborn toe,"

yet, literally, they are a comely crew, and if formed into battalions in marching order, would make the National Guard in Paris look like

"That small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes"

Our females have figures that can thaw any frost, and 'tis universally allowed that they walk well, though their style of pedestrianism does not so readily recall to the imagination Virgil's picture of Camilla flying along the heads of corn without touching their ears, as the images of paviers with post-looking mallets driving down dislodged stones into the streets Intermingling with the lighter and more elastic footsteps of your Southron dames, the on-goings of our native virgins produce a pleasant variety of motion in the forenoon mêlée that along the Street of Princes now goes nodding in the sun-glint

"Amid the general dance and minstrelsy"

who would wear a long face, unless it were in sympathy with his length of ears? A din of multitudinous joy hums in the air, you cannot see the city for the houses, its inhabitants for the people, and, as for finding one particular acquaintance in the crowd, why, to use an elegant simile, you might as well go search for a needle in a bottle of hay

But hark! a hollow sound, distant, and as yet referred to no distinct place—then a faint mixture of a clear chime that is almost music—now a tune—and at last, rousing the massy multitude to enthusiasm, a military march, swelling various, profound, and high, with drum, trombone, serpent, trump, clarionet, fife, flute, and cymbal, bringing slowly on (is it the measured tramp of the feet of men, or the confused trampling of horses?) banners floating over the procession, above the glitter of steel, and the golden glow of helmets 'Tis a regiment of cavalry—hurra! the Carbineers! What an Advanced Guard!

"There England sends her men, of men the chief,"

still, staid, bold, bronzed faces, with keen eyes, looking straight forward from between sabres, while beneath the equable but haughty motion

ive past now and then come floating upon the cheerful present—like birds of fine plumage floating far inland from the main But there is no idle longing—no vain regret That, we say, is true wisdom For each season and each season—each pleasure and place—ought to be trusted to itself in the economy of human life, and to be allowed its own proper power over our spirit People in the country are often restless to return to town—and people in town unhappy till they run away into the country,—thus cheating them entire existence out of its natural calm and satisfaction. Not so we. We give both their due—and that due is an almost undivided delight in each while we live under its reign. For Nature, believe us, is no jealous mistress. She is an affectionate wife, who, being assured of his fidelity, is not afraid to trust her husband out of her sight,

"When still the town affairs do call him thence,"

and who waits with cheerful patience for his return, duly welcomed with a conjugal shower of smiles and kisses.

But what is this we see before us? Winter—we declare—and in full fig with his powdered wig! On the mid-day of November, absolutely snow! a full, fair, and free fall of indisputable snow.

Not the slightest idea had we, the day before, that a single flake had yet been formed in the atmosphere, which, on closing of our shutters, looked through the clear obscure, indicative of a still night and a bright morning But we had not seen the moon She, we are told by an eyewitness, early in the evening, *stared* from the south-east, "through the misty horizontal air," with a face of portentous magnitude and brazen hue, symptomatic, as weather-wise seers do say, of the approach of the Snow-king On such occasions it requires all one's astronomical science to distinguish between sun and moon, for then sister resembles brother in that wan splendour, and you wonder for a moment, as the large beamless orb (how unlike Dian's silver bow!) is in ascension, what can have brought the lord of day, at this untimeous hour, from his sea-coach behind the mountains of the west Yet during the night-calm we suspected snow—for the hush of the heavens had that downy feel to our half-sleeping fancy, that belongs to the eider-pillow in which disappears our aged, honoured, and un-night capped head Looking out by peep of day—rather a ghostlike appearance in our long night-shirt, which trails a regal train—we beheld the fair feathers dimly descending through the glimmer, while momently the world kept whitening and whitening, till we knew not our home-returning white cat on what was yesterday the back-*green*, but by the sable tail that singularly shoots from the rump of that phenomenon We were delighted Into the cold plunge-bath we played plop like a salmon—and came out as red as a cut of that incomparable fish One ply of leather—one of flannel—and one of the linen fine, and then the suit of pepper and salt over all, and you behold us welcoming, hailing, and blessing the return of day Frost, too, felt, at the finger and toe tips—and in unequivocal true-blue at the point, Pensive Public, of thy Grecian or Roman nose. [illegible], at once, are all the rage, the month of muffs has come, and round the neck of Eve, and every one of all her daughters, is seen harmlessly coiling the boa-constrictor On their lovely cheeks the Christmas roses are already in full blow, and the heart of Christopher North leaps aloud for joy. Furred, muffed, and boa'd, Mrs Gentle [illegible] abroad in the blast; and, another [illegible] his Crutch, the rough, ready, and ruddy old man whose [illegible] elbows are worn, whispers in that [illegible] heart ear of the public thus [illegible] home, and points his gouty toe toward the [illegible] chair. In the bracing air, his frame is strong as Paganini's fiddle, and he is felt to be [illegible], not in the prose to "Lord of the [illegible], [illegible] land beside!" what cares he even for a touch of the lumbago? On his [illegible]—nay, it never proves a cross—beyond [illegible] by him or his nurse, or is Mrs. [illegible] self jealous or envious of these [illegible] And who knows but that ere another November snow whitens the streets, our much little K[illegible], with the word North distinctly traceable in fine letters on the white of its eyes, may not be playing antics on his mother's knee, and with the true Tory face in countenance, smiling upon the guardian of the merry fellow's own and his country's constitution?

What kind of a Winter—we wonder—are we to have in the way of wind and weather? We trust it will be severe As summer set in with his usual severity, Winter must not be behind-hand with him; but after an occasional week's run of a considerably boisterous character, must come out in full fig of frost He has two suits which we greatly admire, combining the splendour of a court-dress with the strength of a work-day garb—we mean his garments of black and his garments of white frost. He looks best in the former, we think, on to about Christmas—and the latter become the old gentleman well from that festival season on to about the day sacred to a class of persons who will never read our Recreations.

Of all the months of the year, November—in our climate—whether in town or country, bears the worst character. He is almost universally thought to be a sour, ulky, sullen, savage, dim, dull, dark, disconsolate, yet designing month—in fewer words, a month scarcely fit to live. Abhorring all personalities, we repent having sometimes given into this national abuse of November We know him well—and though we admit at once that he is no beauty, and that his manners are at the best blunt, at the worst repulsive, yet on those who choose to cultivate his acquaintance, his character continues so to mellow and ameliorate itself, that they come at last, if not to love, to like him, and even to prefer his company "in the season of the year," to that of other more brilliant visiters So true is it with months and men, that it requires only to know the most unpleasant of them, and to see them during a favourable phasis, in order to regard them with that Christian complacency which a good heart sheds over all its habits 'Tis unlucky for November—poor fellow!—that he follows October. October is a month so much

All the rooms in the house were thrown open, except the cellars and the Sanctum To the people congregated outside, the building, we have been assured, had all the brilliancy of the Bude Light. It was like a palace of light, of which the framework or skeleton was of white unveined marble So strong was the reflection on the nocturnal heavens, that a rumour ran through the City that there was a great fire in Moray Place, nor did it subside till after the arrival and departure of several engines The alarm of some huge conflagration prevailed during most part of the night all over the kingdom of Fife, while in the Lothians, our illumination was much admired as an uncommonly fine specimen of the Aurora Borealis

> "From the arch'd roof,
> Pendent by subtle magic many a row
> Of starry lamps and blazing cressets fed
> With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
> As from a sky The hasty multitude
> Admiring enter'd"

We need not say who received the company, and with what grace she did so, standing at the first landing-place of the great staircase in sable stole, *for the widow's weeds have not yet* been doffed for the robes of saffron—with a Queen Mary cap pointed *in the front of her se*rene and ample forehead, and, to please us, a few pearls sprinkled among her hair, still an unfaded auburn, and on her bosom one star-bright diamond Had the old General himself come to life again, and beheld her then and there, he could not have been offended with such simple ornaments The weeds he would *have felt due to him, and all that his memory* was fairly entitled to, but the flowers—to speak figuratively—he would have cheerfully acknowledged were due to us, and that they well became both face and figure of his lovely relict. As she moved from one room to another, showering around her serene smiles, we felt the dignity of those Virgilian words,

> "Incedit Regina"

Surely there is something very poetical in the gradual flowing in of the tide of grace, elegance and beauty, over the floors of a suit of regal-looking rooms, splendidly illuminated Each party as it comes on has its own peculiar picturesqueness, and affects the heart or imagination by some novel charm, gently gliding onward a little while by itself, as if not unconscious of its own attractions, nor unproud of the gaze of perhaps critical admiration that attends its progressive movement We confess ourselves partial to plumes of feathers above the radiant braidings of the silken tresses on the heads of virgins and matrons—provided they be not "dumpy women" —tall, white, blue, and pink plumes, silent in their wavings as gossamer, and as finely delicate, stirred up *by your very breath as you* bend down to salute their cheeks—not with kisses—for they would be out of order both of time and place—but with words almost as tender as kisses, and awakening almost as tender a return—a few sweet syllables breathed in a silver voice, with blushing cheeks, and downcast eyes that, when again uplifted, are seen to be from heaven

A long hour ago, and all the mansion was empty and motionless—with us two alone sitting by each other's side affectionately and respectfully on a sofa. Now it is filled with life, and heard you ever such a happy murmur? Yet no one in particular looks as if he or she were speaking much above breath, so gentle is true refinement, like a delightful fragrance

> "From the calm manners quietly exhaled."

Oh! the atrocious wickedness of a great, big, hearty, huge, hulking, horse-laugh in an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, gathered gracefully together to enjoy the courtesies, the amenities, the urbanities, and the humanities of cultivated Christian life! The pagan who perpetrates it *should* be burnt alive—not at a slow fire—though that would be but justice—but at a quick one, that all remnants of him and his enormity may be instantly extinguished Lord Chesterfield has been loudly laughed at with leathern lungs for his anathema against laughter But though often wrong, there his Lordship was right, and for that one single rule of manners he deserves a monument, as having been one of the benefactors of his species Let smiles mantle—and that sweet, soft, low sound be heard, the *susurrus* Let there be a many-voiced quiet music, like that of the summer moonlight sea when the stars are in its breast But laughter—loud peals of laughter—are like breakers—blind breakers on a blind *coast, where no verdure grows except* that of tangle, and whatever is made into that vulgarist of all commodities, kelp

'Tis not a literary conversazione, mind ye, gentle reader, for we leave that to S T Coleridge, the Monarch of the Monologue But all speak—talk—whisper—or smile, of all the *speakable, talkable, whisperable, and* smileable little interesting affairs, incidents, and occurrences, real or fabulous, of public, private, demi-public, or demi-semi-private life Topics are as plentiful as snow-flakes, and melt away as fast in the stream of social pleasure,

> "A moment white, then gone for ever"

Not a little scandal—much gossip, we dare say, but as for scandal, it is the vulgarest error in the world to think that it either means, or does, any harm to any mortal It does infinite good *It ventilates the atmosphere, and* prevents the "golden-fretted vault" *from* becoming "a foul congregation of vapours" As for gossip, what other vindication does it need, than an order for you to look at a soirée of swallows in September on a slate-roof, the most innocent and white-breasted creatures that pay

> "Their annual visits round the globe,
> Companions of the sun,"

but such gossipers that the whole air is a-twitter with their talk about their neighbours' nests—when—whew! off and away they go, winnowing their way westwards, through the setting sunlight, and all in perfect amity with themselves and their kind, while

> "The world is all before them where to choose,
> *And Providence their guide*"

And, madam, you do not matronize—and, sir, you do not patronize—*waltzing!* 'Tis very O

STROLL TO GRASSMERE.

FIRST SAUNTER

Companion of the Crutch! hast thou been a loving observer of the weather of our island-clime? We do not mean to ask if you have from youth been in the daily practice of rising from your study-chair at regular intervals, and ascertaining the precise point of Mercury's elevation on the barometrical scale The idea of trusting, throughout all the fluctuations of the changeful and capricious atmosphere in which we live, to quicksilver, is indeed preposterous, and we have long noticed that meteorologists make an early figure in our obituaries Seeing the head of the god above the mark "fair," or "settled," out they march in thins, without great-coat or umbrella, when such a thunder-plump falls down in a deluge, that, returning home by water and steam, they take to bed, and on the ninth day, fever hurries them off, victims to their confidence in that treacherous tube. But we mean to ask, have you an eye, an ear, and a sixth sense, anonymous and instinctive, for all the prognosticating sights and sounds, and motions and shapes, of nature? Have you studied, in silence and solitude, the low, strange, and spirit-like whisperings, that often, when bird and bee are mute, come and go, here and there, now from crag, now from coppice, and now from moor, all over the sultry stillness of the clouded landscape? Have you listened among mountains to the voice of streams, till you heard them prophesying change? Have you so mastered the occult science of mists, as that you can foretell each proud or fair Emergency, and the hour when grove, precipice, or plain, shall in sudden revelation be clothed with the pomp of sunshine? Are all Bewick's birds, and beasts, and fishes visible to your eyes in the woods, wastes, and waves of the clouds? And know ye what aerial condor, dragon, and whale, respectively portend? Are the Fata Morgana as familiar to you as the Aberdeen Almanac! When a mile-square hover of crows darkens air and earth, or settling loads every tree with sable fruitage, are you your own augur, equally as when one raven lifts up his hoary blackness from a stone, and sails sullenly off with a croak, that gets fiercer and more savage in the lofty distance? Does the leaf of the forest twinkle futurity? the lonely lichen brighten or pale its lustre with change? Does not the gift of prophecy dwell with the family of the violets and the lilies? The prescient harebells, do they not let drop their closing blossoms when the heavens are niggard of their dews, or uphold them like cups thirsty for wine, when the blessing, yet unfelt by duller animal life, is beginning to drop balmily down from the rainy cloud embosomed in the blue of a midsummer's meridian day?

Forgive these friendly interrogatories Perhaps you are weather-wiser than ourselves, yet for not a few years we bore the name of "The Man of the Mountains," and, though no great linguists, we hope that we know somewhat more than the vocabulary of the languages of calm and storm Remember that we are now at Ambleside—and one week's residence there may let you into some of the secrets of the unsteady Cabinet of St Cloud

One advice we give you, and by following it you cannot fail to be happy at Ambleside, and everywhere else Whatever the weather be, love, admire, and delight in it, and vow that you would not change it for the atmosphere of a dream If it be close, hot, oppressive, be thankful for the faint air that comes down fitfully from cliff and chasm, or the breeze that ever and anon gushes from stream and lake. If the heavens are filled with sunshine, and you feel the vanity of parasols, how cool the sylvan shade for ever moistened by the murmurs of that fairy waterfall! Should it blow great guns, cannot you take shelter in yonder magnificent fort, whose hanging battlements are warded even from the thunder-bolt by the dense umbrage of unviolated woods? Rain—rain—rain—an even-down pour of rain, that forces upon you visions of Noah and his ark, and the top of Mount Ararat—still, we beseech you, be happy It cannot last long at that rate, the thing is impossible Even this very afternoon will the rainbow span the blue entrance into Rydal's woody vale, as if to hail the westering sun on his approach to the mountains—and a hundred hill-born torrents will be seen flashing out of the up-folding mists What a delightful dazzle on the light-stricken river! Each meadow shames the lustre of the emerald, and the soul wishes not for language to speak the pomp and prodigality of colours that Heaven now rejoices to lavish on the grove-girdled Fairfield, who has just tossed off the clouds from his rocky crest

You will not imagine, from any thing we have ever said, that we are enemies to early rising Now and then, what purer bliss than to embrace the new-wakened Morn, just as she is rising from her dewy bed! At such hour, we feel as if there were neither physical nor moral evil in the world, The united power of peace, innocence, and beauty subdues every thing to itself, and life is love

Forgive us, loveliest of Mornings! for having overslept the assignation hour, and allowed thee to remain all by thyself in the solitude, wondering why thy worshipper could prefer to thy presence the fairest phantoms that ever visited a dream And thou hast forgiven us—for not clouds of displeasure these that have settled on thy forehead, the unreproaching light of thy countenance is upon us—a loving murmur steals into our heart from thine—and pure as a child's, daughter of Heaven! is thy breath

In the spirit of that invocation we look

fie-fiesh, you think—and in danger of becoming very, very faux-pa-pa-ish!

"Oh! the great goodness of the knights of old,"

whose mind-motto was still—

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*"

Judging by ourselves, 'tis a wicked world we unwillingly confess; but be not terrified at trifles, we beseech you, and be not gross in your censure of innocent and delicate delights. Byron's exquisitively sensitive modesty was shocked by the sight of waltzing, which he would not have suffered the Guiccioli, while she was in his keeping, to have indulged in even with her own husband. Thus it is that sinners see sin only where it is not—and shut their eyes to it when it comes upon them open-armed, bare-bosomed, and brazen-faced, and clutches them in a grasp more like the hug of a bear than the embrace of a woman. Away with such mawkish modesty and mouthing morality—for 'tis the slang of the hypocrite. Waltzing does our old eyes good to look on it, when the whole Circling Flight goes gracefully and airily on its orbit, and we think we see the realization of that picture (we are sad misquoters) when the Hours—

"Knit by the Graces and the Loves in dance,
Lead on the eternal spring!"

But the Circling Flight breaks into airy fragments, the Instrumental Band is hushed, and so is the whole central Drawing-room; for, blushingly obedient to the old man's beck, THE STAR OF EVE—so call we her who is our heart's-ease and heart's-delight—the granddaughter of one whom hopelessly we loved in youth, yet with no unreturned passion—but

"The course of true love never yet ran smooth"—

comes glidingly to our side, and having heard our wish breathed whisperingly into her ear—a rare feature when small, thin, and delicate as a leaf—just as glidingly she goes, in stature that is almost stateliness, towards her Harp, and assuming at once a posture that would have charmed Canova, after a few prelusive touches that betray the hand of a mistress in the divine art, to the enchantment of the white motions of those graceful arms and fingers fine, awakes a spirit in the strings accordant to the spirit in that voice worthy to have blended with St. Cecilia's in her hymning orisons. A Hebrew Melody! And now your heart feels the utter mournfulness of these words,

"By Babel's streams we sat and wept!"

How sudden, yet how unviolent, the transitions among all our feelings! Under no other power so swift and so soft as that of Music. The soul that sincerely loves Music, offers at no time the slightest resistance to her sway, but yields itself up entire to all its moods and measures, led captive by each successive strain through the whole mysterious world of modulated air. Not a smile over all that hush. Entranced in listening, they are all still as images. A sigh—almost a sob—is heard, and there is shedding of tears. The sweet singer's self seems as if she felt all alone at some solitary shrine—

"Her face, oh! call it fair, not pale!"

Yet pale now it is, as if her heart almost died within her at the pathos of her own beautiful lament in a foreign land, and lovelier in her captivity never was the fairest of the daughters of Zion!

How it howls! That was a very avalanche. The snow-winds preach charity to all who have roofs over-head—towards the houseless and them who huddle round hearths where the fire is dying or dead. Those blankets must have been a Godsend indeed to not a few families, and your plan is preferable to a Fancy-Fair. Yet that is good too—nor do we find fault with them who dance for the Destitute. We sanction amusements that give relief to misery—and the wealthy may waltz unblamed for behoof of the poor.

Again what a howling in the chimney! What a blattering on the windows, and what a cannonading on the battlements! What can the Night be about? and what has put old Nox into such a most outrageous passion? He has driven our Winter Rhapsody clean out of our noddle—and to-morrow we must be sending for the slater, the plumber, and the glazier. To go to bed in such a hurly-burly, would be to make an Ultra-Toryish acknowledgment, not only of the divine right, but of the divine power, of King Morpheus. But an Ultra-Tory we are not—though Ultra-Trimmers try to impose upon themselves that fiction among a thousand others; so we shall smoke a cigar, and let sleep go to the dogs, the deuse, the devil, and the Chartists.

Deuse a headache have you—speak in a whisper, and not a syllable of your excellent observation is lost, your coat is dry, except that a few dewdrops have been shook over you from the branches stirred by the sudden wing-clap of the cushat—and as for toothache interfering with dinner, you eat as if your tusks had been just sharpened, and would not scruple to discuss nuts, upper-and-lower-jaw-work fashion, against the best crackers in the county And all this comes of looking at Stockgill-force, or any other waterfall, in dry weather, after a few refreshing and fertilizing showers that make the tributary rills to murmur, and set at work a thousand additional feeders to every Lake

Ha! Matutine Roses!—budding, half-blown, consummate—you are, indeed, in irresistible blush! We shall not say which of you we love best—*she knows it*, but we see there is no hope to-day for the old man—for you are all paired—and he must trudge it *solus*, in capacity of Guide-General of the Forces What! the nymphs are going to pony it? And you intend, you selfish fellows, that we shall hold all the reins whenever the spirit moveth you to deviate from bridle-path, to clamber cliff for a bird's-eye view, or dive into dells for some rare plant? Well, well—there is a tradition, that once we were young ourselves, and so redolent of youth are these hills, that we are more than half inclined to believe it—so blush and titter, and laugh and look down, ye innocent wicked ones, each with her squire by her palfrey's name, while good old Christopher, like a true guide, keeps hobbling in the rear on his Crutch Holla there!—to the right of our friend Mr Benson's smithy—and to Rothay-bridge Turn in at a gate to the right hand, which, twenty to one, you will find open, that the cattle may take an occasional promenade along the turnpike, and cool their palates with a little ditch grass, and saunter along by Millar-bridge and Foxgill on to Pelter-bridge, and, if you please, to Rydal-mere Thus, and thus only, is seen the vale of Ambleside, and what a vale of grove, and glade, and stream, and cliff, and cottage, and villa, and grass-field, and garden, and orchard, and—But not another word, for you would forthwith compare our description with the reality, and seeing it faint and feeble, would toss it into the Rothay, and laugh as the Vol plumped over a waterfall!

The silvan—or say rather the forest scenery—(for there is to us an indescribable difference between these two words)—of Rydal-park, was, in memory of living men, magnificent, and it still contains a treasure of old trees Lady Diana's white pea-fowl, sitting on the limbs of that huge old tree like creatures newly alighted from the Isles of Paradise! all undisturbed by the water-falls, which, as you keep gazing on the long-depending plumage illumining the forest-gloom, seem indeed to lose their sound, and to partake the peace of that resplendent show—each splendour a wondrous Bird! For they stretch themselves all up, with their graceful crests, o'ercanopied by the umbrage draperied as from a throne And never surely were seen in this daylight world such unterrestrial creatures—though come from afar, all happy as at home in the Fairies' Oak.

By all means ride away into these woods, and lose yourselves for half an hour among the cooing of cushats, and the shrill shriek of startled blackbirds, and the rustle of the harmless slow-worm among the last year's red beech-leaves No very great harm in a kiss under the shadow of an oak, (oh fie!) while the magpie chatters angrily at safe distance, and the more innocent squirrel peeps down upon you from a bough of the canopy, and, hoisting his tail, glides into the obscurity of the loftiest umbrage You still continue to see and hear, but the sight is a glimmer, and the sound a hum, as if the forest-glade were swarming with bees, from the ground-flowers to the herons' nests Refreshed by your dream of Dryads, follow a lonesome din that issues from a pile of wooded cliffs, and you are led to a Water-fall Five minutes are enough for taking an impression, if your mind be of the right material, and you carry it away with you further down the Forest Such a torrent will not reach the lake without disporting itself into many little cataracts, and saw ye ever such a fairy one as that flowing through below an ivyed bridge into a circular basin overshadowed by the uncertain twilight of many checkering branches, and washing the rock-base of a Hermitage, in which a sin-sickened, or pleasure-palled man might, before his hairs were gray, forget all the gratifications and all the guilt of the noisy world?

You are now all standing together in a group beside Ivy-cottage, the river gliding below its wooden bridge from Rydal-mere It is a perfect model of such architecture—breathing the very spirit of Westmoreland The public road, skirted by its front paling, does not in the least degree injure its character of privacy and retirement, so we think at this dewy hour of prime, when the gossamer meets our faces, extended from the honeysuckled slate-porch to the trees on the other side of the turnpike And see how the multitude of low-hanging roofs and gable-ends, and dove-cot looking windows, steal away up a green and shrubberied acclivity, and terminating in wooded rocks that seem part of the building, in the uniting richness of ivy, lichens, moss-roses, broom, and sweet-brier, murmuring with birds and bees, busy near hive and nest! It would be extremely pleasant to breakfast in that deep-windowed room on the ground-floor, on cream and barley-cakes, eggs, coffee, and dry-toast, with a little mutton-ham not too severely salted, and at the conclusion, a nut-shell of Glenlivet or Cogniac But, Lord preserve ye! it is not yet six o'clock in the morning, and what Christian kettle simmereth before seven? Yes, my sweet Harriet, that sketch does you credit, and it is far from being very unlike the original Rather too many chimneys by about half-a-dozen, and where did you find that steeple immediately over the window marked "Dairy?" The pigs are somewhat too sumptuously lodged in that elegant sty, and the hen-roost might accommodate a phœnix But the features of the chief porch are very happily hit off—you have caught the very attic spirit of the roof—and

around us, and as the idea of morning dies, sufficient for our happiness is "the light of common day"—the imagery of common earth There has been rain during the night—enough, and no more, to enliven nature—the mists are ascending composedly with promise of gentle weather—and the sun, so mild that we can look him in the face with unwinking eyes, gives assurance that as he has risen so will he reign, and so will he set in peace

Yet we cannot help thinking it somewhat remarkable, that, to the best of our memory, never once were we the very first out into the dawn We say nothing of birds—for they, with their sweet jargoning, anticipate it, and from their bed on the bough feel the forerunning warmth of the sunrise, neither do we allude to hares, for they are "hirpling hame," to sleep away the light hours, open-eyed, in the briery quarry in the centre of the trackless wood Even cows and horses we can excuse being up before us, for they have bivouacked, and the latter, as they often sleep standing, are naturally somnambulists Weasels, too, we can pardon for running across the road before us, and as they reach the hole-in-the-wall, showing by their clear eyes that they have been awake for hours, and have probably breakfasted on leveret We have no spite at chanticleer, nor the hooting owls against whom he is so lustily crowing hours before the orient, nor do we care although we know that is not the first sudden plunge of the tyrant trout into the insect cloud already hovering over the tarn But we confess that it is a little mortifying to our pride of time and place, to meet an old beggar-woman, who from the dust on her tattered brogues has evidently marched miles from her last night's wayside howf, and who holds out her withered palm for charity, at an hour when a cripple of fourscore might have been supposed sleeping on her pallet of straw A pedlar, too, who has got through a portion of the Excursion before the sun has illumed the mountain-tops, is mortifying, with his piled pack and ellwand There, as we are a Christian, is Ned Hurd, landing a pike on the margin of the Reed-pool, on his way from Hayswater, where he has been all night angling, till his creel is as heavy as a sermon, and a little further on, comes issuing like a Dryad's daughter, from the gate in the lane, sweet, little Alice Elleray, with a basket dangling beneath her arm, going in her orphan beauty to gather, in their season, wild strawberries or violets in the woods

Sweet orphan of Wood-edge! what would many a childless pair give for a creature one-half so beautiful as thou, to break the stillness of a home that wants but one blessing to make it perfectly happy! Yet there are few or none to lay a hand on that golden head, or leave a kiss upon its ringlets The father of Alice Elleray was a wild and reckless youth, and, going to the wars, died in a foreign land. Her mother soon faded away of a broken heart,—and who was to care for the orphan child of the forgotten friendless? An old pauper who lives in that hut, scarcely distinguishable from the shealings of the charcoal-burners, was glad to take her from the parish for a weekly mite that helps to eke out her own subsistence. For two or three years the child was felt a burden by the solitary widow, but ere she had reached her fifth summer, Alice Elleray never left the hut without darkness seeming to overshadow it—never entered the door without bringing the sunshine Where can the small, lonely creature have heard so many tunes, and airs, and snatches of old songs—as if some fairy bird had taught her melodies of fairy-land? She is now in her tenth year, nor an idler in her solitude Do you wish for a flowery bracelet for the neck of a chosen one, whose perfumes may mingle with the bosom-balm of her virgin beauty? The orphan of Wood-edge will wreath it of blossoms cropt before the sun hath melted the dew on leaf or petal Will you be for carrying away with you to the far-off city some pretty little silvan toy, to remind you of Ambleside, and Rydal, and other beautiful names of beautiful localities near the lucid waters of Windermere? Then, Lady! purchase, at little cost, from the fair basket-maker, an ornament for your parlour, that will not disgrace its fanciful furniture, and, as you sit at your dreamy needlework, will recall the green forest-glades of Brathy or Calgarth Industrious creature! each day is to thee, in thy simplicity, an entire life All thoughts, all feelings, arise and die in peace between sunrise and sunset. What carest thou for being an orphan! knowing, as thou well dost, that God is thy father and thy mother, and that a prayer to Him brings health, food, and sleep to the innocent

Letting drop a curtsy, taught by Nature, the mother of the Graces, Alice Elleray, the orphan of Wood-edge, without waiting to be twice bidden, trills, as if from a silver pipe, a wild, bird-like warble, that in its cheerfulness has now and then a melancholy fall, and, at the close of the song, hers are the only eyes that are not dimmed with the haze of tears. Then away she glides with a thankful smile, and dancing over the greensward, like an uncertain sunbeam, lays the treasure, won by her beauty, her skill, and her industry, on the lap of her old guardian, who blesses her with the uplifting of withered hands

Meanwhile, we request you to walk away with us up to Stockgill-force There has been a new series of dry weather, to be sure, but to our liking, a waterfall is best in a rainless summer After a flood, the noise is beyond all endurance You get stunned and stupified till your head splits Then you may open your mouth like a barn-door—we are speaking to you, sir—and roar into a friend's ear all in vain a remark on the cataract To him you are a dumb man In two minutes you are as completely drenched in spray as if you had fallen out of a boat—and descend to dinner with a toothache that keeps you in starvation in the presence of provender sufficient for a whole bench of bishops In dry weather, on the contrary, the waterfall is in moderation, and instead of tumbling over the cliff in a perpetual peal of thunder, why, it slides and slidders merrily and musically away down the green shelving rocks, and sinks into repose in many a dim or lucid pool, amidst whose foam-bells is playing or asleep the fearless Naiad.

chimney were in flame—a tumultuous cloud pours aloft, straggling and broken, through the broad slate stones that defend the mouth of the vomitory from every blast The matron within is doubtless about to prepare breakfast, and last year's rotten pea-sticks have soon heated the capacious gridiron Let the smoke-wreath melt away at its leisure, and do you admire, along with us, the infinite variety of all those little shelving and sloping roofs To feel the full force of the peculiar beauty of these antique tenements, you must understand their domestic economy If ignorant of that, you can have no conception of the meaning of any one thing you see—roofs, eaves, chimneys, beams, props, doors, hovels, and sheds, and hanging staircase, being all huddled together, as you think, in unintelligible confusion, whereas they are all precisely what and where they ought to be, and have had their colours painted, forms shaped, and places allotted by wind and weather, and the perpetually but pleasantly felt necessities of the natural condition of mountaineers

Dear, dear is the thatch to the eyes of a son of Caledonia, for he may remember the house in which he was born, but what thatch was ever so beautiful as that slate from the quarry of the White-moss? Each one—no—not each one—but almost each one—of these little overhanging roofs seems to have been slated, or repaired at least, in its own separate season, so various is the lustre of lichens that bathes the whole, as richly as ever rock was bathed fronting the sun on the mountain's brow Here and there is seen some small window, before unobserved, curtained perhaps—for the statesman, and the statesman's wife, and the statesman's daughters, have a taste—a taste inspired by domestic happiness, which, seeking simply comfort, unconsciously creates beauty, and whatever its homely hand touches, that it adorns There would seem to be many fireplaces in Braithwaite-fold, from such a number of chimney-pillars, each rising up to a different altitude from a different base, round as the bole of a tree—and elegant, as if shaped by Vitruvius To us, we confess, there is nothing offensive in the most glaring white rough-cast that ever changed a cottage into a patch of sunny snow Yet here that grayish-tempered unobtrusive hue does certainly blend to perfection with roof, rock, and sky Every instrument is in tune Not even in silvan glade, nor among the mountain rocks, did wanderer's eyes ever behold a porch of meeting tree-stems, or reclining cliffs, more gracefully festooned, than the porch from which now issues one of the fairest of Westmeria's daughters With one arm crossed before her eyes in a sudden burst of sunshine, with the other Ellinor Inman waves to her little brother and sisters among the bark-peelers in the Rydal woods The graceful signal is repeated till seen, and in a few minutes a boat steals twinkling from the opposite side of the lake, each tug of the youthful rowers distinctly heard through the hollow of the vale A singing voice rises and ceases—as if the singer were watching the echo—and is not now the picture complete?

After a time old buildings undergo no perceptible change, any more than old trees, and after they have begun to feel the touch of decay, it is long before they look melancholy, for while they continue to be used, they cannot help looking cheerful, and even dilapidation is painful only when felt to be lifeless The house now in ruins, that we passed a few hundred yards ago without you seeing it—we saw it with a sigh—among some dark firs, just before we began to ascend the hill, was many years ago inhabited by Miles Mackareth, a man of some substance, and universally esteemed for his honest and pious character His integrity, however, wanted the grace of courteousness, and his religion was somewhat gloomy and austere, while all the habits of his life were sad, secluded, and solitary His fireside was always decent, but never cheerful—there the passing traveller partook of an ungrudging, but a grave hospitality, and although neighbours dropping in unasked were always treated as neighbours, yet seldom were they invited to pass an evening below his roof, except upon the stated festivals of the seasons, or some domestic event demanding socialty, according to the country custom Year after year the gloom deepened on his strong-marked intellectual countenance, and his hair, once black as jet became untimely gray Indeed, although little more than fifty years old when you saw his head uncovered, you would have taken him for a man approaching to threescore and ten His wife and only daughter, both naturally of a cheerful disposition, grew every year more retired, till at last they shunned society altogether, and were seldom seen but at church And now a vague rumour ran through the hamlets of the neighbouring valleys, that he was scarcely in his right mind—that he had been heard by shepherds on the hills talking to himself wild words, and pacing up and down in a state of distraction The family ceased to attend divine worship, and as for some time the Sabbath had been the only day they were visible, few or none now knew how they fared, and by many they were nearly forgotten Meanwhile, during the whole summer, the miserable man haunted the loneliest places, and, to the terror of his wife and daughter, who had lost all power over him, and durst not speak, frequently passed whole days they knew not where, and came home, silent, haggard, and ghastly, about midnight His widow afterwards told that he seldom slept, and never without dreadful dreams—that often would he sit up all night in his bed, with eyes fixed and staring on nothing, and uttering ejaculations for mercy for all his sins

What these sins were he never confessed—nor, as far as man may judge of man, had he ever committed any act that needed to lie heavy on his conscience But his whole being, he said, was one black sin—and a spirit had been sent to tell him, that his doom was to be with the wicked through all the ages of eternity That spirit, without form or shadow—only a voice—seldom left his side day or night, go where he would, but its most dreadful haunt was under a steep rock called Blakeriggscaur, and thither, in whatever direction he turned his face on leaving his own

nurtured Burns, and the Shepherd's grave is close to the cot in which he was born—within hearing of the Ettrick's mournful voice on its way to meet the Yarrow Skiddaw overshadows, and Greta freshens the bower of him who framed,

> "Of Thalaba, the wild and wond'rous song"

Here the woods, mountains, and waters of Rydal imparadise the abode of the wisest of nature's bards, with whom poetry is religion And where was he ever so happy as in that region, he who created "Christabelle," "beautiful exceedingly," and sent the "Auncient Mariner" on the wildest of all voyagings, and brought him back with the ghastliest of all crews, and the strangest of all curses that ever haunted crime?

Of all Poets that ever lived, Wordsworth has been at once the most truthful and the most idealizing, external nature from him has received a soul, and becomes our teacher, while he has so filled our minds with images from her, that every mood finds some fine affinities there, and thus we all hang for sustenance and delight on the bosom of our mighty Mother We believe that there are many who have an eye for Nature, and even a sense of the beautiful, without any very profound feeling, and to them Wordsworth's finest descriptive passages seem often languid or diffuse, and not to present to their eyes any distinct picture Perhaps sometimes this objection may be just, but to paint to the eye is easier than to the imagination—and Wordsworth, taking it for granted that people can now see and hear, desires to make them feel and understand, of his pupil it must not be said,

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more,"

the poet gives the something more till we start at the disclosure as at a lovely apparition—yet an apparition of beauty not foreign to the flower, but exhaling from its petals, which till that moment seemed to us but an ordinary bunch of leaves In these lines is an humbler example of how recondite may be the spirit of beauty in any most familiar thing belonging to the kingdom of nature, one higher far—but of the same kind—is couched in two immortal verses—

> "To me the humblest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"

In what would the poet differ from the worthy man of prose, if his imagination possessed not a beautifying and transmuting power over the objects of the inanimate world? Nay, even the naked truth itself is seen clearly but by poetic eyes, and were a sumph all at once to become a poet, he would all at once be stark-staring mad Yonder ass licking his lips at a thistle, sees but water for him to drink in Windermere a-glow with the golden lights of setting suns. The ostler or the boots at Lowood-inn takes a somewhat higher flight, and for a moment, pausing with curry-comb or blacking-brush in his suspended hand, calls on Sally Chambermaid for gracious sake to look at Pull-wyke The waiter who has cultivated his taste from conversation with Lakers, learns their phraseology, and declares the sunset to be exceedingly handsome. The Laker, who sometimes has a soul, feels it rise within him as the rim of the orb disappears in the glow of softened fire The artist compliments Nature, by likening her evening glories to a picture of Claud Lorraine—while the poet feels the sense sublime

> "Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things"

Compare any one page, or any twenty pages, with the character given of Wordsworth's poetry in the obsolete criticism that sought to send it to oblivion The poet now sits on his throne in the blue serene—and no voice from below dares deny his supremacy in his own calm dominions And was it of him, whom devout imagination, dreaming of ages to come, now sees, placed in his immortality between Milton and Spenser, that the whole land once rang with ridicule, while her wise men wiped their eyes "of tears that sacred *pity* had engendered," and then relieved their hearts by joining in the laughter "of the universal British nation?" All the ineffable absurdities of the bard are now embodied in Seven Volumes—the sense of the ridiculous still survives among us—our men of wit and power are not all dead—we have yet our satirists, great and small—editors in thousands, and contributors in tens of thousands—yet not a whisper is heard to breathe detraction from the genius of the high-priest of nature, while the voice of the awakened and enlightened land declares it to be divine—using towards him not the language merely of admiration but of reverence—of love and gratitude, due to a benefactor of humanity, who has purified its passions by loftiest thoughts and noblest sentiments, stilling their turbulence by the same processes that magnify their power, and showing how the soul, in ebb and flow, and when its tide is at full, may be at once as strong and as serene as the sea

There are few pictures painted by him merely for the pleasure of the eye, or even the imagination, though all the pictures he ever painted are beautiful to both, they have all a moral meaning—many a meaning more than moral—and his poetry can be comprehended, in its full scope and spirit, but by those who feel the sublimity of these four lines in his "Ode to Duty"—

> "Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
> And fragrance in thy footing treads,
> Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong
> And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong"

Is thy life disturbed by guilty or sinful passions? Have they gained a mastery of thee—and art thou indeed their slave? Then the poetry of Wordsworth must be to thee

> "As is a picture to a blind man's eye,"

or if thine eyes yet see the light in which it is enveloped, and thy heart yet feels the beauty it reveals, in spite of the clouds that overhang

door, he was led by an irresistible impulse, even as a child is led by the hand. Tenderly and truly had he once loved his wife and daughter, nor less because that love had been of few words, and with a shade of sorrow. But now he looked on them almost as if they had been strangers—except at times, when he started up, kissed them, and wept. His whole soul was possessed by horrid fantasies, of which it was itself object and victim, and it is probable, that had he seen them both lying dead, he would have left their corpses in the house, and taken his way to the mountains. At last one night passed away and he came not. His wife and daughter, who had not gone to bed, went to the nearest house and told their tale. In an hour a hundred feet were traversing all the loneliest places—till a hat was seen floating on Loughrigg-tarn, and then all knew that the search was near an end. Drags were soon got from the fishermen on Windermere, and a boat crossed and recrossed the tarn on its miserable quest, till in an hour, during which wife and daughter sat without speaking on a stone by the water-edge, the body came floating to the surface, with its long silver hair. One single shriek only, it is said, was heard, and from that shriek till three years afterwards, his widow knew not that her husband was with the dead. On the brink of that small sandy bay the body was laid down and cleansed of the muddy weeds—his daughter's own hands assisting in the rueful work—and she walked among the mourners, the day before the Sabbath, when the funeral entered the little burial-ground of Langdale chapel, and the congregation sung a Christian psalm over the grave of the forgiven suicide.

We cannot patronize the practice of walking in large parties of ten or a score, ram-stam and helter-skelter, on to the front-green or gravel-walk of any private nobleman or gentleman's house, to enjoy, from a commanding station, an extensive or picturesque view of the circumjacent country. It is too much in the style of the Free and Easy. The family within, sitting perhaps at dinner with the windows open, or sewing and reading in a cool dishabille, cannot like to be stared in upon by so many curious and inquisitive pupils all a-hunt for prospects, nor were these rose bushes planted there for public use, nor that cherry-tree in vain netted against the blackbirds. Not but that a party may now and then excusably enough pretend to lose their way in a strange country, and looking around them in well-assumed bewilderment, bow hesitatingly and respectfully to maid or matron at door or window, and, with a thousand apologies, lingeringly offer to retire by the avenue gate, on the other side of the spacious lawn, that terrace-like hangs over vale, lake, and river. But to avoid all possible imputation of impertinence, follow our example, and make all such incursions by break of day. We hold that, for a couple of hours before and after sunrise, all the earth is common property. Nobody surely would think for a moment of looking black on any number of freebooting lakers coming full sail up the avenue, right against the front, at four o'clock in the morning? At that hour, even the poet would grant them the privilege of the arbour where he sits when inspired, and writing for immortality. He feels conscious that he ought to have been in bed, and hastens, on such occasions, to apologize for his intrusion on strangers availing themselves of the rights and privileges of the Dawn.

Leaving Ivy-cottage, then, and its yet unbreathing chimneys, turn in at the first gate to your right, (if it be not built up, in which case leap the wall,) and find your way the best you can through among old pollarded and ivyed ash-trees, intermingled with yews, and over knolly ground, brier-woven, and here and there whitened with the jagged thorn, till you reach, through a slate stile, a wide gravel walk, shaded by pine-trees, and open on the one side to an orchard. Proceed—and little more than a hundred steps will land you on the front of Rydal-mount, the house of the great Poet of the Lakes. Mr Wordsworth is not at home, but away to cloud land in his little boat so like the crescent moon. But do not by too much eloquence awaken the family, or scare the silence, or frighten "the innocent brightness of the new-born day." We hate all sentimentalism; but we bid you, in his own words,

> "With gentle hand
> Touch, for there is a spirit in the leaves!"

From a quaint platform of evergreens you see a blue gleam of Windermere over the grove-tops—close at hand are Rydal-hall and its ancient woods—right opposite the Loughrigg-fells, ferny, rocky, and silvan, but the chief breadth of breast pastoral—and to the right Rydal-mere, seen, and scarcely seen, through embowering trees, and mountain-masses bathed in the morning light, and the white-wreathed mists for a little while longer shrouding their summits. A lately erected private chapel lifts its little tower from below, surrounded by a green, on which there are yet no graves—nor do we know if it be intended for a place of burial. A few houses are sleeping beyond the chapel by the river side, and the people beginning to set them in order, here and there a pillar of smoke ascends into the air, giving cheerfulness and animation to the scene.

The Lake-Poets! ay, their day is come. The lakes are worthy of the poets, and the poets of the lakes. That poets should love and live among lakes, once seemed most absurd to critics whose domiciles were on the Nor-Loch, in which there was not sufficient water for a tolerable quagmire. Edinburgh Castle is a noble rock—so are the Salisbury Craigs noble craigs—and Arthur's Seat a noble lion couchant, who, were he to leap down on Auld Reekie, would break her back-bone and bury her in the Cowgate. But place them by Pavey-ark, or Red-scaur, or the glamour of Glaramara, and they would look about as magnificent as an upset pack of cards. Who, pray, are the Nor-Loch poets? Not the Minstrel—he holds by the tenure of the Tweed. Not Campbell—"he heard in dreams the music of the Clyde." Not Joanna Baillie—her inspiration was nursed on the Calder's silvan banks and the moors of Strathaven. Stream-loving Coila

Prose is a million times more numerous than verse. Then prose improves the more poetical it becomes, but verse, the moment it becomes prosaic, goes to the dogs. Then, the connecting links between two fine passages in verse, it is enjoined, shall be as little like verse as possible, nay, whole passages, critics say, should be of that sort, and why, pray, not prose at once? Why clip the King's English, or the Emperor's German, or the Sublime Porte's Turkish, into bits of dull jingle—pretending to be verses merely because of the proper number of syllables—some of them imprisoned perhaps in parentheses, where they sit helplessly protruding the bare soles of their feet, like folks that have got muzzy, in the stocks?

Wordsworth says well, that the language of common people, when giving utterance to passionate emotions, is highly figurative, and hence he concludes not so well fit for a lyrical ballad. Their volubility is great, nor few their flowers of speech. But who ever heard them, but by the merest accident, spout verses? Rhyme do they never—the utmost they reach is occasional blanks. But their prose! Ye gods! how they do talk! The washerwoman absolutely froths like her own tub, and you never dream of asking her "how she is off for soap?" Paradise Lost! The Excursion! The Task indeed! No man of woman born, no woman by man begotten, ever yet in his or her senses spoke like the authors of those poems. Hamlet, in his sublimest moods, speaks in prose—Lady Macbeth talks prose in her sleep—and so it should be printed. "Out, damned spot!" are three words of prose, and who that beheld Siddons wringing her hands to wash them of murder, did not feel that they were the most dreadful ever extorted by remorse from guilt?

A green old age is the most loving season of life, for almost all the other passions are then dead or dying—or the mind, no more at the mercy of a troubled heart, compares the little pleasure their gratification can ever yield now with what it could at any time long ago, and lets them rest. Envy is the worst disturber or embitterer of man's declining years, but it does not deserve the name of a passion—and is a disease, not of the poor in spirit—for they are blessed—but of the mean, and then they indeed are cursed. For our own parts we know Envy but as we have studied it in others—and never felt it except towards the wise and good, and then 'twas a longing desire to be like them—painful only when we thought that might never be, and that all our loftiest aspirations might be in vain. Our envy of Genius is of a nature so noble, that it knows no happiness like that of guarding from mildew the laurels on the brows of the Muses' Sons. What a dear kind soul of a critic is old Christopher North! Watering the flowers of poetry, and removing the weeds that might choke them—letting in the sunshine upon them, and fencing them from the blast—proclaiming where the gardens grow, and leading boys and virgins into the pleasant alleys—teaching hearts to love and eyes to see their beauty, and classifying, by the attributes it has pleased nature to bestow on the various orders, the plants of Paradise—This is our occupation—and the happiness of witnessing them all growing in the light of admiration is our reward.

Finding our way back as we choose to Ivy-cottage, we cross the wooden bridge, and away along the western shore of Rydal-mere. Hence you see the mountains in magnificent composition, and craggy coppices with intervening green fields shelving down to the lake margin. It is a small lake, not much more than a mile round, and of a very peculiar character. One memorable cottage only, as far as we remember, peeps on its shore from a grove of sycamores, a statesman's pleasant dwelling; and there are the ruins of another on a slope near the upper end, the circle of the garden still visible. Every thing has a quiet but wildish pastoral and silvan look, and the bleating of sheep fills the hollow of the hills. The lake has a reedy inlet and outlet, and the angler thinks of pike when he looks upon such harbours. There is a single boat-house, where the Lady of the Hall has a padlocked and painted barge for pleasure parties, and the heronry on the high pine-trees of the only island connects the scene with the ancient park of Rydal, whose oak woods, though thinned and decayed, still preserve the majestic and venerable character of antiquity and baronial state.

Having taken a lingering farewell of Rydal-mere, and of the new Chapel-tower, that seems among the groves already to be an antique, we may either sink down to the stream that flows out of Grassmere and connects the two lakes, crossing a wooden bridge, and then joining the new road that sweeps along to the Village, or we may keep up on the face of the hill, and by a terrace-path reach the Loughrigg-road, a few hundred yards above Tail-end, a pretty cottage-ornée which you will observe crowning a wooded eminence, and looking cheerfully abroad over all the vale. There is one Mount in particular, whence we see to advantage the delightful panorama—encircling mountains—Grassmere Lake far down below your feet, with its one green pastoral isle, silvan shores, and emerald meadows—huts and homes sprinkled up and down in all directions—the village partly embowered in groves, and partly open below the shadow of large single trees—and the Churchtower, almost always a fine feature in the scenery of the north of England, standing in stately simplicity among the clustering tenements, nor dwindled even by the great height of the hills.

It is pleasant to lose sight entirely of a beautiful scene, and to plod along for a few hundred yards in almost objectless shadow. Our conceptions and feelings are bright and strong from the nearness of their objects, yet the dream is somewhat different from the reality. All at once, at a turning of the road, the splendour reappears like an unfurled banner, and the heart leaps in the joy of the senses. This sort of enjoyment comes upon you before you reach the Village of Grassmere from the point of vision above described, and a stranger sometimes is apt to doubt if it be really the same Lake—that one island, and those few promontories, shifting into such varied combi-

and the storms that trouble them, that beauty will be unbearable, till regret become remorse, and remorse penitence, and penitence restore thee to those intuitions of the truth that illumine his sacred pages, and thou knowest and feelest once more that

"The primal duties that shine aloft—like stars,"

that life's best pleasures grow like flowers all around and beneath thy feet.

Nor are we not privileged to cherish a better feeling than pride in the belief, or rather knowledge, that WE have helped to diffuse Wordsworth's poetry not only over this island, but the furthest dependencies of the British empire, and throughout the United States of America. Many thousands have owed to us their emancipation from the prejudices against it, under which they had wilfully remained ignorant of it during many years, and we have instructed as many more, whose hearts were free, how to look on it with those eyes of love which alone can discover the Beautiful. Communications have been made to us from across the Atlantic, and from the heart of India—from the Occident and the Orient—thanking us for having vindicated and extended the fame of the best of our living bards, till the name of Wordsworth has become a household word on the banks of the Mississippi and the Ganges. It would have been so had we never lived, *but not so soon*, and many a noble nature has worshipped his genius, as displayed in our pages, not in fragments but in perfect poems, accompanied with our comments, who had no means in those distant regions of possessing his volumes, whereas Maga flies on wings to the uttermost parts of the earth.

As for our own dear Scotland—for whose sake, with all her faults, the light of day is sweet to our eyes—twenty years ago there were not twenty copies—we question if there were ten—of the Lyrical Ballads in all the land of the mountain and the flood. Now Wordsworth is studied all Scotland over—and Scotland is proud and happy to know, from his Memorials of the Tours he has made through her brown heaths and shaggy woods, that the Bard's heart overflows with kindness towards her children—that his songs have celebrated the simple and heroic character of her olden times, nor left unhonoured the virtues that yet survive in her national character. All her generous youth regard him now as a great Poet, and we have been more affected than we should choose to confess, by the grateful acknowledgment of many a gifted spirit, that to us it was owing that they had opened their eyes and their hearts to the ineffable beauty of that poetry in which they had, under our instructions, found not a vain visionary delight, but a strength and succour and consolation, breathed as from a shrine in the silence and solitude of nature, in which stood their father's hut, sanctifying their humble birthplace with pious thoughts that made the very weekdays to them like Sabbaths—nor on the evening of the Sabbath might they not blamelessly be blended with those breathed from the Bible, enlarging their souls to religion by those meditative moods which such pure poetry inspires, and by those habits of reflection which its study forms, when pursued under the influence of thoughtful peace.

Why, if it were not for that everlasting—we beg pardon—immortal Wordsworth—the LAKES, and all that belong to them, would be our own—*jure divino*—for we are the heir-apparent to the

"Sole King of rocky Cumberland"

But Wordsworth never will—never can die; and so we are in danger of being cheated out of our due dominion. We cannot think this fatherly treatment of such a son—and yet in our loftiest moods of filial reverence we have heard ourselves exclaiming, while

"The Cataract of Lodore
Peal'd to our orisons,"

O King! live for ever!

Therefore, with the fear of the Excursion before our eyes, we took to prose—to numerous prose—ay, though we say it that should not say it, to prose as numerous as any verse—and showed such scenes

"As savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew"

Here an English lake—there a Scottish loch—till Turner grew jealous, and Thomson flung his brush at one of his own unfinished mountains—when lo! a miracle! Creative of grandeur in his very despair, he stood astonished at the cliff that came prerupt from his canvas, and christened itself "the Eagle's Eyrie," as it *frowned serenely* upon the sea, maddening in a foamy circle at its inaccessible feet.

Only in such prose as ours can the heart pour forth its effusions like a strong spring, discharging ever so many gallons in a minute, either into pipes that conduct it through some great Metropolitan city, or into a water-course that soon becomes a rivulet, then a stream, then a river, then a lake, and then a sea. Would Fancy luxuriate? Then let her expand wings of prose. In verse, however irregular, her flight is lime-twigged, and she soon takes to hopping on the ground. Would Imagination dive? Let the bell in which she sinks be constructed on the prose principle, and deeper than ever plummet sunk, it will startle monsters at the roots of the coral caves, yet be impervious to the strokes of the most tremendous of tails. Would she soar? In a prose balloon she seeks the stars. There is room and power of ascension for any quantity of ballast—fling it out and up she goes! Let some gas escape, and she descends far more gingerly than Mrs Graham and his Serene Highness, the grapnel catches a stile, and she steps "like a dreadless angel unpursued" once more upon *terra firma*, and may then celebrate her aerial voyage, if she choose, in an Ode which will be sure near the end to rise—into prose.

Prose, we believe, is destined to drive what is called Poetry out of the world. Here is a fair challenge. Let any Poet send us a poem of five hundred lines—blanks or not—on any subject, and we shall write on that subject a passage of the same number of words in prose, and the Editors of the Quarterly, Edinburgh, and Westminster, shall decide which deserves the prize. Milton was wofully wrong in speaking of "prose or numerous verse."

paring the family breakfast Every interesting object in the landscape seems edible—our mouth waters all over the vale—as the village clock tolls eight, we involuntarily say grace, and Price on the Picturesque gives way to Meg Dods's Cookery

Mrs Bell of the Red Lion Inn, Grassmere, can give a breakfast with any woman in England She bakes incomparable bread—firm, close, compact, and white, thin-crusted, and admirably raised Her yeast always works well What butter! Before it a primrose must hide its unyellowed head Then jam of the finest quality, goose, rasp, and strawberry! and as the jam is, so are her jellies Hens cackle that the eggs are fresh—and these shrimps were scraping the sand last night in the Whitehaven sea What glorious bannocks of barley-meal! Crisp wheaten cakes, too, no thicker than a wafer Do not, our good sir, appropriate that cut of pickled salmon, it is heavier than it looks, and will weigh about four pounds One might live a thousand years, yet never weary of such mutton-ham Virgin honey, indeed! Let us hope that the bees were not smothered, but by some gracious disciple of Bonar or Huber decoyed from a full hive into an empty one, with half the summer and all the autumn before them to build and saturate their new Comb-Palace No bad thing is a cold pigeon pie, especially of cushats To hear them cooing in the centre of a wood is one thing, and to see them lying at the bottom of a pie is another—which is the better, depends entirely on time, place, and circumstance. Well, a beef-steak at breakfast is rather startling—but let us try a bit with these fine ingenuous youthful potatoes, from a light sandy soil on a warm slope Next to the country clergy, smugglers are the most spiritual of characters, and we verily believe that to be "sma' still" Our dear sir—you are in orders, we believe—will you have the goodness to return thanks? Yes, now you may ring the bell for the bill Moderate indeed! With a day's work before one, there is nothing like the deep broad basis of breakfast

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SECOND SAUNTER

It is yet only ten o'clock—and what a multitude of thoughts and feelings, sights and sounds, lights and shadows have been ours since sunrise! Had we been in bed, all would have remained unfelt and unknown But, to be sure, one dream might have been worth them all Dreams, however, when they are over, are gone, be they of bliss or bale, heaven or the shades. No one weeps over a dream With such tears no one would sympathize Give us reality, "the sober certainty of waking bliss," and to it memory shall cling Let the object of our sorrow belong to the living world, and, transient though it be, its power may be immortal Away then, as of little worth, all the unsubstantial and wavering world of dreams, and in their place give us the very humblest humanities, so much the better if enjoyed in some beautiful scene of nature like this, where all is steadfast but the clouds whose very being is change, and the flow of waters that have been in motion since the Flood

Ha! a splendid equipage with a coronet. And out steps, handed by her elated husband, a high-born, beautiful and graceful bride They are making a tour of the Lakes, and the honeymoon hath not yet filled her horns If there be indeed such a thing as happiness on this earth, here it is—youth, elegance, health, rank, riches, and love—all united in ties that death alone can sunder How they hang towards each other—the blissful pair! Blind in their passion to all the scenery they came to admire, or beholding it but by fits and snatches, with eyes that can see only one object She hath already learnt to forget father and mother, and sister and brother, and all the young creatures like herself—every one—that shared the pastimes and the confidence of her virgin youthhood. With her, as with Genevieve—

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of Love,
> And feed his sacred flame!"

And will this holy state of the spirit endure? No—it will fade, and fade, and fade away, so imperceptibly, so unconsciously, (so like the shortening of the long summer days, that lose minute after minute of the light, till again we hear the yellow leaves rustling in autumnal twilight,) that the heart within that snow-drifted bosom will know not how great has been the change, till at last it shall be told the truth, and know that all mortal emotion, however paradisiacal, is born to die

Fain would we believe that forebodings like these are, on all such occasions, whispered by a blind and ignorant misanthropy, and that of wedded life it may generally be said,

> "O happy state, where souls together draw,
> Where love is liberty, and nature law!"

What profound powers of affection, grief, pity, sympathy, delight, and religion belong, by its constitution, to the frame of every human soul! And if the courses of life have not greatly thwarted the divine dispensations of nature, will they not all rise into genial play within bosoms consecrated to each other's happiness, till comes between them the cold hand of death? It would seem that every thing fair and good must flourish under that holy necessity—every thing foul and bad fade away, and that no quarrel or unkindness could ever be between pilgrims travelling together through time to eternity, whether their path lead through an Eden or a waste Habit itself comes with humble hearts to be gracious and benign, they who have once loved, will not, for that very reason, cease to love, memory shall brighten when hope decays, and if the present be not now so blissful, so thrilling, so steeped in rapture as it was in the golden prime, yet shall it without repining suffice to them whose thoughts borrow unconsciously sweet comforts from the past and future, and have been taught by mutual cares and sorrows to indulge tempered expectations of the best earthly felicity. And is it not so? How much tranquillity and contentment in human homes! Calm onflowings

nations with the varying mountain-ridges and ranges, that show top over top in bewildering succession, and give hints of other valleys beyond, and of Tarns rarely visited, among the moorland wastes. A single long dim shadow, falling across the water, alters the whole physiognomy of the scene—nor less a single bright streak of sunshine, brightening up some feature formerly hidden, and giving animation and expression to the whole face of the Lake.

About a short mile from the Village Inn, you will pass by, without seeing it—unless warned not to do so—one of the most singularly beautiful habitations in the world. It belongs to a gentleman of the name of Barber, and, we believe, has been almost entirely built by him—the original hut on which his taste has worked having been a mere shell. The spirit of the place seems to us to be that of Shadowy Silence. Its bounds are small, but it is an indivisible part of a hillside so secret and silvan, that it might be the haunt of the roe. You hear the tinkle of a rill, invisible among the hazels—a bird sings or flutters—a bee hums his way through the bewildering woods—but no louder sound. Some fine old forest-trees extend widely their cool and glimmering shade, and a few stumps or armless trunks, whose bulk is increased by a load of ivy that hides the hollow wherein the owls have their domicile, give an air of antiquity to the spot, that, but for other accompaniments, would almost be melancholy. As it is, the scene has a pensive character. As yet you have seen no house, and wonder whither the gravel-walks are to conduct you, winding fancifully and fantastically through the smooth-shaven lawn, bestrewed by a few large leaves of the horse-chestnut or sycamore. But there are clustered verandas where the nightingale might woo the rose, and lattice-windows reaching from eaves to ground-sill, so sheltered that they might stand open in storm and rain, and tall circular chimneys, shaped almost like the stems of the trees that overshadow the roof irregular, and over all a gleam of blue sky and a few motionless clouds. The noisy world ceases to be, and the tranquil heart, delighted with the sweet seclusion, breathes, "Oh! that this were my cell, and that I were a hermit!"

But you soon see that the proprietor is not a hermit, for everywhere you discern unostentatious traces of that elegance and refinement that belong to social and cultivated life, nothing rude and rough-hewn, yet nothing prim and precise. Snails and spiders are taught to keep their own places, and among the flowers of that hanging garden on a sunny slope, not a weed is to be seen, for weeds are beautiful only by the wayside, in the matting of hedge-roots, by the mossy stone, and the brink of the well in the brae—and are offensive only when they intrude into society above their own rank, and where they have the air and accent of aliens. By pretty pebbled steps of stairs you mount up from platform to platform of the sloping woodland banks—the prospect widening as you ascend, till from a bridge that spans a leaping rivulet, you behold in full blow all Grassmere Vale, Village, Church-tower, and Lake, the whole of the mountains, and a noble arch of sky, the circumference of that little world of peace.

Circumscribed as are the boundaries of this place, yet the grounds are so artfully, while one thinks so artlessly, laid out, that, wandering through their labyrinthine recesses, you might believe yourself in an extensive wilderness. Here you come out upon a green open glade—(you see by the sundial it is past seven o'clock)—there the arms of an immense tree overshadow what is in itself a scene—yonder you have an alley that serpentizes into gloom and obscurity—and from that cliff you doubtless would see over the tree-tops into the outer and airy world. With all its natural beauties is intermingled an agreeable quaintness, that shows the owner has occasionally been working in the spirit of fancy, almost caprice; the tool-house in the garden is not without its ornaments—the barn seems habitable, and the byre has somewhat the appearance of a chapel. You see at once that the man who lives here, instead of being sick of the world, is attached to all elegant socialities and amities, that he uses silver cups instead of maple bowls, shows his scallop-shell among other curiosities in his cabinet, and will treat the passing pilgrim with pure water from the spring, if he insists upon that beverage, but will first offer him a glass of the yellow cowslip-wine, the cooling claret, or the sparkling champagne.

Perhaps we are all beginning to get a little hungry, but it is too soon to breakfast, so, leaving the village of Grassmere on the right, keep your eye on Helm-crag, while we are finding, without seeking, our way up Easdale. Easdale is an arm of Grassmere, and in the words of Mr Green the artist, "it is in places profusely wooded, and charmingly sequestered among the mountains." Here you may hunt the waterfalls, in rainy weather easily run down, but difficult of detection in a drought. Several pretty rustic bridges cross and recross the main stream and its tributaries, the cottages, in nook and on hillside, are among the most picturesque and engaging in the whole country, the vale widens into spacious and noble meadow-grounds, on which might suitably stand the mansion of any nobleman in England—as you near its head, every thing gets wild and broken, with a slight touch of dreariness, and by no very difficult ascent, we might reach Easdale-tarn in less than an hour's walking from Grassmere—a lonely and impressive scene, and the haunt of the angler almost as frequently as of the shepherd.

How far can we enjoy the beauty of external nature under a sharp appetite for breakfast or dinner? On our imagination the effect of hunger is somewhat singular. We no longer regard sheep, for instance, as the fleecy or the bleating flock. Their wool or their baaing is nothing to us—we think of necks, and gigots, and saddles of mutton, and even the lamb frisking on the sunny bank is eaten by us in the shape of steaks and fry. If it is in the morning, we see no part of the cow but her udder, distilling richest milkiness. Instead of ascending to heaven on the smoke of a cottage chimney, we put our arms round the column, and descend on the lid of the great pan pre-

ful, therefore, mayst thou be, as the dove in the sunshine on the Tower-top—and as the dove serene, when she sitteth on her nest within the yew-tree's gloom, far within the wood!

Passing from our episode, let us say that we are too well acquainted with your taste, feeling, and judgment, to tell you on what objects to gaze or glance, in such a scene as the vale and village of Grassmere. Of yourselves you will find out the nooks and corners from which the pretty whitewashed and flowering cottages do most picturesquely combine with each other, and with the hills, and groves, and old church-tower. Without our guiding hand will you ascend knoll and eminence, be there pathway or no pathway, and discover for yourselves new Lake-Landscapes. Led by your own sweet and idle, chaste and noble fancies, you will disappear, single, or in pairs and parties, into little woody wildernesses, where you will see nothing but ground-flowers and a glimmering contiguity of shade. Solitude sometimes, you know, is best society, and short retirement urges sweet return. Various travels or voyages of discovery may be undertaken, and their grand object attained in little more than an hour. The sudden whirr of a cushat is an incident, or the leaping of a lamb among the broom. In the quiet of nature, matchless seems the music of the milkmaid's song—and of the hearty laugh of the haymakers, crossing the meadow in rows, how sweet the cheerful echo from Helm-crag! Grassmere appears by far the most beautiful place in all the Lake-country. You buy a field—build a cottage—and in imagination lie (for they are too short to enable you to sit) beneath the shadow of your own trees!

In an English village—highland or lowland—seldom is there any spot so beautiful as the churchyard. That of Grassmere is especially so, with the pensive shadows of the old church-tower settling over its cheerful graves. Ay, its cheerful graves! Startle not at the word as too strong—for the pigeons are cooing in belfry, the stream is murmuring round the mossy churchyard wall, a few lambs are lying on the mounds, and flowers laughing in the sunshine over the cells of the dead. But hark! the bell tolls—one—one—one—a funeral knell, speaking not of time, but of eternity! To-day there is to be a burial—and close to the wall of the Tower you see the new-dug grave.

Hush! The sound of singing voices in yonder wood, deadened by the weight of umbrage! Now it issues forth into the clear air, and now all is silence—but the pause speaks of death. Again the melancholy swell ascends the sky—and then comes slowly along the funeral procession, the coffin borne aloft, and the mourners all in white, for it is a virgin who is carried to her last home. Let every head be reverently uncovered while the psalm enters the gate, and the bier is borne for holy rites along the chancel of the church, and laid down close to the altar. A smothered sobbing disturbeth not the service—'tis a human spirit breathing in accordance with the divine. Mortals weeping for the immortal—Earth's passions cleaving to one who is now in heaven.

Was she one flower of many, and singled out by death's unsparing finger from a wreath of beauty, whose remaining blossoms seem now to have lost all their fragrance and all their brightness? Or was she the sole delight of her grayhaired parents' eyes, and is the voice of joy extinguished in their low-roofed home for ever? Had her loveliness been beloved, and had her innocent hopes anticipated the bridal-day, nor her heart, whose beatings were numbered, ever feared that narrow bed? All that we know is her name and age—you see them glittering on her coffin—"Anabella Irvine, aged xix years!"

The day seems something dim, now that we are all on our way back to Ambleside, and, although the clouds are neither heavier nor more numerous than before, somehow or other the sun is a little obscured. We must not indulge too long in a mournful mood—yet let us all sit down under the shadow of this grove of sycamores, overshadowing this reedy bay of Rydal-mere, and listen to a Tale of Tears.

Many a tame tradition, embalmed in a few pathetic verses, lives for ages, while the memory of the most affecting incidents, to which genius has allied no general emotion, fades like the mist, and leaves heart-rending griefs undeplored. Elegies and dirges might indeed have well been sung amidst the green ruins of yonder Cottage, that looks now almost like a fallen wall—at best, the remnants of a cattle-shed shaken down by the storm.

Thirty years ago—how short a time in national history—how long in that of private sorrows!—all tongues were speaking of the death that there befell, and to have seen the weeping, you would have thought that the funeral could never have been forgotten. But stop now the shepherd on the hill, and ask him who lived in that nook, and chance is he knows not even their name, much less the story of their afflictions. It was inhabited by Allan Fleming, his wife, and an only child, known familiarly in her own small world by the name of Lucy of the Fold. In almost every district among the mountains, there is its peculiar pride—some one creature to whom nature has been especially kind, and whose personal beauty, sweetness of disposition, and felt superiority of mind and manner, single her out, unconsciously, as an object of attraction and praise, making her the May-day Queen of the unending year. Such a darling was Lucy Fleming ere she had finished her thirteenth year, and strangers, who had heard tell of her loveliness, often dropt in, as if by accident, to see the Beauty of Rydal-mere. Her parents rejoiced in their child, nor was there any reason why they should dislike the expression of delight and wonder with which so many regarded her. Shy was she as a woodland bird, but as fond too of her nest, and, when there was nothing near to disturb her, her life was almost a perpetual hymn. From joy to sadness, and from sadness to joy, from silence to song, and from song to silence, from stillness like that of the butterfly on the flower, to motion like that of the same creature wavering in the sunshine over the wood-top—was to Lucy as welcome a change as the change of

of life shaded in domestic privacy, and seen but at times coming out into the open light! What brave patience under poverty! What beautiful resignation in grief! Riches take wings to themselves and flee away—yet without and within the door there is the decency of a changed, not an unhappy lot—The clouds of adversity darken men's characters even as if they were the shadows of dishonour, but conscience quails not in the gloom—The well out of which humility hath her daily drink, is nearly dried up to the very spring, but she upbraideth not Heaven—Children, those flowers that make the hovel's earthen floor delightful as the glades of Paradise, wither in a day, but there is holy comfort in the mother's tears, nor are the groans of the father altogether without relief—for they have gone whither they came, and are blooming now in the bowers of Heaven

Reverse the picture—and tremble for the fate of those whom God hath made one, and whom no man must put asunder In common natures, what hot and sensual passions, whose gratification ends in indifference, disgust, loathing, or hatred! What a power of misery, from fretting to madness, lies in that mean but mighty word—Temper! The face, to whose meek beauty smiles seemed native during the days of virgin love, shows now but a sneer, a scowl, a frown, or a glare of scorn The shape of those features is still fine—the eye of the gazelle—the Grecian nose and forehead—the ivory teeth, so small and regular—and thin line of ruby lips breathing Circassian luxury—the snow-drifts of the bosom still heave there—a lovelier waist Apollo never encircled stepping from the chariot of the sun—nor limbs more graceful did ever Diana veil beneath the shadows of Mount Latmos But she is a fiend—a devil incarnate, and the sovereign beauty of three counties has made your house a hell

But suppose that you have had the sense and sagacity to marry a homely wife—or one comely at the best—nay, even that you have sought to secure your peace by admitted ugliness—or wedded a woman whom all tongues call—plain, then may an insurance-ticket, indeed, flame like the sun in miniature on the front of your house—but what Joint-Stock Company can undertake to repay the loss incurred by the perpetual singeing of the smouldering flames of strife, that blaze up without warning at bed and board, and keep you in an everlasting alarm of fire? We defy you to utter the most glaring truth that shall not be instantly contradicted The most rational proposals for a day or hour of pleasure, at home or abroad, are on the nail negatived as absurd If you dine at home every day for a month, she wonders why nobody asks you out, and fears you take no trouble to make yourself agreeable If you dine from home one day in a month, then are you charged with being addicted to tavern-clubs Children are perpetual bones of contention—there is hatred and sorrow in house-bills—rent and taxes are productive of endless grievances, and although education be an excellent thing—indeed quite a fortune in itself—especially to a poor Scotsman going to England, where all the people are barbarous—yet is it irritatingly expensive when a great Northern Nursery sends out its hordes, and gawky hoydens and hobble-te-hoys are getting themselves accomplished in the foreign languages, music, drawing, geography, the use of the globes, and the dumb-bells

> "Let observation, with extensive view,
> Survey mankind from China to Peru"

(Two bad lines by the way, though written by Dr Johnson)—and observation will find the literature of all countries filled with sarcasms against the marriage-life Our old Scottish songs and ballads, especially, delight in representing it as a state of ludicrous misery and discomfort There is little or no talk of horns—the dilemma of English wit, but every individual moment of every individual minute, of every individual hour, of every individual day, and so on, has its peculiar, appropriate, characteristic, and incurable wretchedness Yet the delightful thing is, that in spite of all this jeering and gibing, and grinning and hissing, and pointing with the finger—marrying and giving in marriage, births and christenings, continue their career of prosperity, and the legitimate population doubles itself somewhere about every thirty-five years Single houses rise out of the earth—double houses become villages—villages towns—towns cities, and our Metropolis is itself a world!

While the lyrical poetry of Scotland is thus rife with reproach against wedlock, it is equally rife with panegyric on the tender passion that leads into its toils In one page you shudder in a cold sweat over the mean miseries of the poor "gudeman," in the next you see, unconscious of the same approaching destiny, the enamoured youth lying on his Mary's bosom beneath the milkwhite thorn The pastoral pipe is tuned under a fate that hurries on all living creatures to love, and not one lawful embrace is shunned from any other fears than those which themselves spring up in the poor man's thoughtful heart The wicked betray, and the weak fall—bitter tears are shed at midnight from eyes once bright as the day—fair faces never smile again, and many a hut has its broken heart—hope comes and goes, finally vanquishing, or yielding to despair—crowned passion dies the sated death, or, with increase of appetite, grows by what it feeds on—wide, but unseen, over all the regions of the land, are cheated hopes, vain desires, gnawing jealousy, dispirited fear, and swarthy-souled revenge—beseechings, seductions, suicides, and insanities—and all, all spring from the root of Love, yet all the nations of the earth call the Tree blest, and long as time endures, will continue to flock thither panting to devour the fruitage, of which every other golden globe is poison and death

Smile away then, with all thy most irresistible blandishments, thou young and happy Bride! What business have we to prophesy bedimming tears to those resplendent eyes? or that the talisman of that witching smile can ever lose its magic? Are not the high-born daughters of England also the high-souled? And hath not honour and virtue, and charity and religion, guarded for centuries the lofty line of thy pure and unpolluted blood? Joy-

would soon desert her broken-hearted? Yet kind thoughts, wishes, hopes, and beliefs prevailed, nor were there wanting stories of the olden time, of low-born maidens married to youths of high estate, and raised from hut to hall, becoming mothers of a lordly line of sons, that were counsellors to Kings and Princes

In Spring, Mr. Howard went away for a few months—it was said to the great city—and on his return at midsummer, Lucy was to be his bride They parted with a few peaceful tears, and though absent were still together And now a letter came, saying that before another Sabbath he would be at the Fold A few fields in Easedale, long mortgaged beyond their fee-simple by the hard-working statesman from whom they reluctantly were passing away, had meanwhile been purchased by Mr Howard, and in that cottage they were to abide, till they had built for themselves a house a little further up the side of the silvan hill, below the shadow of Helm-crag Lucy saw the Sabbath of his return and its golden sun, but it was in her mind's eye only, for ere it was to descend behind the hills, she was not to be among the number of living things

Up Forest-Ullswater the youth had come by the light of the setting sun, and as he crossed the mountains to Grassmere by the majestic pass of the Hawse, still as every new star arose in heaven, with it arose as lustrous a new emotion from the bosom of his betrothed The midnight hour had been fixed for his return to the Fold, and as he reached the cliffs above White-moss, according to agreement a light was burning in the low window, the very planet of love It seemed to shed a bright serenity over all the vale, and the moon-glittering waters of Rydal-mere were as an image of life, pure, lonely, undisturbed, and at the pensive hour how profound! "Blessing and praise be to the gracious God! who framed my spirit so to delight in his beautiful and glorious creation—blessing and praise to the Holy One, for the boon of my Lucy's innocent and religious love!" Prayers crowded fast into his soul, and tears of joy fell from his eyes, as he stood at the threshold, almost afraid in the trembling of life-deep affection to meet her first embrace

In the silence, sobs and sighs, and one or two long deep groans! Then in another moment, he saw, through the open door of the room where Lucy used to sleep, several figures moving to and fro in the light, and one figure upon its knees, who else could it be but her father! Unnoticed he became one of the pale-faced company—and there he beheld her on her bed, mute and motionless, her face covered with a deplorable beauty—eyes closed, and her hands clasped upon her breast! "Dead, dead, dead!" muttered in his ringing ears a voice from the tombs, and he fell down in the midst of them with great violence upon the floor

Encircled with arms that lay round him softer and silkier far than flower-wreaths on the neck of a child who has laid him down from play, was he when he awoke from that fit—lying even on his own maiden's bed, and within her very bosom, that beat yet, although soon about to beat no more At that blest awakening moment, he might have thought he saw the first glimpse of light of the morning after his marriage-day, for her face was turned towards his breast, and with her faint breathings he felt the touch of tears Not tears alone now bedimmed those eyes, for tears he could have kissed away, but the blue lids were heavy with something that was not slumber—the orbs themselves were scarcely visible—and her voice—it was gone, to be heard never again, till in the choir of white-robed spirits that sing at the right hand of God

Yet, no one doubted that she knew him—him who had dropt down, like a superior being, from another sphere, on the innocence of her simple childhood—had taught her to know so much of her own soul—to love her parents with a profounder and more holy love—to see, in characters more divine, Heaven's promises of forgiveness to every contrite heart—and a life of perfect blessedness beyond death and the grave A smile that shone over her face the moment that she had been brought to know that he had come at last, and was nigh at hand—and that never left it while her bosom moved—no—not for all the three days and nights that he continued to sit beside the corpse, when father and mother were forgetting their cares in sleep—that smile told all who stood around, watching her departure, neighbour, friend, priest, parent, and him the suddenly distracted and desolate, that in the very moment of expiration, she knew him well, and was recommending him and his afflictions to the pity of One who died to save sinners

Three days and three nights, we have said, did he sit beside her, who so soon was to have been his bride—and come or go who would into the room, he saw them not—his sight was fixed on the winding-sheet, eyeing it without a single tear from feet to forehead, and sometimes looking up to heaven As men forgotten in dungeons have lived miserably long without food, so did he—and so he would have done, on and on to the most far-off funeral day From that one chair, close to the bedside, he never rose Night after night, when all the vale was hushed, he never slept. Through one of the midnights there had been a great thunder-storm, the lightning smiting a cliff close to the cottage, but it seemed that he heard it not—and during the floods of next day, to him the roaring vale was silent On the morning of the funeral, the old people—for now they seemed to be old—wept to see him sitting still beside their dead child, for each of the few remaining hours had now its own sad office, and a man had come to nail down the coffin Three black specks suddenly alighted on the face of the corpse—and then off—and on—and away—and returning—was heard the buzzing of large flies, attracted by beauty in its corruption "Ha—ha!" starting up, he cried in horror—"What birds of prey are these, whom Satan hath sent to devour the corpse!" He became stricken with a sort of palsy—and, being led out to the open air, was laid down, seemingly as dead as her within, on the green daisied turf, where, beneath the shadow of the sycamore, they had so often sat, building up beautiful visions of a long blissful life

lights and shadows, breezes and calms, in the mountain-country of her birth.

One summer day, a youthful stranger appeared at the door of the house, and after an hour's stay, during which Lucy was from home, asked if they would let him have lodging with them for a few months—a single room for bed and books, and that he would take his meals with the family. Enthusiastic boy! to him poetry had been the light of life, nor did ever creature of poetry belong more entirely than he to the world of imagination. He had come into the free mountain region from the confinement of college-walls, and his spirit expanded within him like a rainbow. No eyes had he for realities—all nature was seen in the light of genius—not a single object at sunrise and sunset the same. All was beautiful within the circle of the green hill-tops, whether shrouded in the soft mists or clearly outlined in a cloudless sky. Home, friends, colleges, cities—all sunk away into oblivion, and HARRY HOWARD felt as if wafted off on the wings of a spirit, and set down in a land beyond the sea, foreign to all he had before experienced, yet in its perfect and endless beauty appealing every hour more tenderly and strongly to a spirit awakened to new power, and revelling in new emotion. In that cottage he took up his abode. In a few weeks came a library of books in all languages, and there was much wondering talk over all the country-side about the mysterious young stranger who now lived at the Fold.

Every day—and, when he chose to absent himself from his haunts among the hills, every hour was Lucy before the young poet's eyes—and every hour did her beauty wax more beautiful in his imagination. Who Mr Howard was, or even if that were indeed his real name, no one knew; but none doubted that he was of gentle birth, and all with whom he had ever conversed in his elegant amenity, could have sworn that a youth so bland and free, and with such a voice, and such eyes, would not have injured the humblest of God's creatures, much less such a creature as Lucy of the Fold. It was indeed even so—for, before the long summer days were gone, he who had never had a sister, loved her even as if she had slept on the same maternal bosom. Father or mother he now had none—indeed, scarcely one near relation—although he was rich in this world's riches, but in them poor in comparison with the noble endowments that nature had lavished upon his mind. His guardians took little heed of the splendid but wayward youth—and knew not now whither his fancies had carried him, were it even to some savage land. Thus, the Fold became to him the one dearest roof under the roof of heaven. All the simple on-goings of that humble home, love and imagination beautified into poetry, and all the rough or coarser edges of lowly life, were softened away in the light of genius that transmuted every thing on which it fell, while all the silent intimations which nature gave there of her primal sympathies, in the hut as fine and forceful as in the hall, showed to his excited spirit pre-eminently lovely, and chained it to the hearth around which was read the morning and the evening prayer.

What wild schemes does not love imagine, and in the face of very impossibility achieve! "I will take Lucy to myself, if it should be in place of all the world. I will myself shed light over her being, till in a new spring it shall be adorned with living flowers that fade not away, perennial and self-renewed. In a few years the bright docile creature will have the soul of a very angel—and then, before God and at his holy altar, mine shall she become for ever—here and hereafter—in this paradise of earth, and, if more celestial be, in the paradise of heaven."

Thus two summers and two winters wheeled away into the past, and in the change, imperceptible from day to day, but glorious at last, wrought on Lucy's nature by communication with one so prodigally endowed, scarcely could her parents believe it was their same child, except that she was dutiful as before, as affectionate, and as fond of all the familiar objects, dead or living, round and about her birth-place. She had now grown to woman's stature—tall, though she scarcely seemed so except when among her playmates, and in her maturing loveliness, fulfilling, and far more than fulfilling the fair promise of her childhood. Never once had the young stranger—stranger no more—spoken to daughter, father, or mother, of his love. Indeed, for all that he felt towards Lucy there must have been some other word than love. Tenderness, which was almost pity—an affection that was often sad—wonder at her surpassing beauty, nor less at her unconsciousness of its power—admiration of her spiritual qualities, that ever rose up to meet instruction as if already formed—and that heart-throbbing that stirs the blood of youth when the innocent eyes it loves are beaming in the twilight through smiles or through tears,—these, and a thousand other feelings, and above all, the creative faculty of a poet's soul, now constituted his very being when Lucy was in presence, nor forsook him when he was alone among the mountains.

At last it was known through the country that Mr Howard—the stranger, the scholar, the poet, the elegant gentleman, of whom nobody knew much, but whom every body loved, and whose father must at the least have been a lord, was going—in a year or less—to marry the daughter of Allan Fleming—Lucy of the Fold. Oh, grief and shame to the parents—if still living—of the noble Boy! Oh, sorrow for himself when his passion dies—when the dream is dissolved—and when, in place of the angel of light who now moves before him, he sees only a child of earth, lowly-born, and long rudely bred—a being only fair as many others are fair, sister in her simplicity to maidens no less pleasing than she, and partaking of many weaknesses, frailties, and faults now unknown to herself in her happiness, and to him in his love! Was there no one to rescue them from such a fate—from a few months of imaginary bliss, and from many years of real bale? How could such a man as Allan Fleming be so infatuated as sell his child to fickle youth, who

L'ENVOY.

PERIODICAL literature is a type of many of the most beautiful things and interesting events in nature, or say, rather, that *they* are types of *it*—the Flowers and the Stars As to Flowers, they are the prettiest periodicals ever published in folio—the leaves are wire-wove and hot-pressed by Nature's self, their circulation is wide over all the land, from castle to cottage they are regularly taken in, as old age bends over them, his youth is renewed, and you see childhood poring upon them pressed close to its very bosom Some of them are ephemeral—their contents are exhaled between the rising and setting sun Once a-week others break through their green, pink, or crimson cover, and how delightful, on the seventh day, smiles in the sunshine the Sabbath Flower—a Sunday publication perused without blame by the most religious—even before morning prayer! Each month, indeed, throughout the whole year, has its own Flower periodical Some are annual, some biennial, some triennial, and there are perennials that seem to live for ever—and yet are still periodical—though our love will not allow us to know when they die, and phœnix-like reappear from their own ashes So much for Flowers—typifying or typified,—leaves emblematical of pages —buds of binding—dew-veils of covers—and the wafting away of bloom and fragrance like the dissemination of fine feelings, bright fancies, and winged thoughts

The Flowers are the periodicals of the earth —the Stars are the periodicals of heaven With what unfailing regularity do the numbers issue forth! Hesperus and Lucifer! ye are one concern The Pole-star is studied by all nations How popular the poetry of the Moon! On what subject does not the Sun throw light? No fear of hurting your eyes by reading that fine clear large type on that softened page As you turn them over, one blue, another yellow, and another green, all are alike delightful to the pupil, dear as the very apple of his eye Yes, the great Periodical Press of heaven is unceasingly at work—night and day, the only free power all over the world—'tis indeed like the air we breathe—if we have it not, we die

Look, then, at all paper periodicals with pleasure, for sake of the Flowers and the Stars Suppose them all extinct, and life would be like a flowerless earth, a starless heaven We should soon forget the Seasons The periodicals of the External would soon all lose their meaning, were there no longer any periodicals of the Internal These are the lights and shadows of life, merrily dancing or gravely stealing over the dial, remembrancers of the past —teachers of the present—prophets of the future hours Were they all dead, Spring would in vain renew her promise—wearisome would be the interminable summer days the —fruits of autumn tasteless—the winter ingle blink mournfully round the hearth What are the blessed Seasons themselves, in nature and and in Thomson, but periodicals of a larger growth? We should doubt the goodness of that man's heart, who loved not the periodical literature of earth and sky—who would not weep to see one of its flowers wither—one of its stars fall—one beauty die on its humble bed—one glory drop from its lofty sphere Let them bloom and burn on—flowers in which there is no poison, stars in which there is no disease—whose blossoms are all sweet, and whose rays are all sanative—both alike steeped in dew, and both, to the fine ear of nature's worshipper, bathed in music

Pomposo never reads Magazine poetry—nor, we presume, ever looks at a field or wayside flower He studies only the standard authors He walks only in gardens with high brick walls—and then admires only at a hint from the head-gardener Pomposo does not know that many of the finest poems of our day first appeared in magazines—or, worse still, in newspapers, and that in our periodicals, daily and weekly, equally with the monthlies and quarterlies, is to be found the best criticism of poetry any where extant, superior far, in that upretending form, to nine-tenths of the learned lucubrations of Germany—though some of it, too, is good—almost as one's heart could desire What is the circulation even of a popular volume of verses—if any such there be—to that of a number of Maga? Hundreds of thousands at home peruse it before it is a week old—as many abroad ere the moon has thrice renewed her horns, and the Series ceases not—regular as the Seasons that make up the perfect year Our periodical literature —say of it what you will—gives light to the heads and heat to the hearts of millions of our race The greatest and best men of the age have not disdained to belong to the brotherhood,—and thus the hovel holds what must not be missing in the hall—the furniture of the cot is the same as that of the palace—and duke and ditcher read their lessons from the same page

Good people have said, and it would be misanthropical to disbelieve or discredit their judgment, that our Prose is original—nay, has created a new era in the history of Periodical Literature Only think of that, Christopher, and up with your Tail like a Peacock! Why, there is some comfort in that reflection, while we sit rubbing our withered hands up and down on these shrivelled shanks Our feet are on the fender, and that fire is felt on our face, but we verily believe our ice-cold shanks would not shrink from the application of the redhot poker Peter has a notion that but for that redhot poker the fire would go out, so to humour him we let it remain in the ribs, and occasionally brandish it round our head in

The company assembled, but not before his eyes—the bier was lifted up and moved away down the silvan slope, and away round the head of the Lake, and over the wooden bridge, accompanied, here and there, as it passed the wayside houses on the road to Grassmere, by the sound of psalms—but he saw—he heard not, when the last sound of the spade rebounded from the smooth arch of the grave, he was not by—but all the while he was lying where they left him, with one or two pitying dalesmen at his head and feet When he awoke again and rose up, the cottage of the Fold was as if she had never been born—for she had vanished for ever and aye, and her sixteen years' smiling life was all extinguished in the dust

Weeks and months passed on, and still there was a vacant wildness in his eyes, and a mortal ghastliness all over his face, inexpressive of a reasonable soul It scarcely seemed that he knew where he was, or in what part of the earth, yet, when left by himself, he never sought to move beyond the boundaries of the Fold During the first faint glimmerings of returning reason, he would utter her name, over and over many times, with a mournful voice, but still he knew not that she was dead—then he began to caution them all to tread softly, for that sleep had fallen upon her, and her fever in its blessed balm might abate—then with groans, too affecting to be borne by those who heard them, he would ask why, since she was dead, God had the cruelty to keep him, her husband, in life, and finally and last of all, he imagined himself in Grassmere Churchyard, and clasping a little mound on the green, which it was evident he thought was her grave, he wept over it for hours and hours, and kissed it, and placed a stone at its head, and sometimes all at once broke out into fits of laughter, till the hideous fainting-fits returned, and after long convulsions left him lying as if stone-dead As for his bodily frame, when Lucy's father lifted it up in his arms, little heavier was it than a bundle of withered fern Nobody supposed that one so miserably attenuated and ghost-like could for many days be alive—yet not till the earth had thrice revolved round the sun, did that body die, and then it was buried far away from the Fold, the banks of Rydal-water, and the sweet mountains of Westmoreland, for after passing like a shadow through many foreign lands, he ceased his pilgrimage in Palestine, even beneath the shadow of Mount Sion, and was laid, with a lock of hair—which, from the place it held, strangers knew to have belonged to one dearly beloved—close to his heart, on which it had lain so long, and was to moulder away in darkness together, by Christian hands and in a Christian sepulchre.

eighty, the History in his youth at forty, and it is fearful to dream what the brainful and heartless metaphysician would have been, had he never heard of the Iliad and the Odyssey. What is the greatest of prose-writers in comparison with a great poet? Nay—we shall not be deterred by the fear of self-contradiction (see our "Stroll to Grassmere") from asking who is a great prose-writer? We cannot name one; they all sink in Shakspeare. Campbell finely asks and answers—

> "Without the smile from partial beauty won,
> Oh! what were man? a world without a sun."

Suppose the world without poetry—how absurd would seem the Sun! Strip the word "phenomena" of its poetical meaning, and forthwith the whole human race, "moving about in worlds *realized*," would lose their powers of speech. But, thank Heaven! we are Makers all. Inhabiting, we verily believe, a real, and substantial, and palpable outer world, which nevertheless shall one day perish like a scroll, we build our bowers of joy in the Apparent, and lie down to rest in a drapery of Dreams.

Thus we often love to dream our silent way even through the noisy world. And dreamers are with dreamers spiritually, though in the body apart, nor wandering at will think they whence they come, or whither they are going, assured by delight that they will reach their journey's end—like a bee, that in many a musical gyration goes humming round men's heads and tree-tops, aimlessly curious in his joy, yet knowing instinctively the straight line that intersects all those airy circles, leading to and fro between his hive in the garden and the honey-dew on the heather hills.

What can it be that now recalls to our remembrance a few lines of Esop, the delightful old Fabulist, the Merry and Wise, who set our souls a-thinking and our hearts a-feeling in boyhood, by moral lessons read to them in almost every incident befalling in life's common walks—solemn as Simonides in this his sole surviving elegiac strain?

> "What weary wo, what endless strife
> Bring'st thou to mortal men, O Life!
> Each hour they draw their breath
> Alas! the wretches all despair
> To flee the ills they cannot bear
> But through the gates of Death.
>
> "Yet beautiful exceedingly
> Are all the works of God—
> The starry heavens, the rolling sea,
> The earth—thine own abode.
> Blest are they all, and blest the light
> Of sun by day, and moon by night.
>
> "Yea happy all—all blest,—but this
> To man alone is given,
> Whene'er he tries to catch at bliss,
> To grasp the wrath of Heaven,
> For *his* are ever-vexing fears,
> And bitter thoughts—and bitter tears.
>
> "And yet how beautiful art Thou
> On Earth and Sea—and on the brow
> Of starry Heaven! The Night
> Sends forth the moon Thee to adorn,
> And Thee to glorify the Morn
> Restores the Orb of Light.
>
> "Yet all is full of Pain and Dread.
> Bedrench'd in tears for ever shed
> The darkness render'd worse
> By gleams of joy—and if by Heaven
> A Blessing seemeth to be given,
> It changes to a Curse."

Even in our paraphrase are not these lines very impressive? In the original they are much more solemn. They are not querulous, yet full of lamentation. We see in them not a weak spirit quarrelling with fate, but a strong spirit subdued by a sense of the conditions on which life has been given, conditions against which it is vain to contend, to which it is hard to submit, but which may yet be borne by a will deriving strength from necessity, and in itself noble by nature. Nor, dark as the doctrine is, can we say it is false. Intellect and Imagination may from doleful experiences have too much generalized their inductions, so as to seem to themselves to have established the Law of Misery as the Law of Life. But perhaps it is only thus that the Truth can be made available to man, as it regards the necessity of Endurance. All is not wretchedness, but the soul seeks to support itself by the belief that it is really so. Holding that creed, it has no excuse for itself, if at any time it is stung to madness by misery, or grovels in the dust in a passion of grief, none, if at any time it delivers itself wholly up, abandoning itself to joy, and acts as if it trusted to the permanence of any blessing under the law of Mutability. The Poet, in the hour of profound emotion, declares that every blessing sent from heaven is a Nemesis. That oracular response inspires awe. A salutary fear is kept alive in the foolish by such sayings of the wise. Even to us—now—they sound like a knell. Religion has instructed Philosophy; and for Fate we substitute God. But all men feel that the foundations of Faith are laid in the dark depths of their being, and that all human happiness is mysteriously allied with pain and sorrow. The most perfect bliss is ever awful, as if we enjoyed it under the shadow of some great and gracious wing that would not long be detained from heaven.

It is not for ordinary minds to attempt giving utterance to such simplicities. On their tongues truths become truisms. Sentiments, that seem always fresh, falling from the lips of moral wisdom, are stale in the mouths of men uninitiated in the greater mysteries. Genius colours common words with an impressive light, that makes them moral to all eyes—breathes into them an affecting music, that steals into all hearts like a revelation and a religion. They become memorable. They pass, as maxims, from generation to generation, and all because the divinity that is in every man's bosom responds to the truthful strain it had of yore itself inspired. Just so with the men we meet on our life-journey. One man is impressive in all his looks and words, on all serious or solemn occasions, and we carry away with us moral impressions from his eyes or lips. Another man says the same things, or nearly so, and perhaps with more fervour, and his locks are silver. But we forget his person in an hour, nor does his voice ever haunt our solitude. Simonides—Solon—Esop!—why do such lines of theirs as those assure us they were Sages? The same sentiments are the staple of many a sermon that has soothed sinners into snoring sleep.

Men take refuge even in ocular deception

moments of enthusiasm when the Crutch looks tame, and the Knout a silken leash for Italian Greyhound

Old Simonides—old Mimnermus—old Theognis—old Solon—old Anacreon—old Sophocles—old Pindar—old Hesiod—old Homer—and old Methuselah! What mean we by the word *old?* All these men are old in three lights—they lived to a raven age—long, long ago—and we heard tell of them in our youth Their glory dawned on us in a dream of life's golden prime—and far away seems now that dawn, as if in another world beyond a million seas! In that use of the word "old," far from us is all thought of dotage or decay Old are those great personages as the stars are old, a heaven there is in which are seen shining, for ever young, all the most ancient spiritual "orbs of Song"

In our delight, too, we love to speak of old Venus and of old Cupid—of old Eve and of old Cleopatra—of old Helen and of old Dalilah, yea, of old Psyche, though her aerial wings are as rainbow-bright as the first hour she waved them in the eye of the youthful Sun

How full of endearment "old boy!"—"old girl!"—"Old Christopher North!"—"old Maga!" To our simplest sayings age seems to give a consecration which youth reverses And why may not our hand, withered somewhat though it be, but yet unpalsied, point out aloft to heedless eyes single light or constellation, or lily by herself or in groups unsuspected along the waysides of our mortal pilgrimage?

Age like ours is even more loveable than venerable, and, thinking on ourselves, were we a young woman, we should assuredly marry an old man Indeed, no man ought to marry before thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty, and, were it not that life is so short, soon enough at three-score and ten At seventy you are sager than ever, though scarcely so strong You and life love each other as well as ever, yet 'tis unpleasant, when sailing on Windermere or Lochlomond with your bride, to observe the man in the Honeymoon looking at you with a congratulatory grin of condolence, to fear that the old villain will smile over your grave in the Season of Kirns and Harvest Homes, when the fiddle is heard in every farmhouse, and the bagpipes are lowing like cattle on a thousand hills Fain would he insure his life on the Tipperary Tables But the enamoured annuitant is haunted with visions of his own Funeral deploying in a long line of chariots—one at the head of all armed with scythes—through the city, into the wide gates of the Greyfriars Lovely is his bride in white, nor less so his widow in black—more so in gray, portentous of a great change Sad, too, to the Sage the thought of leaving his first-born as yet unborn—or if born, haply an elfish creature with a precocious countenance, looking as if he had begun life with borrowing ten years at least from his own father—auld-farrant as a Fairy, and gash as the Last of the Lairds

Dearly do we love the young—yea, the young of all animals—the young swallows twittering from their straw-built shed—the young lambs bleating on the lea—the young bees, God bless them! on their first flight away off to the heather—the young butterflies, who, born in the morning, will die of old age ere night—the young salmon-fry glorying in the gravel at the first feeling of their fins—the young adders basking, ere they can bite, in the sun, as yet unconscious, like sucking satirists, of their stings—young pigs, pretty dears! all asqueak with their curled tails after prolific grumphy—young lions and tigers, charming cubs! like very Christian children nuzzling in their nurse's breast—young devils, ere Satan has sent them to Sin, who keeps a fashionable boarding-school in Hades, and sends up into the world above-ground only her finished scholars

Oh! lad of the lightsome forehead! Thou art smiling at Us, and for the sake of our own Past we enjoy thy Present, and pardon the contumely with which thou silently insultest our thin gray hairs Just such another "were we at Ravensburg" "*Carpe Diem*" was then our motto, as now it is yours, "no fear that dinner cool," for we fed then, as you feed now, on flowers and fruits of Eden We lived then under the reign of the Seven Senses, Imagination was Prime Minister, and Reason, as Lord Chancellor, had the keeping of the Royal Conscience, and they were kings, not tyrants—we subjects, not slaves Supercilious as thou art, Puer, art thou as well read in Greek as we were at thy flowering age? Come close that we may whisper into thine ear—while we lean our left shoulder on thine—our right on the Crutch The time will come when thou wilt be, O Son of the Morning! even like unto the shadow by thy side! Was he not once a mountaineer? If he be a vain-glorious boaster, give him the lie, Ben-y-glow and thy brotherhood—ye who so often heard our shouts mixed with the red deer's belling—tossed back in exultation by Echo, Omnipresent Auditress on youth's golden hills

Know, all ye Neophytes, that three lovely Sisters often visit the old man's solitude—Memory, Imagination, Hope It would be hard to say which is the most beautiful. Memory has deep, dark, quiet eyes, and when she closes their light, the long eyelashes lie like shadows on her pensive cheeks, that smile faintly as if the dreamer were half asleep—a visionary slumber, which sometimes the dewdrop melting on the leaf will break, sometimes not the thunder-peal with all its echoes Imagination is a brighter and bolder Beauty, with large lamping eyes of uncertain colour, as if fluctuating with rainbow light, and with features fine as those which Grecian genius gave to the Muses in the Parian Marble, yet in their daring delicacy defined like the face of Apollo As for Hope—divinest of the divine—Collins, in one long line of light, has painted the picture of the angel,—

> "And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair"

All our great prose-writers owe the glory of their power to our great poets Even Hobbes translated Homer as well—that is as ill—as Thucydides, the Epic in his prime after

sympathy with them, we acknowledge our brotherhood with all our kind We do far more The strength that is untasked, lends itself to divide the load under which another is bowed, and the calamity that lies on the heads of men is lightened, while those who at the time are not called to bear, are yet willing to involve themselves in the sorrow of a brother So soothed by such sympathy may a poor mortal be, that the wretch almost upbraids himself for transient gleams of gladness, as if he were false to the sorrow which he sighs to think he ought to have cherished more sacredly within his miserable heart

One word embraces all these pages of ours —Memorials Friends are lost to us by removal—for then even the dearest are often utterly forgotten. But let something that once was theirs suddenly meet our eyes, and in a moment, returning from the region of the rising or the setting sun, the friend of our youth seems at our side, unchanged his voice and his smile, or dearer to our eyes than ever, because of some affecting change wrought on face and figure by climate and by years Let it be but his name written with his own hand on the title-page of a book, or a few syllables on the margin of a favourite passage which long ago we have read together, "when life itself was new," and poetry overflowed the whole world, or a lock of *her* hair in whose eyes we first knew the meaning of the word "depth" And if death had stretched out the absence into the dim arms of eternity—and removed the distance away into that bourne from which no traveller returns—the absence and the distance of her on whose forehead once hung the relic we adore—what heart may abide the beauty of the ghost that doth sometimes at midnight appear at our sleepless bed, and with pale uplifted arms waft over us at once a blessing and a farewell!

Why so sad a word—*Farewell?* We should not weep in wishing welfare, nor sully felicity with tears But we do weep because evil lies lurking in wait over all the earth for the innocent and the good, the happy and the beautiful, and, when guarded no more by our eyes, it seems as if the demon would leap out upon his prey Or is it because we are so selfish that we cannot bear the thought of losing the sight of the happiness of a beloved object, and are troubled with a strange jealousy of beings unknown to us, and for ever to be unknown, about to be taken into the very heart, perhaps, of the friend from whom we are parting, and to whom in that fear we give almost a sullen farewell? Or does the shadow of death pass over us while we stand for the last time together on the sea-shore, and see the ship with all her sails about to voyage away to the uttermost parts of the earth? Or do we shudder at the thought of mutability in all created things—and know that ere a few suns shall have brightened the path of the swift vessel on the sea, we shall be dimly remembered—at last forgotten—and all those days, months, and years that once seemed eternal, swallowed up in everlasting oblivion!

With us all ambitious desires some years ago expired Far rather would we read than write now-a-days—far rather than read, sit with shut eyes and no book in the room—far rather than so sit, walk about alone any where

> "Beneath the umbrage deep
> That shades the silent world of memory"

Shall we live? or "like beasts and common people die?" There is something harsh and grating in the collocation of these words of the "Melancholy Cowley," yet he meant no harm, for he was a kind, good creature as ever was born, and a true genius He there has expressed concisely, but too abruptly, the mere fact of their falling alike and together into oblivion Far better Gray's exquisite words,

> "On some fond breast the parting soul relies!"

The reliance is firm and sure, the "fond breast" is faithful to its trust, and dying, transmits it to another, till after two or three transmissions—holy all, but fainter and dimmer—the pious tradition dies, and all memorial of the love and the delight, the pity and the sorrow, is swallowed up in vacant night

Posthumous Fame! Proud words—yet may they be uttered in an humble spirit! The common lot of man is, after death—oblivion Yet genius, however small its sphere, if conversant with the conditions of the human heart, may vivify with indestructible life some happy delineations, that shall continue to be held dear by successive sorrowers in this vale of tears If the *name* of the delineator continue to have something sacred in its sound—obscure to the many as it may be, or non-existent—the hope of such posthumous fame is sufficient to one who overrates not his own endowments And as the hope has its root in love and sympathy, he who by his writings has inspired towards himself, when in life, some of these feelings in the hearts of not a few who never saw his face, seems to be justified in believing that even after final obliteration of *Hic jacet* from his tombstone, his memory will be regarded with something of the same affection in his REMAINS

THE END

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from despair Over buried beauty, that once glowed with the same passion that consumes themselves, they build a white marble tomb, or a green grass grave, and forget much they ought to remember—all profounder thoughts—while gazing on the epitaph of letters or of flowers 'Tis a vision to their senses, with which Imagination would fain seek to delude Love And 'tis well that the deception prospers, for what if Love could bid the burial-ground give up or disclose its dead? Or if Love's eyes saw through dust as through air? What if this planet—which men call Earth—were at all times seen and felt to be a cemetery circling round the sun that feeds it with death, and not a globe of green animated with life—even as the dewdrop on the rose's leaf is animated with millions of invisible creatures, wantoning in bliss born of the sunshine and the vernal prime?

Are we sermonizing overmuch in this our L'Envoy to these our misnamed Recreations? Even a sermon is not always useless, the few concluding sentences are sometimes luminous, like stars rising on a dull twilight, the little flower that attracted Park's eyes when he was fainting in the desert, was to him beauteous as the rose of Sharon, there is solemnity in the shadow of quiet trees on a noisy road, a churchyard may be felt even in a village fair, a face of sorrow passes by us in our gaiety, neither unfelt nor unremembered in its uncomplaining calm, and sweet from some still house in city stir is

"The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise"

We daresay you are a very modest person, but we are all given to self-glorification, private men and public, individuals and nations, and every one Era and Ego has been prouder than another of its respective achievements To hear the Present Generation speak, such an elderly gentleman as the Past Generation begins to suspect that his personal origin lies hid in the darkness of antiquity, and worse—that he is of the Pechs Now, we offer to back the Past Generation against the Present Generation, at any feat the Present Generation chooses, and give the long odds Say Poetry Well, we bring to the scratch a few champions—such as, Beattie, Cowper, Crabbe, Rogers, Bowles, Burns, Baillie, Campbell, Graham, Montgomery, Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hunt, Hogg, Shelley, Keates, Pollok, Cunningham, Bloomfield, Clare, and—*risum teneatis amici*—Ourselves

"All with waistcoats of red and breeches of blue,
And mighty long tails that come swingeing through"

And at sight of the cavalcade—for each poet is on his Pegasus—the champions of the Present Generation, accoutred in corduroy kilts and top-boots, and on animals which "well do we know, but dare not name," wheel to the right about with "one dismal universal bray," brandishing their wooden sabres, till, frenzied by their own trumpeters, they charge madly a palisade in their own rear, and as dismounted cavalry make good their retreat This in their strategics is called a drawn battle

Heroes, alive or dead, of the Past Generation, we bid you hail! Exceeding happiness to have been born among such Births—to have lived among such Lives—to be buried among such Graves O great glory to have seen such Stars rising one after another larger and more lustrous—at times, when dilated with delight, more like Moons than Stars—like Seraphs hovering over the earth they loved, though seeming so high up in heaven!

To whom now may the young enthusiast turn as to Beings of the same kind with himself, but of a higher order, and therefore with a love that fears no sin in its idolatry? The young enthusiast may turn to some of the living, but he will think more of others who are gone The dead know not of his love, and he can hold no communion with the grave But Poets never die—immortal in their works, the Library is the world of spirits, there they dwell, the same as in the flesh, when by meditation most cleansed and purified—yet with some holy change it seems—a change not in them but in us, who are stilled by the stillness, and attribute something supernatural to the Living Dead

Since first this Golden Pen of ours—given us by one who meant it but for a memorial—began, many years ago, to let drop on paper a few careless words, what quires so distained—some pages, let us hope, with durable ink—have accumulated on our hands! Some haughty ones have chosen to say rather, how many leaves have been wafted away to wither? But not a few of the gifted—near and afar—have called on us with other voices—reminding us that long ago we were elected, on sight of our credentials—not indeed without a few black balls—into the Brotherhood The shelf marked with our initials exhibits some half-dozen volumes only, and has room for scores It may not be easily found in that vast Library, but, humble member as we are, we feel it now to be a point of honour to make an occasional contribution to the Club So here is the First Series of what we have chosen to call our Recreations There have been much recasting and remoulding—many alterations, believed by us to have been wrought with no unskilful spirit of change—cruel, we confess, to our feelings, rejections of numerous lucubrations to their father dear—and if we may use such words, not a few creations, in the same *genial* spirit in which we worked of old—not always unrewarded by sympathy, which is better than praise

For kindness shown when kindness was most needed—for sympathy and affection—yea, love itself—for grief and pity not misplaced, though bestowed in a mistaken belief of our condition, forlorn indeed, but not wholly forlorn—for solace and encouragement sent to us from afar, from cities and solitudes, and from beyond seas and oceans, from brethren who never saw our face, and never may see it, we owe a debt of everlasting gratitude, and life itself must leave our heart, that beats not now as it used to beat, but with dismal trepidation, before it forget, or cease to remember as clearly as now it hears them, every one of the many words that came sweetly and solemnly to us from the Great and Good Joy and sorrow make up the lot of our mortal estate, and by

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"It is impossible to cast even a careless glance over the literature of the last thirty years, without perceiving the prominent station occupied by critics, reviewers and essayists Criticism in the old days of Monthly Reviews and Gentlemen's Magazines, was quite an humble occupation, and was chiefly monopolized by the 'barren rascals' of letters, who scribbled, sinned and starved in attics and cellars, but it has since been almost exalted into a creative art, and numbers among its professors some of the most accomplished writers of the age Dennis, Rhymer, Winstanley, Theophilus Cibber, Griffiths, and other eminent hands,' as well as the nameless contributors to defunct periodicals and deceased pamphlets, have departed, body and soul, and left not a wreck behind, and their places have been supplied by such men as Coleridge Carlyle, Macaulay, Lamb Hazlitt, Jeffrey, Wilson Gifford, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Hallam, Campbell, Talfourd and Brougham Indeed every celebrated writer of the present century, without, it is believed, a solitary exception, has dabbled or excelled in criticism It has been the road to fame and profit, and has commanded both applause and guineas, when the unfortunate objects of it have been blessed with neither Many of the strongest minds of the age will leave no other record behind them, than critical essays and popular speeches To those who have made criticism a business, it has led to success in other professions The Edinburgh Review, which took the lead in the establishment of the new order of things, was projected in a lofty attic by two briefless barristers and a titheless parson, the former are now lords, and the latter is a snug prebendary, rejoicing in the reputation of being the finest wit and smartest divine of the age That celebrated journal made reviewing more respectable than authorship It was started at a time when the degeneracy of literature demanded a radical reform, and a sharp vein of criticism Its contributors were men who possessed talents and information, and so far held a slight advantage over most of those they reviewed, who did not happen to possess either Grub Street quarterly quaked to its foundations, as the northern comet shot its portentous glare into the dark alleys, where bathos and puerility buzzed and hived The citizens of Brussels, on the night previous to Waterloo, were hardly more terror-struck than the vast array of fated authors who, every three months, waited the appearance of the baleful luminary, and, starting at every sound which betokened its arrival,

'Whispered with white lips, the foe! it comes! it comes!'

"In the early and palmy days of the Review, when reviewers were wits and writers were hacks the shore of the great ocean of books was 'heaped with the damned like pebbles' Like an 'eagle in a dovecote,' it fluttered the leaves of the Minerva press, and stilled the weak notes of imbecile elegance, and the dull croak of insipid vulgarity, learned ignorance, and pompous humility The descent of Attila on the Roman Empire was not a more awful visitation to the Italians, than the 'fell swoop' of the Edinburgh Review on the degenerate denizens of Grub Street and Paternoster Row It carried ruin and devastation wherever it went, and in most cases it carried those severe but providential dispensations to the right places, and made havoc consistent both with political and poetic justice The Edinburgh reviewers were found not to be of the old school of critics They were not contented with the humble task of chronicling the appearance of books and meekly condensing their weak contents for the education of lazy heads, but when they deigned to read and analyze the work they judged they sought rather for opportunities to display their own wit and knowledge than to flatter the vanity of the author, or to increase his readers Many of their most splendid articles were essays rather than reviews The writer, whose work afforded the name of the subject, was summarily disposed of in a quiet sneer, a terse sarcasm, or a faint panegyric, and the remainder of the article hardly recognized his existence It is to these purely original contributions, written by men of the first order of talent, that the Review owes most of its reputation "

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